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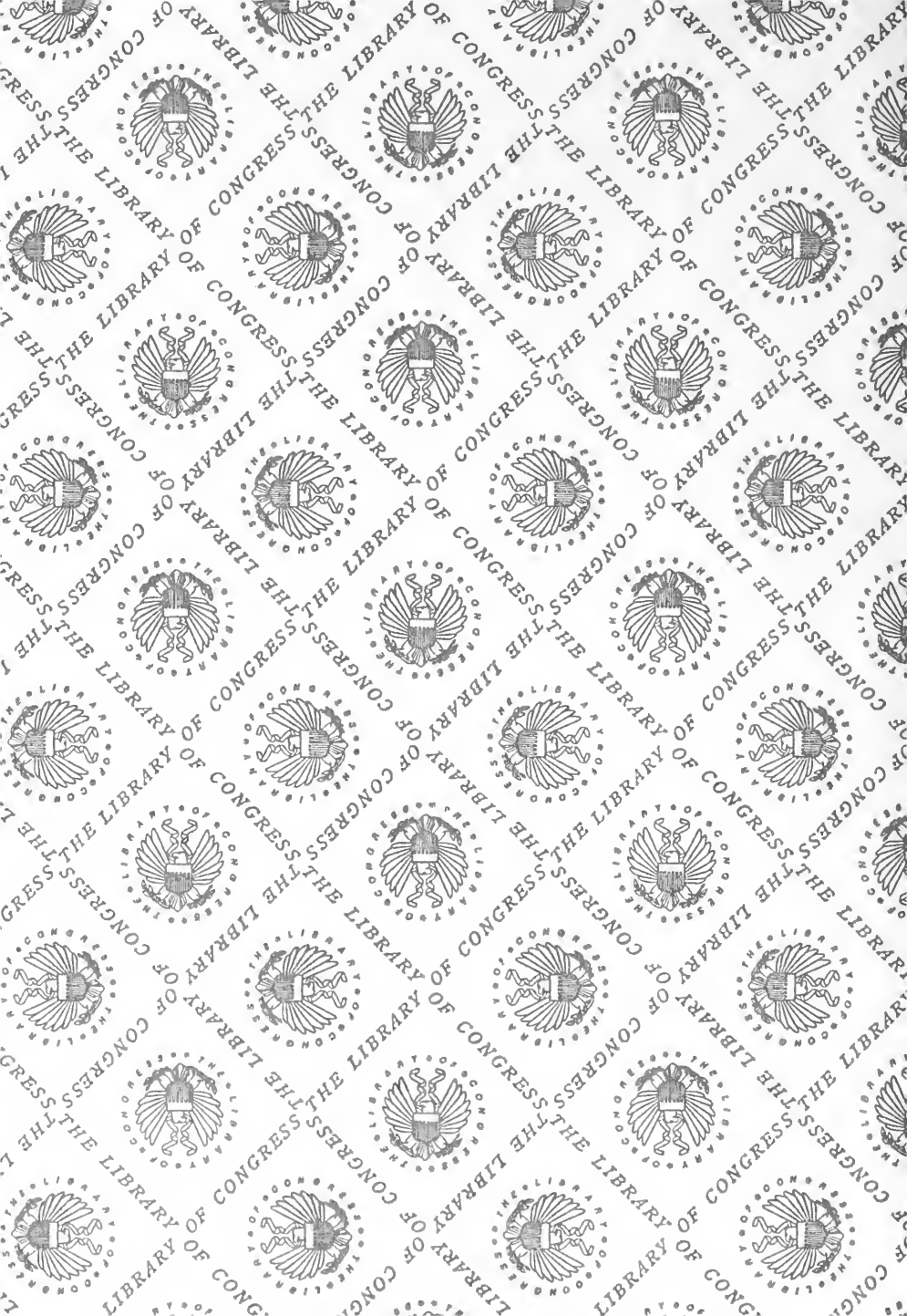
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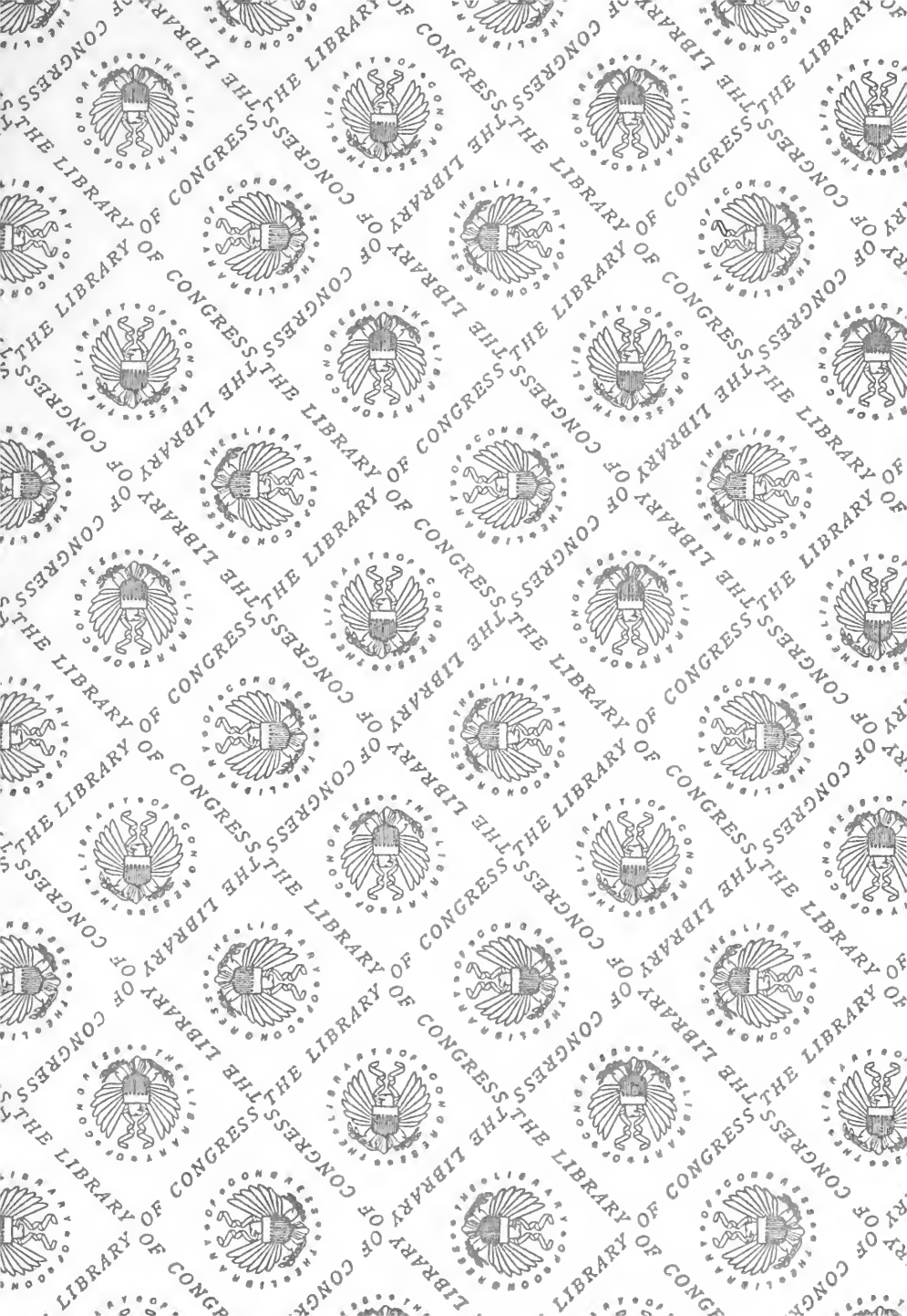
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THE COLLECTED POEMS
OF
AMOS R. WELLS



A RIOT OF MEADOWS.
See the poem on page 7.

The
COLLECTED POEMS
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BY
AMOS R. WELLS



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*Dedicated to my dear wife
who daily lives a far more beautiful poem
than I can ever hope to write*



THE COLLECTED POEMS

OF

AMOS R. WELLS



A RIOT OF MEADOWS.

Meadows! deep-reasoning meadows, philosopher friends,
How you have welcomed the blundering steps
of a man!

Broadened your green divan,
Taught me your temperate ends,
Counselled of patience and peace and the infinite plan!

Tell me: out of what shadowy, mystic well
Do you draw this flood of content, this tranquil air?

How are you constantly fair,
Ever hopeful and smiling and sweet?
Where did your grasses dwell
Before they came to lay their grace at my feet?

Whence did that tangle of vines
Gather the cool and the calm it entwines?
And where, O meadows, where
Did you find the invincible gladness that
sparkles and shines,
Philosopher friends,
As far as your fee extends?

Rising, falling, the gentle contour unrolls
Breathing of flower souls,
Breathing of meadow-sweet, buttercup, Queen
Anne's lace,

Dear as a mother's face,
Vocal with meadow-larks, yellowthroats,
crown of the bee,
Blithe as the children's glee,
Momentarily pensive and grave where the cloud-shadows run,
Steadily glad in the sun.

Here is no schedule or system or scheme,
Only a lawful disorder and riotous rule,
Only the logic that lives in a dream,

And the lore that mocks at a school;
Yet here what marvels are swiftly and silently
done!

What imperial garments are spun,
What buildings are reared with no tool,
What chemic empires are stanchly won,
What battles are fought without the crash of
a gun!

Unseen, unheard,
In the dim green aisles of the grasses winding
afar,

What governments are,
Republics of moles and of ants and of brooding
bird,

Courts and diplomacies, treaties and balancing
tribes,
All without parchments or scribes!

Is it this that I feel
As my spirit mounts from the meadows and
ranges high

Along the beckoning sweep of the kindly sky?
This fulness of life

Beating beneath me, outpulsing in shimmering
zeal

From a world with godliness rife?

Behold, O meadows, my friends, I am one
with you!

Bound to your beauty, and joined to your
firmness of law;

Stern outcropping of granite strong and true,
Flowers without flaw,

Dallying butterflies brightly afield with the
breeze,

Fatherly trees,
Tender burgeoning swells of the comrade
grass.

And the birds that pass,

Friends, I am one with you all. I leave you
 here
 Through the round of the happy year;
 Yet going, I bear you away, and wherever I
 roam
 My heart is your home,
 And blessedly there, even there,
 In the winter you still are warm and fair,
 The clouds float over your bosom still,
 The birds and the butterflies work their will,
 The trees are never bare.
 And Yonder—O meadows of earth! I know,
 I know
 I shall have you happily still wherever I go.

EXCLUSIONS.

Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart.—
Mark 12: 30.

If I would talk with God, my hasty tongue
 Must hold itself for that high converse pure,
 As one who has appointment with a king
 Scorns gossip with a minion at the gate.
 If I would listen to the voice of God,
 I dare not hear the prattlement of men,
 The bargaining, the vaunting, the untruth,
 The words that crawl and sting; for ears
 have room
 For somewhat, and no more. If I would walk
 Beside my God, His comrade and His friend,
 I must go His way, He will not go mine.
 If I would own the wealth of God, the gold,
 The gems of affluent heaven, like the dross
 Of basest refuse I must hurl away
 The spoil of greed and all the miser's glut.
 If I would know the wondrous lore of God,
 What sciences I shall not dare to know!
 If I would wield the awful power of God,
 How I must sink myself in helplessness!
 If I would revel in the love of God,
 What lesser loves must I disdain to serve!
 O Infinite, O Lover, O Supreme,
 Father and Leader and unfailing Friend,
 What little must I gladly lose for Thee,
 What nothings must I tread beneath my feet
 To reach Thy hand, Thy bosom, and Thy face!

THE REBUILDING.

Except Jehovah build the house, they labor
 in vain that build it.—*Ps. 127: 1.*
 My house is builded, Lord: build it anew!
 Once more the timbers hew;
 And all the firm foundation lay again
 In love for Thee and men.
 Reset the window-panes, so wrinkled now,
 And make them clear as Thou.
 Enlarge the hearth and magnify the door
 For strangers and the poor.

Insert a closet dedicate to prayer
 That I may meet Thee there;
 And build a workshop, wheresoe'er it be,
 That I may toil with Thee.

The mansion of my building, let it fall,
 Unworthy, roof and wall;
 And in its place, O heavenly Architect!
 A better house erect.

WHEN I READ THE BIBLE THROUGH.

I supposed I knew my Bible,
 Reading piecemeal, hit or miss,
 Now a bit of John or Matthew,
 Now a snatch of Genesis,
 Certain chapters of Isaiah,
 Certain Psalms (the twenty-third!),
 Twelfth of Romans, First of Proverbs—
 Yes, I thought I knew the Word!
 But I found that thorough reading
 Was a different thing to do,
 And the way was unfamiliar
 When I read the Bible through.

O the massive, mighty volume!
 O the treasures manifold!
 O the beauty and the wisdom
 And the grace it proved to hold!
 As the story of the Hebrews—
 Swept in majesty along,
 As it leaped in waves prophetic,
 As it burst to sacred song,
 As it gleamed with Christly omens,
 The Old Testament was new,
 Strong with cumulative power,
 When I read the Bible through.

Ah, imperial Jeremiah,
 With his keen, coruscant mind;
 And the blunt old Nehemiah,
 And Ekeiel refined!
 Newly came the Minor Prophets,
 Each with his distinctive robe,
 Newly came the Song idyllic,
 And the tragedy of Job;
 Deuteronomy the regal
 To a towering mountain grew
 With the comrade peaks around it,
 When I read the Bible through.

What a radiant procession,
 As the pages rise and fall:
 James the sturdy, John the tender,
 O the myriad-minded Paul!
 Vast apocalyptic glories
 Wheel and thunder, flash and flame,
 While the church triumphant raises
 One incomparable Name.
 Ah, the story of the Saviour
 Never glows supremely true
 Till you read it whole and swiftly,
 Till you read the Bible through.

You who like to play at Bible,
 Dip and dabble, here and there,
 Just before you kneel, aweary,
 And yawn through a hurried prayer;
 You who treat the Crown of Writings
 As you treat no other book—
 Just a paragraph disjointed,
 Just a crude, impatient look—
 Try a worthier procedure,
 Try a broad and steady view;
 You will kneel in very rapture
 When you read the Bible through!

OLD MR. GRUMPY.

"Praise God! Praise God!" the clover said,
 "for sunshine and the sky."
 And "Praise the Lord!" the brooklet sung,
 "the rain is drawing nigh."
 "Thank God for frost," the squirrel chirped,
 "so kind to nuts and me."
 "For frost, that covers me with gold,"
 chimed in the maple-tree.
 And "Praise the Lord for ripened seeds,"
 the chattering sparrows cried.
 "And for the wind," the seeds declared, "that
 bears us far and wide."
 "Yes, praise the Lord! Oh, praise the Lord!"
 though skies were blue or gray,
 The hymn of earth and heaven rang through-
 out the happy day.
 Now none of this old Grumpy heard; he's
 deaf as deaf can be.
 "This weather 's vilest of the vile! a beastly
 day!" said he.

THE NEAR WONDERS.

Not all the doming majesty above
 When midnight spreads her stateliness of
 stars
 More moves the soul than some imperial grove
 Where darkly silent rise the pillared pines,
 Their boughs withdrawn communing to the
 sky.
 Not all the lifted clouds that catch the sun
 And break its rays to glory, cardinal,
 Sapphire, the hue of spring, the flush of love,
 With that heaped splendor more delight the
 eye
 Than arbutus, the daughter of the snow,
 Couched in a cradle of the spring's first green,
 Warming her white with rose, her purity
 With graciousness. And not the hurricane
 That booms its terrors through the blackened
 air,
 Crashing a splintered world beneath its wrath,
 So awes the spirit as a golden day
 When, on the meadow prone, the listening ear
 Beats to the undertone of nature, vast,
 Resistless, loving, from her reservoirs

Of solitude up-summoning the grass,
 The insects, and the flowers. Far or near,
 In mountains or a pebble, in the sweep
 Of ocean's tossed horizons limitless,
 Or in the cup of some bee-fretted bloom,
 See the same might, the same enchantment
 see!

For God is One; or here or there, is One;
 Beneath all surfaces, but yet the same;
 Within all voices, evermore the One;
 Changing with infinite variety,
 Still in all changes His authentic Self,
 That loves the pangs as the Pleiades,
 Cares for the ant as for the universe,
 And close about the lowliest human lot
 Wraps all His power and ensphering love.

THE BURDEN-BEARER.

Lord, if Thy hand, with swift, indignant
 sweep,
 Drove them afar to some unholy deep—
 These foul, unconquerable shapes of woe
 That weigh upon my soul and shame me so;
 Lord, if Thy loveliness, all perfect-fair,
 Might awe these blots to hell and leave them
 there,
 Thyself unscarred by any sin of mine,
 And I in wondering pureness left to shine;
 If that could be——! But oh, the bitterness,
 My burdens on Thy radiant form to press,
 My foulness on Thy purity, my sin
 Upon Thy love, all glorious within!

This be my battle impulse when the host
 Of evil passions throug and tempt me most,
 The thought that one beneath my shame must
 bow,
 I, trembling, or, O Burden-Bearer, Thou!

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

(On his death. He led the first regiment
 of former slaves in the Civil War.)

The regiment has waited long,
 Waited for the Colonel;
 Dusky, patient, brave, and strong,
 Loyal to the Colonel;
 Now, the weary furlough spent,
 Garland the commander's tent;
 Now the Freedmen regiment
 Has received its Colonel.

See him, young and quick and fair,
 (Ever young, the Colonel!)
 While the happy trumpets blare
 Welcome to the Colonel.
 See the shining of his face,
 And his eager, swinging pace,

All the unforgotten grace
Of the youthful Colonel.

See the laughter in his eyes,
(Ever-sprightly Colonel)
Hear his greetings, merry-wise,
Ready, like the Colonel.
Age and pain and weakness past,
Sorrow to oblivion cast,
Back among his boys at last,
Ah, the hero Colonel!

Heavy with the loss of him,
Ever-kindly Colonel,
We, though eyes are sadly dim,
Would not keep the Colonel.
From the armies of the skies,
From the light that never dies,
From the Wisdom endless wise,
Who would hold the Colonel?

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Her eyes have seen the glory of the presence
of the Lord:

He was waiting in the garner where the
fruits of life are stored;

He was mindful of the warsong that was
mightier than the sword:
Of truth that marches on.

She had seen Him in the turning of her
ninety golden years,

In the press of human struggle, human want,
and human tears;

She had seen His kingdom growing in the
midst of woe and fears,
His day that marches on.

She had read a gracious gospel writ in many
a gracious life,—

Toiler, statesman, trader, poet, hero husband,
hero wife,—

She had found the peace eternal in the midst
of mortal strife,

Since God is marching on.

Where He sounded forth His trumpet she
would never call retreat:

Where he led His worn battalions in the
weary dust and heat,

How swift her soul to answer Him; how jubilant
her feet!

For God was marching on.

In the beauty of the autumn, in the shining
of the sea,

She has found the great enfranchisement, the
Christ of liberty.

As life died to make men holy, so she lived to
make men free:

Her soul is marching on.

TO A YOUNG COUPLE.

By Half of an Old(ish) Couple.

You think that all the world is fair;
(It's better all the time!)

You live in bliss, you walk on air;
(It's better all the time!)

You're eating manna from on high;
There's not a cloudlet in your sky;
But there's a better by and by:
It's better ALL the time!

Sometimes you own to half a doubt
(There comes a doubting time)

If married rapture will hold out
Through all the coming time.

But let a veteran banish fear:
Love never knows a waning year;
When lives are knit and hearts are dear,
It's better ALL the time!

THE COMMON PROBLEM.

"What shall I give this Christmas?"
(Incidentally, "What shall I get?")

"Mother and Father and Uncle,
Harry and Flossie and Bet—
Oh, and my friends by the dozen;
Dear! what a worry and fret!

What shall I give this Christmas?"
(Incidentally, "What shall I get?")

THE SUFFICING BIBLE.

When I am tired, the Bible is my bed;
Or in the dark, the Bible is my light;
When I am hungry, it is vital bread;
Or fearful, it is armor for the fight.
When I am sick, 'tis healing medicine;
Or lonely, thronging friends I find therein.

If I would work, the Bible is my tool;
Or play, it is a harp of happy sound.
If I am ignorant, it is my school;
If I am sinking, it is solid ground.
If I am cold, the Bible is my fire;
And it is wings, if boldly I aspire.

Should I be lost, the Bible is my guide;
Or naked, it is raiment rich and warm.
Am I imprisoned, it is ranges wide;
Or tempest-tossed, a shelter from the storm.
Would I adventure, 'tis a gallant sea;
Or would I rest, it is a flowery lea.

Does gloom oppress? The Bible is a sun.
Or ugliness? It is a garden fair.
Am I athirst? How cool its currents run!
Or stifled? What a vivifying air!
Since thus thou givest of thyself to me,
How should I give myself, great Book, to thee!

THE ROOM OVERHEAD.

An Easter Thought.

It's a dark and narrow stairway to the room
overhead,

But I am not afraid to go.

There is room for only one on each winding,
narrow tread,

But I can feel the way, I know.

There are stirrings now and then in the room
overhead,

There are dear old feet upon the floor.

They are setting forth my chair, they are
making up my bed,

They are waiting just inside the door.

There are wide, wide views from the room
overhead,

And the heart of all home is there.

I shall then begin to live, though men will
call me dead,

When I've mounted the narrow stair.

HURRY AND SPEED.

While Speed is filling the bottle, Hurry is
spilling the ink;

While Speed is solving the problem, Hurry's
beginning to think.

While Speed is hitting the bull's-eye, Hurry
is stringing his bow;

While Hurry is marching his army, Speed is
worsting his foe.

Hurry is quick at beginning, Speed is quick
at the end.

Hurry wins many a slave, but Speed wins
many a friend.

THE SIXTY-SIX BOOKS.

Sixty-six singers, singing sweet and true,
And setting all the world to singing, too.

Sixty-six soldiers, vigorous and strong,
Valiantly attacking cruelty and wrong.

Sixty-six judges, learned in the law,
Uttering decisions free from fear or flaw.

Sixty-six artists—wondrously they paint
Kings and sages, common folk, angel, devil,
saint.

Sixty-six explorers, keen to search and find
All the hidden secrets of life and death and
mind.

Sixty-six masons, marvellously skilled;
One majestic temple they unite to build.

Sixty-six farmers, planting holy seed,
Happily upspringing in holy thought and deed.

Sixty-six teachers, keeping perfect school,
Where faith the law is, and love the rule.

Sixty-six doctors, knowing well to cure,
Masters of a medicine healing swift and sure.

Sixty-six sailors, bearing us away
To a better country, to a brighter day.

OLD GLORY.

Sing for Old Glory a jubilant song,
Lift up Old Glory and bear it along,
Carry Old Glory with bravery strong,
Live and die for Old Glory.

Fair is Old Glory on land and on sea;
Free is Old Glory, exultantly free;
Glad is Old Glory forever to be;
Live and die for Old Glory.

Now for Old Glory a desperate fray;
Now is Old Glory's pre-eminent day;
Now for Old Glory to battle and pray,
Live and die for Old Glory.

Never in vain is Old Glory unfurled;
Deep in the conflict Old Glory is buried;
Fight for Old Glory and fight for the world,
Live and die for Old Glory.

GOALS.

Deep in the horrors of the North.
With gleaming eyes and steady soul
Heroes compel their passage forth
To pierce the mystery of the pole.

Superb their passion, bold their aim,
But ah, what barren goals suffice!—
The echo of an empty fame,
The conquest of a league of ice!

Comrades of clouds, along the air
Speeding the way Columbus went,
Oh, latest Argonauts, that dare
The one unmastered element!

And yet what needless heroes they,
Venturing life to find us wings.
That men may have one other way
To roam on fruitless wanderings!

With patient eyes, the long still night,
Sages through starry jungles grope,
Happy, if some new speck of light
Fall on the fortunate telescope.

Their name is catalogued with it.
The sky has one more charted spot;
But no more lights on earth are lit,
And star and sage are soon forgot.

Ah, happy he whose ardent goal
Within the human spirit lies.

Who in the regions of the soul
Embarks on daring enterprise!

Dangers are there that arctic sea
And tropic desert never know,
Tempests of passion fierce and free,
Waves of despair and gulfs of woe.

And wings are there that soar and fly
Above the snarling of the storm,
To sunny reaches of the sky
Where life is light and love is warm.

And there are galaxies afar,
World beyond world in endless range,
Where never imperfections mar,
And never gladness fears a change.

Not in the realm of braggart gold
And crowns that glitter to the eye,
Are meeds that bless and joys that hold
And purposes that satisfy.

But happy he whose honest mind,
With all he loves and all he can,
Is dedicated to mankind,
And seeks the common good of man.

PROFIT AFOOT.

A jubilant reach of rolling road
And a new-made morning sky,
Masterful muscles that need no goad,
And a spirit that dances high!

Then a-swing and a-plod through a dozen
miles
Of the fragrance of ferns and hay,
Of woodsy shadows and meadow smiles
And the sweet of the blossoming day!

Oh, what are the heapings of pride and pelf,
The sum of an emperor's bliss,
When a man may have the whole earth to
himself
On a glorious morning like this?

I am knee deep now in the level gold,
And eye-deep now in delight,
And the prospect wide from the hill outrolled
Is mine by imperial right.

Riches and riches, and all of it mine!
The meadow's unmarketed goods,
The river Golcondas that secretly shine,
And the wealth of the opulent woods.

No need to beg, for it presses hard
And offers itself to me;
And happy the heart that is all unbarred
To the lavishing ministry.

So a-swing and a-plod through the opening
day,
And the joy of a virginal sun,

While the air is unsullied and vibrant and gay,
And the earth and the sky are at one;

Till the masterly muscles are blessedly worn,
The miles are triumphantly trod,
And the soul is aglow with a benison, born
Of vigor, and nature, and God!

"AGREE WITH THINE ADVERSARY QUICKLY."

Life is too short for hatred: not a day
Dare thou to throw away;
Not one brief hour remaining of thy life
To waste in barren strife.

Life is too short for love: the pleasure sweet
Of comrade joys that meet,
The comrade labor, comrade hopes and fears,
And all the comrade years!

INSTANT BELIEVING.

I will not ask Thee for the grace
I need so much:
I only look upon Thy face,
Thy cross I touch.

I will not stop to tell my sin,
My failures name,
Or cast a further glance within
Upon my shame.

I will not stay to plead Thy word
Or urge my woe,
Or ask a sign that Thou hast heard
And wilt bestow.

I do not seek to break my chain
Endured so long,
Or gauge the might of Satan's reign,
His hold how strong.

I praise Thee for the gift received
Before I ask,
And with the word, "I have believed,"
I take my task.

I will forget the past abhorred,
To faith be true,
And only ask, "What wilt Thou, Lord,
That I shall do?"

THE DANGEROUS DOG.

The dangerous dog in the drawing-room lay,
And snapped at the houseflies that came in
his way.

"I'm a dangerous canine!" he said.
"Beware how you trouble a creature of my——"
But his speech was cut short as he hap-
pened to spy
A bumble-bee close to his head!

CLOUD SONG.

Clouds and I, clouds and I,
 Through the year together;
 High and low, low and high,
 Fair and cloudy weather.
 Pouting now, smiling now,
 Lips of clouds and my lips;
 Wrinkled sky, wrinkled brow,
 Eyes are wet and sky drips.
 Singing sky, singing soul,
 Thrushes sing and I sing;
 Shafts of light through the whole
 Heaven and earth uniting.
 Clouds afloat, clouds a-heap,
 Clouds in dances changing;
 Clouds and I, half asleep,
 Through the sweet sky ranging.
 Clouds of red, clouds of gray,
 Bursts of color-glory;
 Rosy day, weeping day,
 Shifting human story.
 High and low, low and high,
 Fair and stormy weather;
 Clouds and I, clouds and I,
 Through the year together.

ONE KIND OF LONG LIFE.

For the busy worker
 Fleet the minutes run;
 For the groaning sluggard
 Crawls a languid sun.
 Would you live a lo-n-g life?
 Live a lazy one!

NEW ENGLAND WOODS.

New England woods are fair of face,
 And warm with tender, homely grace,
 Not vast with tropic mystery,
 Nor scant with arctic poverty,
 But fragrant with familiar balm,
 And happy in a household calm.

And such, O land of shining star
 Hitched to a cart! thy poets are,
 So wanted to the common ways
 Of level nights and busy days,
 Yet painting hackneyed toil and ease
 With glories of the Pleiades.

For Bryant is an aged oak,
 Beloved of Time, and sober folk;
 And Whittier, a hickory,
 The workman's and the children's tree;
 And Lowell is a maple, decked
 With autumn splendor circumspect.

Clear Longfellow's an elm benign,
 With fluent grace in every line;
 And Holmes, the cheerful birch, intent
 On frankest, whitest merriment;
 While Emerson's high councils rise,
 A pine, communing with the skies.

PRAISE FOR GOD.

I thank Thee for the stars that shine
 Supreme among the heavenly host;
 But Thou dost lead the golden line,
 And for Thyself I thank Thee most.

I thank Thee for the loveliness
 That decks the wood, the field, the coast;
 But Thou, of all that Thou dost bless,
 Art fairest, and I praise Thee most.

I thank Thee for majestic mind,
 The thought that seers and sages boast;
 But Thou dost lead Thy creatures blind,
 And for Thyself I thank Thee most.

I praise Thee for man's mastery,
 Each gain another starting-post;
 But all he finds in finding Thee,
 And for Thyself I praise Thee most.

COBWEBS.

Little fairy kerchiefs
 Spread on the grass to dry;
 Little fairy hammocks
 Swinging in branches high.

Funny fairy cables
 Stretched through the airy sea;
 Funny fairy bridges
 Reaching from tree to tree.

Dainty fairy ladders
 Scaling the garden wall,
 Dainty net to catch them,—
 If fairies ever fall!

Busy fairy workman,
 Spider of gorgeous hue,
 Should I steal your glue-pot,
 What would the fairies do?

GREAT, STRONG, FREE, AND TRUE.

[Written in the World War.]

Great, my country, great in gold,
 Great in riches manifold,
 Great in store of vital grain,
 Great in trade's benign domain,
 Ever great in kindly deed,
 All your wealth for all that need.

Strong, my country, armed in might,
 Bold in battle for the right,
 Ready for the testing hour,
 Knowing not to faint or cower,
 And your valor all possessed
 For the weaker and oppressed.

Free, my country, nobly free,
 Gracious land of liberty,
 Free in word and free in thought,
 Freedom's fabric freely wrought,

Free to break the chains that bind
Wretched millions of mankind.

True, my country, grandly true
To the task that calls for you,
True in peril's dire despite
To the challenge of the right,
To the far ideal plan,
Ever true to God and man.

FISHERS OF MEN.

Men can live where fishes are,
Leave the mountain and the star,
Leave the meadow shining fair,
And the sunny reach of air,
Sink into the cold and dark
Regions of the eel and shark,
Grovel in the weeds and slime
And the wrecks of olden time,
Lose the thought of warm and bright
And the very sense of light,
Grow them fins and horny scales
And the twist of fishy tails,
And at length forever be
Fixed and lost within the sea.

Fling abroad the gospel net!
We may save them even yet.
Pull its kind, insistent folds
Till it captures, till it holds,
Till it lifts the fish again
To the upper world of men,
Till it places them once more
In the life they knew before.

What though waves are fierce and high,
And the storm is in the sky,
And our boat is far from land,
And the harsh ropes tear the hand?
Fishermen disciples we
As of old in Galilee.
Worn and weary, cold and wet,
Cheerily we fling the net,
Sweeping through the waves of woe:
Men, our brothers, are below!

CHRISTMAS WATCHERS.

Before wee Donald went to bed
To Towser and to Puss he said,
Softly, that no one else might hear,
Whispering into each furry ear:
"Towser! Puss! This very night
A little man, dressed all in white,
And with a monstrous great big pack
Tied on his funny little back,
Is coming down the chimney wide,
Leaving his reindeer fast outside.
He'll fill my stocking, top and toe,
Then give a nod, and away he'll go!
O dear, what wouldn't I give to see
The saint that fills the Christmas tree!
But all the grown-up folks have said

That I must go right off to bed.
But Towser! Puss! they'll let you stay
After they all have gone away;
So keep awake, my dears, and try
The good St. Nicholas to spy.
Find out for me, dears, if he looks
Just like his pictures in the books;
His eyes, and nose, and mouth, and cheeks,
The things he does, the words he speaks,
His sleighbells' jingle down the street,
The stamping of the reindeers' feet,
And everything you hear and see,
Remember it, my dears, for me."

And so our Donald goes to bed,
With thoughts of Santa in his head,
While Puss and Towser, by the fire,
With eager eyes that never tire,
And curious, attentive ears,
Are watching till the saint appears.

THE LITERARY DRUDGE.

I would not ride on Pegasus,
I fear I am not able;
Be mine a less ambitious joy,—
To work about his stable.

I'll feed him facts or fancies fine,
And none shall cut them better;
Correctly I will curry him
In slightest point and letter.

His flowing mane in every line
Shall be arranged precisely,
His typographic crib and stall
Shall aye be ordered nicely.

Perhaps a poet, soaring high,
A poet very kind,
Some day, for just a little flight,
Will take me on behind!

MEMORIAL DAY.

The Day of Memories!—Remembering what?
The cannon's roar, the hissing of the shot?
The weary hospital, the prison pen?
The widow's tears, the groans of stalwart men?
The bitterness of fratricidal strife?
The pangs of death, the sharper pangs of life?
Nay, let us quite forget the whole of these
Upon our sacred Day of Memories.

The Day of Memories!—Remembering what?
The honored dust in every hallowed spot;
The honored names of all our heroes dead;
The glorious land for which they fought and bled;
Our nation's hopes; the kindly, common good;
The universal bond of brotherhood:
These we remember gladly, all of these,
Upon our sacred Day of Memories.



THE SABBATH OF THE SNOW.

The falling snow has drawn the heavens near.
Priests of white purity, the trees stand still
In woodland aisle or on cathedral hill,
Chanting hushed anthems that the eye can
hear.

How do black limbs and level snow make
clear

Each other's tracings, as a man's dark will
A woman knows to soften, yet fulfil!

How in this brooding season of the year
The heads bow low of elm or bush or weed,
The thoughtful world from hasty life with-
drawn!

Too soon will come the waking up of greed;
Too soon will break red passion's torrid dawn.
In this your Sabbath day, dear world, get
power

Of holy peace for that abhorrent hour.

PROGRESS.

He hadn't once called his committee
To meet and consider its work;
He had no desire to do business,
And only a purpose to shirk.
The other committees reported
As happy and proud as could be.
He hadn't a thing to his credit,
But "I report progress," said he.

He hadn't once thought of the matter,
Nor dreamed of it once in his sleep;
He wasn't ashamed of his conduct,
He didn't feel worthless or cheap.
He looked at the president calmly,
He made no excuse and no plea;
He stood up as bold as a lion,
And "I report progress," said he.

AN APPLE BOUGH.

Beneath its ruddy burden proudly bending,
The happy bough sank lower day by day,
Till with a crash it broke—ah, luckless end-
ing!—

And on the ground a rotting ruin lay.

Not thus the tree of life, with rich surprises
Of heavy fruitage larger year by year:
Upright and firm its greening tower rises,
And bears its weightier burdens without
fear.

For see! the fruit is winged! and light and
fairer
The teeming tree exalts a statelier head;
For burdens nobly borne but lift the bearer,
And only empty lives fall ever dead.

REAL ESTATE.

My real estate is birds and flowers,
And sweeps of summer sky,
And shining holy morning hours,
And breezes passing by.

My most unreal estate is dirt,
With houses piled on top,
Reckoned in figures bare and curt,
And smelling of the shop.

My real estate is never spent,
Its titles all are clear,
It pays a wonderful per cent
By day and month and year.

It needs no fence of iron or wood,
No agent must be hired.
Its price—that it be understood,
Its tax—to be admired.

While I am rich in real estate,
Away with that inert
Ignoble and degenerate
Unreal estate of dirt!

DISCOVERERS.

[Read at a meeting in memory of the Christian Endeavorers who died in the World War, at the Buffalo Convention of 1919.]

High glory his who walks where God alone
The mystic way has known,
Who pierces first the mountain solitudes,
Treads first the echoing vaults of some vast caves,

Conquers the rage of undefeated waves,
Or daringly intrudes
Where immemorial arctic stillness broods
Above Death's timeless throne.

Praise, praise to him whose gallant mind
Knows how to find
New roads of science, new domains of art,
New avenues of kingly thought,
New mines whence happy myrlads have brought

Balm to the senses, courage to the heart,
Comforts to all mankind.

But glory, praise, and honor nobler far
To these whose guiding star
Rose in the east, and pointed them the way
To earth's most cruel fray,
Supreme of horrors, blackest pit of night,
War of the wrong and right.

These also with exploring feet have trod
Alone with God;
These also up to virgin heights have pressed,
As ardent pioneers
Have mastered fears,
And learned the wilderness by paths un-guessed.

These too have reached the pole,
Have urged their dauntless soul
Through unimagined silences of snow

Where only nightwinds go,
Friendless and solitary and forgot
In that unhalloved spot.
No way that hero feet have trod alone
Since the dim dawn of time,
No venturing sublime,
But these young souls invincibly have known.

And they have found for us
Domains all-glorious,
Kingdoms of justice, empires of new good,
Sweet realms of brotherhood.
Yea, they have seen and caught
God's very central thought,
The truth of love supreme in sacrifice.
And they have paid the price,
The highest price wherewith the highest good
is bought.

Massed in their swarming millions, each has
walked
In lonely places;
Each in his own high solitude has talked
With angel faces;
Each has a separate conquest, and as each
returns
His heart uniquely burns.

As each returns—but ah! we sing to-day
Those who will not come back;
We drape our flags with black,
And waft our mournful tribute far away.

And yet—are they not here?
For truth and freedom know not far or near,
The world is one
When glorious deeds are done,
And death itself is slain
By those that die a deathless end to gain.

Not in the sacred sod
Of battle-harried France alone with God
Are they asleep, but here, with God alive,
Their spirits gladly strive,
Uphold their proud beloved ones, proudly see
The world that they made free.

By every broken chain,
By every freedman, free man to remain,
By every darkened nation led to light,
By every baffled memory of wrong,
By every new-born permanence of right,
By every weakness learning to be strong,
Our fallen heroes rise,
Come from their graves with happy eyes,
And join the welcoming throng.

We clasp their comrade hands;
We catch from them the splendor of their
mood;
Our spirit understands
What they have tested and have found it
good;
And ours shall be with them henceforth to
fight
For God and man, for liberty and right.

THE EVERLASTING PEACE.

Sooner a shovelling dwarf the sea shall fill
With star-dust hollowed from the eternal
sky,

Than one least letter of Jehovah's will
The race of man shall blot or nullify.

A thousand years with Him are but a day;
His is the patience of eternity;
He knows no haste nor shadow of delay,
Resistless and imperial Peace is He.

An hour is an eternity with Him,
Full time to note the humblest widow's
tear,

Full time to note the smallest, hidden, dim
Iniquity upon the farthest sphere.

His anger flames and instantly consumes;
His justice weighs a sparrow's broken wing;
His clear and candid providence illumines
The gloomy maze of man's imagining.

O sovereign Pity, infinitely kind!

O loving and indomitable Will!

P perplexed and wander-weary, weak and blind,
I reach Thy hand of comfort, and am still.

A VALENTINE.

White paper, white paper,
Blush red in your pleasure;
I'm writing a letter
To Lucy, my treasure;
To bright little Lucy,
My treasure untold,
As sweet as the sunlight,
As precious as gold.

White paper, white paper,
Now clothe yourself over
With scents of the meadow,
Warm soil, and the clover;
With odor of violets
Fresh from the dew,
For the sweetest of maiden-hands
Soon will hold you.

White paper, white paper,
Break out into smiling,
With curves of the wild vine
Her fancy beguiling,
With sweeps of the swallow,
With tricks of the tree,
For the merriest of maidens
You're going to see.

White paper, white paper,
Get eyes for the seeing
Of Lucy, this dear little,
Bright little being!
But if you are after
The merriest bliss
Get lips, my white paper,
And ask for a kiss!

THE CRIPPLED BEGGAR SPEAKS.

Yes, Peter was shaggy, his garments were
coarse,

He was rough in his fisherman ways,
His voice was uncultured, and clumsy, and
hoarse,

But the voice that one always obeys.

There was many a gentleman passing me by,
Yet none was so gentle as he;

They were soft to the car, they were fine to
the eye,

But Peter 's the prince for me!

Yet Peter was poor, and empty his purse;

Three years he was out of his trade;

And poverty 's surely a terrible curse,

So how was he going to aid?

Ah, many a rich man has tossed me his gold,

A pittance flung out to a slave;

But not all the purses in Rome could hold

The gift that the fisherman gave!

Why, look at me, stranger, alert as a hound;

And see me, how high I can leap;

And think of those thirty long years on the
ground,

A tortured and pitiful heap!

Why, Peter, he gave me the best that he had,
And he gave in a brotherly way.

And well you may guess I am wondrously
glad

That he hadn't a penny that day!

THE MINE.

With a pickaxe strong and rude,
I will mine for solitude.

Rock as tough as any sin,
I will sink a shaft therein,

Down below the steady beat
Of the horses' iron feet,

Far below the street-car bell,
Factory whistle, newsboys' yell;

Where the clatter of the dray
Long ago dissolved away;

Where the faintest whirl and hum
Of the city never come.

Deep, ah! deep the shaft shall sink
Where the tortured brain may think,

Nevermore compelled to fear
Pert frustrations of the ear.

Far my eager pick shall press
Galleries of quietness,

Veins of silence to explore,
Rich in many a precious ore.

Ah, the thoughts I shall refine
From the caverns of that mine!

Yet, alas! I know full well
In my subterranean cell

I shall hardly have the time
To achieve a single rhyme

Till a rush, a roar, a din
On that calm will clatter in.

It will be the strain and stress
Of the new Direct Express,

By the antipodean way,
From New York to Mandalay!

THE ROSE OF WAR.

Its leaves are bright with the cannon-shine,
Its shadow is dark with trembling fears,
Its roots reach down to the deadly mine,
It is watered with widows' tears.

Its blood-red petals are beating lives,
Anguish-dewed where the blossom parts;
Its thorns are the thrusts of angry knives
Death-deep into human hearts.

How fair it gleams in the lying light,
In the flush of the glittering sun how fair!
But tarry not by the gallant sight,
For the breath of the tomb is there.

A COMPROMISE.

Once two little gentlemen, very polite,
Stepped up to a gate that was narrow—quite.
The one (who was very well-bred and thin)
Was plainly intending to pass within.
The other (remarkably bland and stout)
Was just as surely resolved to pass out.
Now what could the two little gentlemen do
But say with a bow, "After you!" "After
you!"

And there they stood bowing, with courteous
smile,

Their hats in their hands, for a marvellous
while;

For the thin little man was very well-bred,
And the stout man had not a rude hair in
his head.

But there chanced that way a philosopher
wise,

Who sagely effected a compromise:
That each in turn should go through the last;
Thus might the troublesome gate be passed.
So first the courteous gentleman thin,
With greatest reluctance passed within.

And then the well-mannered gentleman stout,
With polished obeisance made his way out,
But sadly turned and went back that he
Might share in the breach of courtesy!
Then the thin little man stepped out once
more,

Contentedly where he was before.
And thus having settled the difficult case,
Each walked away with a jubilant face.

ONE OF THE NINE.

"Were not the ten cleansed? but where are
the nine?"—Luke 17:17.

I meant to go back, but well you may guess
I was filled with amazement I cannot express,
To think that after those horrible years,
That passion of loathing and passion of fears,
By sores unendurable eaten, defiled,
My flesh was as smooth as the flesh of a
child!

I was drunken with joy, I was crazy with
glee,

I scarcely could walk and I scarcely could see
For the dazzle of sunshine where all had been
black;

But I meant to go back, O I meant to go
back!

I had thought to return, when my people
came out.

There were tears of rejoicing, and laughter,
and shout;

They embraced me,—for years I had not
known a kiss:

Ah, the pressure of lips is an exquisite bliss!
They crowded around me, they filled the
whole place,

They looked at my feet and my hands and
my face;

My children were there, my glorious wife,
And all the forgotten allurements of life.
My cup was so full I seemed nothing to lack;
But I meant to go back, O I meant to go
back.

I had started—yes, Luke, I had started to find
The Healer so mighty, so tender and kind;
But work pressed upon me: my business, you
know,

For all of those years I was forced to let go;
I had tools to collect, I had orders to get,
I found my poor family burdened with debt,
My time was all taken with labor and care.
The days went more swiftly than I was aware
With the practical problems I had to attack;
But I meant to go back, O I meant to go
back.

I never supposed He would wait my return—
Just one of the ten,—and would linger, and
yearn

As you tell me He did; why, Luke, had I
thought,
There is no one on earth I would sooner
have sought;
I'd have shown Him my body, all perfect and
strong;
I'd have thanked Him and praised Him be-
fore the great throng;
I'd have followed Him gladly forever and aye,
Had I thought that He minded my staying
away,—
He so great, I so little and paltry!—alack,
Had I only gone back! had I only gone back!

YELLOWTHROAT WITCHERY.

Down by the swamp in the alder tangle,
Brisk little dandy in raiment gay,
Maker of ditties that daintily jangle,
Maryland yellowthroat whistles all day.

Smartly he pecks at the willows and birches,
Smartly he sings at a silvery pitch
Rollicking ballads unfitted for churches,
"Witchery, witchery, witchery, witch!"

Witchery truly, you dear little fifer,
Watching us quaintly with curious eye;
Witchery more than a sage could decipher
Under your carolling, jauntily spry.

Black-masked face uncannily hidden,
Breast aglimmer with golden bloom,
Where is the mystical steed you have ridden,
Where is your sly little witch's broom?

Witchery, witchery all around you,
Summer magic in blossom and tree,
Summer spells in the rhythms that bound you,
Shrill of the cricket and boom of the bee.

Witchery most of all in your singing,
Poet or vagabond, no one knows which,
Over the meadows your canticle ringing,
"Witchery, witchery, witchery, witch!"

TO BILLY SUNDAY.

Critics say you're getting rich—
Big collections and all such;
Send 'em—where it smells of pitch,
Billy Sunday.

Is a hundred cents or so
For each creature saved from woe
Overcharge? I'd like to know,
Billy Sunday.

Critics say your words are coarse,
From a non-collegiate source;
But they never doubt their force,
Billy Sunday.

Critics say your mode is rough,
And your methods simply tough;
But the devil's smooth enough,
Billy Sunday.

Critics hate your notions most,—
Devil, hell, and Holy Ghost;
But you're saving men, a host,
Billy Sunday.

And the thousands that you win
From the lowest depths of sin
Stick to you through thick and thin,
Billy Sunday.

THE SONNET ADDRESSES VERS LIBRE.

If you, Free Verse, exult in broken chains,
In flinging far the fetters of the past,
The metric bonds that held your fancy fast
And cabled you from bold adventurous gains,
Think not, while passion pulses in your veins,
You, only, venture forth into the vast,
You, only, hear the challenge of the blast,
And dare the beckoning of distant mains.
Within the Sonnet's narrow bound austere
Is room for life and death, for love and
hate;
The mightiest souls have found full margin
here
For wit, for wisdom, and for keen debate.
Why, Shakespeare, ranging through the hu-
man sphere,
Moored his rare spoil within my friendly
strait.

JUST RIGHT.

Oh, would I were little, to dance with the
leaves
That fittingly, trippingly frolic so gay;
We'd roll down the roofs and we'd race
through the eaves,
And over the village we'd scamper away;
Yes, over the village we'd rustle away.

And would I were bigger, to dance with the
trees
That bend to each other, so stately and
fine;
I'd swing on their boughs with the rollick-
ing breeze,
And oh, for a partner the birch should be
mine;
The dainty and delicate birch should be
mine.

But stay! I believe I'll remain as I am,
Just not very little and not very tall;
For now I can frolic with Susie and Sam,
And that is far better, far better than all;
Far better than house-tops and tree-tops
and all!

SIDNEY LANIER.

Tree-lover, bird-lover, lover of marsh and sea,
Holding his heart to the meadow land, bar-
ing his soul to the sun,

He loved the world for man, and man the
world for Thee,
Creator, O beautiful One!

In-flowing, out-flowing, over the tide's unrest
Brooded his spirit on level wings, brooded,
nor sank nor rose,—

Unmoved by passion's wave, nor tossed on its
frothy crest,
Nor whelmed in its furrowed woes.

Sea-swinging, cloud-sailing, lilt of the wren
and leaf,

Growing of grace in the morning sky, storm
and the trees at strife,—

He wove all sights and sounds and made him
a net for grief,

And joy, and the wings of a life.

Clear-sighted, warm-hearted, spirit in poise,
in tune,

So was his life with beauty filled;—touch,
and a song overflowed.

Alas, the summer bard, he died with his life
at June;

He died at the half of an ode!

A BIBLE-LOVER'S THANKSGIVING.

God of the Book! Its Way, its Truth, its Life!
The Way that leads through all its fruited
realm;

The Truth irradiant from every page;
The Life that holds it young for evermore!
I thank Thee that it was not from the skies
Through riven clouds these heavenly writings
fell,

But from the trembling fingers of Thy men,
On paper crumpled with humanity!
Thy Book, the meeting-place of God and men!
Our Book, the meeting-place of men and God!
For Abram's faith and Abram's faithless fear,
For Jacob's vision and his trickery,
For David's odes and David's deadly sin,
Elijah's courage and his cowardice,
Peter confessing and denying too,
And Paul the martyr persecuting Christ—
I thank Thee for the record of it all,
The best in man, the craven worst in man,
Because through all our blest Redeemer
shines,

Lifting and loving sinners to Himself!
I thank Thee, wondrous Author, for the
gleams

Of paradise, the glorious eloquence,
The prophecies and parables and psalms,
The splendid march of heroes and true kings,
For kindly proverbs and for winged prayers,

The Bible's amplitude and loveliness;
But more for Him, oh, endless more for Him,
Thy Son, who binds these volumes to one Book;
Who walks through all its chapters, hinted
here

And there disclosed; whose voice is heard afar
In Horeb's thunder, and divinely near
Upon the Horns of Hattin; thanks for Him
Whose purpose wrote the Book ere Moses
came,

Whose guidance drew the Book through hun-
gerings

Of groping ages to the Easter dawn;
Whose presence in the Book re-hallows it
Through His unfolding years for evermore.

It mirrors us that it may mirror Him
Beside us. It repeats our waverings

That it may show His constancy. It lives
Because He lives, and longs to live in us.

Oh, highest praise to God for what He is!
Oh, praise to God for what we may become!

RHODE ISLAND.

The State of country byways, quaintly lined
With bush and brake and fragrances thick-
set;

The State of ancient villages refined:
Above their streets the arching elms have
met

For many generations, till they seem
The corridors of some long-brooding dream.

Grim granite elbows through the shallow soil,
The fields are fenced with gray and massive
stone;

The little farms will answer sturdy toil
And careful thought, but answer those
alone;

No region this of generous-giving leas,
Of ready harvesting and languid ease.

Yet many berries glimmer in the wood,
The wild grape hangs in many a fruited
bower,

The gnarled apple orchards bend with food,
The waysides gleam with many a splendid
flower,

The hills are delicate with laurel blooms,
And rhododendron lights the forest glooms.

This land is loved by ocean; far and deep
The long bays reach among the sloping
fields,

And tenderly the shining waters creep
Where waiting marsh a silent welcome
yields,

And slow brown currents in the shadows run,
And thick-ranked sedges glitter in the sun.

How strangely to this realm of ancient peace
The factory folk, swart faces, foreign
tongue,

Caught in their clattering tasks that never cease,

The curse of Cain, so old, yet always young.
Here, to these groping, restless, fiery men,
Spirit of Roger Williams, come again!

"STATISTICS PROVE."

"Statistics prove" so many things:
The size of towns, the height of kings,
The age of children in the schools,
The skull development of fools,
The salaries that parsons get,
The number of abodes to let,
The wealth of lucky millionaires,
The price of hens and mining shares—
All things below and things above,
It seems to me, "statistics prove."

But no! statistics never yet
Appraised a single violet,
Measured the glances of an eye,
Or probed the sorrow of a sigh.
Statistics never caught the gleam
That dances on a meadow stream,
Or weighed the anthem of a bird
In forest aisles devoutly heard.
Statistics never proved a soul,
In high or low, in part or whole,
Sin, beauty, passion, honor, love—
How much statistics cannot prove!

THE "OTHER MAN."

If every man would do the things the "other man" should do,
Attack the hoodlum, catch the thief, and watch the rascal crew,
We'd have a perfect city, and a perfect country, too,
A sober land, an honest land, where men are good and true;
There'd be no more misgovernment nor graft nor mobs to rue,
If every man would do the things the "other man" should do.

If we forgot the talents by the "other man" possessed,
And never thought to envy him the feathers of his nest,
And only thought to grasp from him this chance to do the best,
To dare the deed, and meet the need and stand the fiercer test,
We'd have a model country, north, south, and east and west,
If we forgot the talents by the "other man" possessed.

If every man would think himself to be the "other man,"

Become his own reformer on a self-respecting plan,

And calmly, boldly, set himself to do the thing he can,

Nor wait to find some other chap to push into the van,

The world's entire iniquity we'd put beneath the ban,

If every man would think himself to be the "other man."

"EVEN SO, COME, LORD JESUS."

The world is a welter of blistering sorrow,
All is an anguish of infinite pain.
Where are the once happy hopes of to-morrow?
Under the festering heaps of the slain.
Where are the songs of the Bethlehem chorus?
Mocked in the battle, defeated and dumb.
Yet is one hope, and one promise, before us:
Even so, even so, Comforter, come!

Come, though the nations are reeling and falling;

Come, though the sages are silent in dread;
Come, though the mothers are sobbing and calling

Over the graves of the beautiful dead.
Deeper and darker our limitless error,

Louder the crash of the hurrying drum;
Wildier the maddening rush of our terror,
Even so, even so, Counsellor, come!

Come, while the impious rage and deny Thee;
Come at the height of their arrogant pride;

Come, while the ravening peoples defy Thee;
Come in Thy power and toss them aside.

Now, with Thine enemies recking and gory,
Counting Thy saints as the slime and the scum;

Now, with the fiends at the top of their glory,
Even so, even so, Conqueror, come!

Come at the climax of horror and wailing,
Never so needed and never so sought.

Are not the prayers of Thy people prevailing?
Has not iniquity perfectly wrought?

Now, as the Judases kiss and betray Thee,
Now, as their evil has made up the sum,

Now, as Thy people believably pray Thee,
Even so, even so, Lord Jesus, come!

ANTICIPATION.

Some day in highest heaven, made fair and white

Before your happy sight,

I shall become, dear love, a fitting mate
For your so pure estate.

Would it were now! but since that cannot be,
I beg you look on me

With forward vision; see me now, I pray,
As I shall be that day.

FROM MY HOSPITAL WINDOW.

I see from my hospital window
 A cherished and beautiful lawn.
 The birds in its clustering tree-tops
 With jubilation welcome the dawn.

Beyond it the courteous meadows
 Make offerings all the day long.
 The golden green of the sunlight,
 The elm-trees laden with song.

Soft-framing the exquisite picture,
 A circle of forested hills

Lifts lightly the vision to heaven,
 Away from earth's challenging ills.

Ah, lovely the scene of enchantment!
 And yet, had I magical might,
 I'd change the whole for an alley,
 A gloomy and pitiful sight,

If only through wretchedest windows
 (O dream of imperial wealth!)
 I could look on that pitiful alley
 With the conquering eyes of health!

WEATHER WITHIN.

Now what care I
 For sodden sky
 And angry tempest blowing?
 In happy dream
 My soul 's a-gleam,
 And all the world is glowing.

And what though May
 With blossoms gay
 Is held in Winter's power?
 My heart's bright room
 Is filled with bloom,
 And all the world 's in flower.

What though the snow
 In silent woe
 To silent woods is clinging?
 My soul with June
 Is yet in tune,
 And all the world is singing.

Come, skies and songs
 And blossom throngs
 In gloomy exile straying;
 Here's one poor heart
 Has ample art
 To set you all a-Maying.



THREE MEASURES.

Ps. 103: 11-13.

Of all things far, I love the best
The distance from the east to west;
For by that space, and all within,
God's mercy parts me from my sin.

And best I love, of all things high,
The space between the earth and sky;
For by that height beyond all ken
God's love exceeds the love of men.

I love, of deep things undefiled,
A father's pity for his child;
For by that depth so far, so clear,
God pities all that faint and fear.

O Father, Father, endless kind,
I thank Thee for my human mind,
But chief of all my praise shall be
That mind cannot encompass Thee!

THE LOVER'S THANKSGIVING.

I'm glad for every shining star,
The gleams of glittering skies,
And that their brightest sparkles are
In Jenny's eyes.

I'm glad for summer's drowsy hum,
Dear zephyrs from the south,
And that their sweetest breathings come
From Jenny's mouth.

I'm glad for beauty's towers tall,
For poetry and art,
And that the centre of it all
Is Jenny's heart.

NOT A "MADE-OVER" YEAR.

Edward wears a coat of blue,
Not a thread that isn't new;
Not a wrinkle, not a tear,
Not the smallest stain is there;
How the dandy buttons shine
On that garment superfine,
And how Edward, through and through,
Feels the coat supremely new!

Billy wears a coat of black,
Rather flabby in the back,
Rather shiny on the sleeve,
And—a grease-spot, I believe.
It is mended, cleaned, and pressed,
And must answer for his best,
Yet, for all his folks can do,
Billy *knows* it isn't new!

Here, my lassie and my lad,
Is a New Year to be had.
Shall it be a year of black,

Shiny sleeve and wrinkled back,
Here a grim, persistent stain,
There a spot that *will* remain,
Shabby places half worn through,
Mended up and made to do?

Nay, old Time! with kindly heart
Grant us all a good, fresh start;
Not a grief to carry on
From the twelvemonth that is gone;
Not a hatred, shame, or fear
That can soil the coming year!
Thus alone, for me and you,
Is the New Year truly *new*.

OUR EDUCATION.

When we learn to write,
Don't you see, don't you see?
Then I'll write to Dolly
And she'll write to me.

When we learn the map,
Don't you know, don't you know?
Then Dolly and I
On our travels will go.

When we learn to count,
Don't you see, don't you see?
Then we'll spend my dollar,
Half for her, half for me.

When we learn to read,
Don't you know, don't you know?
Then Dolly and I
To young ladies will grow!

THE WAITING SEA.

The children built a barrier of sand
Along the shore, a breastwork very high
And very strong, that hid the darkening sea.
And safely there they played upon the beach
A medley of bright fancies, one a king,
And one an actress trailing seaweed robes,
And others merchants bargaining for stones
Worn smooth and shining, others men of war
With tiny drums and driftwood cannon bold;
Till sudden round their breastwork stole the
tide,
And over it the spray beat suddenly,
And all the children in a merry rush
Retreated shrieking to the upper land.
And watched their mighty barrier crumble
down.

So we, Time's bearded children, weirdly bent
And strangely wrinkled to our bitter souls,
Yet children irresponsible and crude,—
How in the face of waters tossed and wild,
Of angry billows reaching to the void,
We build our brittle barrier of sand,
Of high philosophy and cool disdain;

And there behind it witlessly secure
We play our little parody of life,
Our governing, our trading, our parade
Of fashion and of armies; till the sea,
The waiting sea, the crawling, quivering sea,
Reaches the crafty network of its tide
Through hidden runnels, creeps along the
sand

And lays its watery meshes silently,
And cuts us foolish prancers from the shore.
Then curve its surges hissing and swift
As sweeping scythes, and all are overwhelmed,
Kings, warriors, and traders, and fair dames,
Tumbled, a shrieking, cursing, praying mass,
Into the welter blackness of the sea.

Voices there are that call us from the shore,
The upper shore. Imploringly they call:
But we, behind our barrier of sand,
Beating our drums and clinking at our trades,
And swishing silk, and shouting out our
wares,

Hear only our own babble; or, if heard,
The voices are flung back in mockery:
"Do you not see the breastwork we have
built?"

O bearded children playing on the beach,
If you would know the sea, as know you must,
There is a pier, and there a waiting ship,
The waiting ship to meet the waiting sea!
The voices call you from the upper land.
"Leave your weak barrier, your witless play;
The tide is turning, and the vessel waits."

"The tide? What tide?" we answer scorn-
fully.

"Do you not see the breastwork we have
made?"

ON CLOSING THE EYES.

Good night, my dear ones. May God's rest,
In ample store,
Fill every pure and loving breast
For evermore.

Good night, my friends of purpose true,
So loyal wise,
May blessedness encompass you
From bending skies.

Good night, my village, and good night
My native land.
Be yours the safety and the might
Of God's right hand.

Good night, great world! and world on world
Of ranging star.
God's love, I know, is far outfurled,
Where'er you are.

Good night, my task; and wait for me
Till morning tide
Shall bring me, radiant and free,
Calm to your side.

Good night, Lord Jesus! As I tread
Sleep's mystic way,
By Thy firm hand I shall be led
To gates of day.

Good night! ah, very good the night—
How sweet and fair!
And good shall be the dawning light,
Or here or there.

SAYING AND DOING.

It isn't the talk that will count, boys,
But the doing that springs from the talk.
To what will your walking amount, boys,
With no goal at the end of your walk?

What's the use of a ladder set up, boys,
With the end resting only on air?
What's the use of a nobly filled cup, boys,
If no one to drink it is there?

What's the use of a capital plan, boys,
That never is more than a scheme?
He makes a poor, scatter-brained man, boys,
That begins in his boyhood to dream.

No; talk on and plan as you will, boys,
But remember, if you would succeed,
It isn't the talk that shows skill, boys,
But the end of the talking,—the deed!

"HITTING THE SAWDUST TRAIL."

["Hitting the sawdust trail" is Billy Sunday's expression for coming forward as converts in his great evangelistic meetings.]

With hope in our hearts and with light in
our eyes,
We are hitting the sawdust trail.
With our souls firmly set on the everlasting
prize,

We are hitting the sawdust trail.
We have said good-by to the sorrow and the
sin,

To the hard, broad way that so long we've
travelled in;
And the true, dear joy we are setting out to
win,
As we're hitting the sawdust trail.

'Mid the sneers of our foes and the prayers
of our friends

We are hitting the sawdust trail.
Where the hiss of the world with the song of
heaven blends

We are hitting the sawdust trail.
Let them laugh, let them mock, in their silly,
heedless glee.

Our eternity's at stake, and for trifles what
care we?

From the doom of death to be ransomed, to
be free,

We are hitting the sawdust trail.

We have seen enough of the devil and his ways,
 So we're hitting the sawdust trail.
 We have lived enough of the wicked, weary days,
 So we're hitting the sawdust trail.
 O the glad release from the wretched and the vile!
 O the glow of hope in the happy, crowded aisle!
 O the sweet home joys and the Saviour's loving smile,
 As we're hitting the sawdust trail!

THE WORKERS' MEAT.

The workman is worthy of his meat.—
Matt. 10: 10.

I have meat to eat that ye know not of.—
John 4: 32.

All nature, and the soul of the unseen,
 Hands of old heroes reached from out the past,

Spirits of life in this full-glorious day,
 The sky, the earth, the ocean gratulant,
 These bring the worker's table, and set forth
 High nutriment upon it. How he fares,
 Angels to wait upon him, and the robe
 Of all enrichment wrapping him about!
 Beside a sewer in a clanging street
 The banquet may be set, or in a mine
 Beneath a black and crumbling mile of rock,
 Or 'mid the stubble of a harvest field
 Under a blistering sun, or in the calm
 Of some great library, or on the sea
 Amid the crashing terror of the storm.
 None see it but the worker; none but he
 Can taste the wondrous viands; he alone
 Is conscious of the splendid ministrants.
 But he,—ah! well he knows it; revels there
 In joys a king would sell his realm to buy,
 In pride and hope and firm accomplishment.
 Many have sat before him at that board
 And many will come after, royal men,
 The head and front of godlike humankind,
 And he is one among them! As he feasts
 At that illustrious table, how inane,
 How petty, imbecile, and profitless
 Are other meats, though borne in soft, white
 arms,
 Or proffered by the hands of half the world!

OVER THE SKY.

A Boating Song.

Row, row, row, row,
 Josie and I are rowing,
 Over the sky, and over the clouds,
 And over the tree-tops going.

Glide, glide, glide, glide,
 Shadow and sunshine sifting,

Into the blue, and into the dark,
 And into the golden drifting.

Swift, swift, swift, swift,
 Swift flow the lilies by us;
 Sleepy-head turtles from low-lying log
 Lazily blink and eye us.

Drift, drift, drift, drift,
 Broad is the stream and steady,
 Narrowing now to a frolicsome flow
 With many a dimpling eddy.

Slow, slow, slow, slow,
 Josie and I together.
 Josie is fair as a lily bud
 And sweet as the summer weather.

Row, row, row, row,
 Josie and I are rowing;
 Over the sky and over the sun
 And out of the world we are going.

LOST!

Has any one seen my soul?
 It was lost in the dark one night.
 It was very fair and white,
 And it slipped just out of control
 And was gone with a laugh and a shriek out
 of my sight,
 On the shore where the black waves roll,
 And the black air tumbles in and drowns the
 light;
 It was there it was lost one night;
 Has any one seen my soul?

'Twas a pure, white soul till then,
 But I know not what happened there.
 It was innocent and fair
 And unused to the ways of men,
 And the ways of men were alluring, debonair.
 They called me, called me again and again,
 With a voice that poisoned prudence and
 thought and care;
 And I know not what happened there;
 'Twas a pure, white soul, till then.

I am lonely and afraid.
 Without my soul it is terribly sad and lone;
 For they that were my own,
 So near and dear to the fair, white maid,
 Distant, oh, sorrowful distant and drear have
 grown,

Just when I grope for aid
 And hunger for comfort and out into mockery
 moan;

Without my soul I am so alone,
 So lonely and afraid.

I would not ask for much.
 So little would comfort me,
 Just a crumb of sympathy,
 Only a look or a touch
 Where the others press to revile or in horror
 flee;

But love is not for such—
 For such as they made me down by that
 black, black sea,
 Though so little would comfort me,
 And I dare not hope for much.

But oh, my soul, my soul!
 It is that I want the most.
 For I walk like a vacant ghost,
 And the sky is an emptied bowl,
 And I wander in vain on the ebon, desolate
 coast.

On the shore where the black waves roll,
 And call me, and jibe, and chatter a horrible
 boast.

Oh, it's that I want the most:
 Has any one seen my soul?

THE HEART OF THE PEOPLE IS RIGHT.

Though grafters may steal at the top of their
 bent,

And pocket a million a day;
 Though sharpers may promise their thirty per
 cent

And slip with the booty away;
 Though boodle and cheat and crafty deceit
 Are constantly dragged to the light,
 Though cynics may hiss, you may bank upon
 this:

 The heart of the people is right.

The heart of the people is loyal to truth,
 Though their minds may be caught with a lie.
 The heart of the people is merry in youth
 While the ages go tottering by.

The croakers may mourn and the sages may
 scorn,

But the people are sunny and bright;
 The seepies may doubt and the jesters may
 dout.

 But the heart of the people is right.

You may pile up your powder by thousands
 of tons,

Your threatenings never may cease,
 You may magnify armies and navies and guns,
 But the people are ever for peace.

You may fool them awhile with the glitter
 and guile

Of the camp and the drill and the fight,
 But as circles the sun all peoples are one,
 And the heart of the people is right.

You may brandish the lure of insatiate greed,
 You may mask the ungenerous wrong,

And perhaps for a moment the sin may succeed,
 But it will not succeed very long.

Though riches may flaunt and luxury vaunt
 Its maddening whirl of delight,

The people are bent on a simple content,
 And the heart of the people is right.

There are leaders that lead to the timorous
 rear,

And look to the days that are gone;
 But the people have never a cowardly fear,
 And the people move steadily on.

While the scholars debate and the theorists
 prate,

They are scaling a loftier height;
 And the future, they know, has a balm for
 all woe,

 And the heart of the people is right.

So whenever the parties are muddled and
 weak,

And bosses are brutal and base,
 And thinkers that write and prophets that
 speak -

Are all in a pitiful case,
 Look cheerily then to the masses of men
 And see with their sensible sight,

Confidingly trust in the good common dust;
 For the heart of the people is right.

MY NEW BIRTHDAY.

I will have a new birthday to-day,
 A birth from the dark to the light,
 From the sad to the jubilant way,
 From weakness to masterful might.

What matters the time I was born?
 New birth I now can attain:
 New life in this wakening morn,
 New hope, new heart, and new brain!

Good-by to the outworn fears,
 Good-by to the ancient strife,
 Farewell to the doubts of hesitant years
 And the failure of olden life.

I am done, this day I am done
 With the folly of cherished sin.
 I will stand upright, I will face the sun,
 And the angels may look within!

For I do not stand alone.
 With thee, O Creator Christ,
 I seize the crown and I mount the throne,
 And assume the wealth unpriced.

With thee, O Lord of all good!
 With thee, Inspirer of cheer!
 I dare and I grasp all that man ever could,
 And I enter my pristine year.

New birth, imperial birth,
 New kingship of body and time,
 A fresh-made soul for a fresh-made earth,
 And joy in its blossoming prime!

Irrevocably I go
 Forth, forth on the opening way,
 To achieve, to enjoy, to discover, to grow,
 For I take a new birthday—to-day!

ADDITION.

I am myself—poor, foolish, weak—
Plus other men to whom I speak,
 The stronger men with whom I walk,
 And watch their ways and heed their talk.
 Some are alive with whom I tread,
 And some are those that men call dead ;

Some I accost in shop or street,
 And some in blessed books I meet.

But wheresoe'er these friends may be,
 Each is an increment for me,—
 My life is all a happy sum ;
 I'll add as long as figures come !

A SUNDAY SONG.

A hush is in the shining sky,
 A hush is on the golden lands.
 O God on high,
 Fair Nature folds her hands.

A hymn is in the heart of man,
 High praises jubilant and free.
 Great Artisan,
 Thy creatures worship Thee.

From quiet fanes where men have trod
 Through centuries of holy ways,
 Our Father's God,
 Their children sing Thy praise.

And here in my poor life, above
 The daily turmoil harsh and grim,
 O God of love,
 Hear Thou my Sunday hymn.



SOME DAY A LOVE SONG.

Some day I'll sing, with golden words,
A love song to my wife,
Surpassing violins and birds,
A song of love and life.

The song shall spring from deepest earth,
And leap to loftiest sky.
All praise of beauty and of worth
Shall fling their banners high.

The song shall touch the tender heart
And thrill the ardent mind,
All charms of nature and of art
Deliciously combined.

But since I cannot sing you now
That worthy song of bliss,
Dear wife! I print upon your brow
This dumb, adoring kiss!

TO GENERAL BOOTH.

On His Visit to America.

The generals of lesser breed
Through scenes of death and desolation
And human woe and human need
Have won their crimson elevation;
But you, our General of Peace,
Have gained your dignity supernal
By captives' ransom and release,
And souls redeemed from death eternal.

The other generals through blood
Have waded to their dreadful glory.
What fruitage ruined in the bud!
What end of youth's fair opening story!
But yours the happy skill to close
The wounds of man and class and nation;
The only blood your banner knows,
The Blood that won a world's salvation.

O wielder of a mighty sword
That pierces hearts with thrusts of blessing,
The sword of Gideon and the Lord.
To high crusades your arms addressing,
Long may it war with human guilt;
And when at last to Death you yield it,
May some one worthy of its hilt
In God's name seize the sword and wield it!

A HEALTH TO HORACE FLETCHER.

[The philosophical advocate of the thorough mastication of food.]

Before the ills, the pains and pills
Of indigestion get yer,
Observe a bit that sage and wit,
The famous Horace Fletcher.

Though deaf and blind or daft of mind
Or carried on a stretcher,

You're good as new if you but chew
The way of Horace Fletcher.

Though people guy, and work heaped high
May hurry and may fret yer,
Just make no haste, but chew and taste
Your food with Horace Fletcher.

When meat goes up, serenely sup
On three baked beans, and wet yer
Cesophagus with water, plus
A health to Horace Fletcher!

When stocks go down and all the town
Is worried, you may net yer
Gold to the good by docking food
With canny Horace Fletcher.

And if you'd like to lift and strike
In athlete-wise, I'll bet yer
No sophomore could lay it o'er
The gray-haired Horace Fletcher.

Reverse for him the fable grim—
Kind History will let yer—
And hail the new good Wandering Chew,
Our brother, Horace Fletcher!

HAD LINCOLN LIVED.

Had Lincoln lived,
How would his hand, so gentle yet so strong,
Have closed the gaping wounds of ancient
wrong;
How would his merry jests, the way he smiled,
Our sundered hearts to union have beguiled;
How would the South from his just rule have
learned
That enemies to neighbors may be turned,
And how the North, with his sagacious art,
Have learned the power of a trusting heart;
What follies had been spared us, and what
stain,
What seeds of bitterness that still remain,
Had Lincoln lived!

With Lincoln dead,
Ten million men in substitute for one
Must do the noble deeds he would have done;
Must lift the freedman with discerning care,
Nor house him in a castle of the air;
Must join the North and South in every good,
Fused in co-operating brotherhood;
Must banish enmity with his good cheer,
And slay with sunshine every rising fear;
Like him to dare, and trust, and sacrifice,
Ten million lesser Lincolns must arise,
With Lincoln dead.

THE GOAL.

There is one thing nobly worth while,
Though the parrots chatter and scream,
Though the critics howl and the cynics smile,
And life seems a mocking dream.

There is one thing that grandly counts,
In the face of the tempting glare,
In the tempests of doubt, on the lonely
mounts,
In the thickets of thorny care.

And that is to hold the truth !
To abide with justice and right,
To be a man in genuine sooth,
With heaven's invincible might.

There are bowers of beauty and love,
There are trumpets of lordly flare,
There are pleasures below and blessings above
That flash with a lifting flame.

Let them flaunt their allurements high,
Let them beckon and call and cajole ;
There is only one worth in the earth and the
sky,
And that is an honest soul.

PILLOW-STUFFING.

Neighbor Languid over the way
Gets no sleep by night or day.
Pale and nervous neighbor, say,
What's your pillow stuffed with?

Turkey-stuffing often, friend,
Has a nightmare for its end.
And your slumber may depend
Just on pillow-stuffing.

Corn-husks, feathers, cotton, hair,
Pine needles or rose leaves rare,
Which you have I do not care,
For your pillow-stuffing.

Ah, but, neighbor, tell me this :
Does a hearty good-night kiss
Furnish softness, health, and bliss
To your pillow-stuffing?

Yes, and, neighbor, let me know :
Does a pruning-knife or hoe,
Spade or rake or trowel, go
In your pillow-stuffing?

In your pillow are there found
Three good miles of solid ground
Measured off, a pleasant round,
Just for pillow-stuffing?

Have you filled it, let me ask,
Full with many a household task ;
Honest work that needs no mask
Is your pillow stuffed with?

Does your pillow-case contain
Happy thoughts to charm the brain,—
Some wise volume, sweet and sane,
Is your pillow stuffed with?

Ah, my neighbor, have you there
Sedatives of trusting prayer,—

Springing faith that conquers care
Is your pillow stuffed with?

Love that seeks another's ease,
Tact that knows the way to please,
Songs, smiles, jokes, help, gifts,—are these
In your pillow-stuffing?

Neighbor Languid, throw away
All your pills and drugs, I pray,
And inquire, without delay,
What your pillow 's stuffed with!

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A school it is, where glorious things are
taught ;
A factory as well, where lives are wrought ;
A garden, where the flower-like children grow ;
An ocean, too, where freighted vessels go.

It is a school, the school of Jesus Christ ;
His treasure-house as well, of gems unpriced ;
His army, drilled for high, heroic strife ;
His orchard, with all golden fruitage rife.

It loves a Book, this Bible Sunday school ;
It owns a sceptre—Christ's imperial rule ;
It has one task—the Saviour's will to do ;
It holds one faith—that He is good and true.

O school, unending is your perfect lore.
O army, forward ! Jesus goes before.
O workmen, labor ! Jesus labors too ;
You cannot fail, your Master toils with you.

A BATTLE SONG.

[Written in the World War.]

Peril surrounding,
Danger abounding,
Menace confounding,
Threaten our land ;
Highly deciding,
Firmly confiding,
Boldly abiding,
Stoutly we stand.

Cowards may call us,
Horrors appall us,
Evils befall us,
We will not yield ;
Faith to be plighted,
Wrongs to be righted,
Souls to be knighted,—
On to the field !

Now for a new world,
Now for a true world,
Gladly for you, world,
Dare we to fight.
We will not falter,
We will not falter,
Knives to the halter,
God for the right !

THE FLAGMEN.

Drear, lonely men beside the ringing track!
 Slow-moving men, with crippled feet and back,
 One armed, one-legged, battered many ways,
 Doomed to monotonous and tiresome days,—
 The tinkle-tinkle of the falling bars,
 The waving flag, the swirl of thundering cars,
 Then tinkle-tinkle, teams and hurrying men,
 A moment's rest, and—just the same again.
 Not from their grudging lips, reserved and grim,
 But from the stiffened form, the mangled limb,
 Through all the sombre, pitiable year
 The same unworded warning you may hear:
 "These cruel rails have made me what you see!
 Those coming wheels have crushed and crippled me!"
 The tinkle-tinkle—"Look, and have a care!"
 The waving flag—"Behold me, and beware!"
*O gloomy fate!—and may it ne'er be mine,—
 To be for all one's life a danger sign!*

WHAT ROOSEVELT SAID ONCE AT HARVARD.

Said Mr. Roosevelt: "Those are sticks
 That keep away from politics.
 Let upright fellows jump right in,
 And try their best to fight and win.
 You'll do the nation good; and you
 Will get good from the nation, too.
 If you can't work with other men,
 Perhaps you are too good; and then
 Perhaps you aren't, but finicky,—
 A foolish eccentricity."
 Which isn't vague magniloquence,
 But downright Roosevelt common sense!

FORTH FROM YOUR PAST!

Forth from your lowly Past! In humble wise
 Up to the highest heaven lift your eyes.
 No glories that the heroes ever knew
 But God has placed them waiting there for you.

Forth from your evil Past! The shame and sin—
 Dare now to live as they had never been.
 In Jesus cleansed and in His sureness sure,
 Know that the years to come are sweet and pure.

Forth from your troubled Past! How dark the days,
 How dreary and perplexed your wandering ways!
 Forget those fears and tears and scenes abhorred,
 And enter all the joyance of your Lord.

Forth from your lonely Past! No comrade knew
 Your inner warfare for the good and true;
 But in the time to come till time shall end
 You shall not lack a comrade and a friend.

Forth from your Past! 'Twas given you to build
 A Future from it, all with blessings filled.
 Enter its open gate, its liberal door,
 And live its happy lord for evermore.

"I'LL TRY."

"The others will laugh," said the Bugbear,
 "And ridicule you on the sly."

"Never mind," said Jenny Endeavor,
 "I'll try."

"You'll surely break down," said the Bugbear;
 "You know you are terribly shy."

"Never mind," said Billy Endeavor,
 "I'll try."

"It's really too hard," said the Bugbear;
 "You might as well venture to fly."

"Never mind," said Susie Endeavor,
 "I'll try."

"Just put the thing off," said the Bugbear,
 "And others the lack will supply."
 "I'll not," answered Tommy Endeavor,
 "I'll try."

ON BOSTON COMMON.

Beneath the Boston Common elms
 A careless crowd invades;
 But I, within those shadowy realms,
 Consort with noble shades.

I walk with Winthrop, soul of worth,
 The governor pioneer;
 I show him men from all the earth,
 Their motley speech we hear.

I meet Sam Adams now and then,
 And Paul Revere the bold,
 John Hancock of the mighty pen,
 The Minute Men of old.

They ask if Faneuil Hall remains
 And echoes, as of yore,
 To patriot shouts, to bursting chains,
 "Freedom for evermore!"

I stand where ranged the British tent,
 Where rowed their boats away
 For Lexington and Concord bent
 On that historic day.

I see the shattered troops return,
 And wonder, as I gaze,
 If patriot hearts as hotly burn
 As in those ancient days.

And once I met a splendid three,—
Charles Sumner, man of state,
Phillips, the Voice of Liberty,
And Garrison the Great!

"Ah, Boston, Freedom's home," they sighed,
"Still harbors many a slave,—
The slaves of passion, greed, and pride;
And who will seek and save?"

Thus, as that sacred soil I tread,
With mighty memories rife,
The spirit of the heroes dead
Calls me to kindred life!

TO LEADERS.

The times are ready! Far along the hills
The camp-fires of the morning are alight,
Up! for the day is full of armored ills.
Up! for the brave are eager for the fight.

Too long have greed and rapine, craft and fraud,
Too long have all the minions of the pit
From seats of regnant vantage overawed,
And cloaked iniquity with specious wit.

The wrong that cows the slave inspires the free.

Where hungry faint, where women sell
their shame,
Where ten men's wealth is locked by one
man's key,
Where justice is a mask and law a name,

Where strength has leave to starve but not to toil,
Where twisted villains bind the nation's weal,

Where Mammon desecrates her holy soil,
And Treason grinds her stars beneath his heel,

There is the brave man's challenge and his task!

There is his rapture while it is his woe;
For what can any son of freedom ask
But God and right, a comrade and a foe?

The times are ready, but the people wait;
Wait for a man, for men, for any man
Who, in the joy of duty simply great,
Follows "I ought to" with the glad "I can."

The people wait, impatient. Very long,
To old allegiances inertly true,
With meditative growing sense of wrong
The people have been tarrying—for you.

For you, the authentic leaders designate;
For you, the wise to move in ordered ways,
Skillful to reform and not distract the state,
And prudently restore the better days.

They wait for you; but ah! if you should fail.

If sudden fear or any golden lure
Should catch your soul or paint your courage pale
And stay you from this mission high and pure,—

Then will the people wait no more for men,
Nor law nor rote nor any other thing;
Then will they sternly seize the iron pen,
And write themselves, and their just impulse, king!

Then, by whatever road, unwisely fast,
By might of dwarfs and unbewigged decree.

Will righteousness be surely done at last,
And Freedom's children venture to be free.

WHEN THE ANGELS COME.

When I am exiled from home and from love,
Stones underneath and the blackness above,
Longing for light and the heart of a friend,
Then to my Bethel the angels descend.

When through the wilderness panting and worn,
Jezebel-hunted, alone and forlorn,
Weakly I wander in desperate mood,
Then come the angels with strengthening food.

When in Gethsemane's sorrow and dread,
Through the black waters my spirit is led,
When in my anguish I pray for release,
Then come the angels and minister peace.

Heaven is near me wherever I roam;
Christ is the doorway and God is the home;
Forth to my misery, darkness, and sin,
God sends the angels to welcome me in!

THE AMBULANCE.

Pick them up and shove them in,
While the people stare and grin,
While the curious people stare,
Gathered here from everywhere,—
Frothing in a sudden fit,
By a tumbling hammer hit,
Cut and beaten in a fight,
Fallen in a drunken plight,—
Pick them up and shove them in
While the callous people grin;
Sound the gong's imperious call,
Hurry to the hospital!

Pick them up and shove them in,—
Fallen into secret sin,
Tumbled from ambition's height,
Bruised in trade's unfeeling fight,
Drunk with Mammon's mad excess,

Ditched in utter hopelessness,
 Dazed with pleasure's giddy round,
 Knocked by passion to the ground,—
 Come, unseen, swift ambulance,
 Take them in their stupid trance,
 Take them swiftly, one and all;
 Hurry to the Hospital!

THE CARPENTER'S SHOP.

I am a tool in the Carpenter's hand,
 And obedience only is mine.
 Never a whit may I understand
 The Carpenter's vast design.

Mine to stay if He bids me stay,
 And go if He bids me go;
 Mine to plod in the same dull way
 Steadily to and fro.

Mine to present a handle firm,
 And an edge that is sharp and true;
 Mine to achieve, in my destined term,
 Just what He would have me do.

The Nazareth shop in the centuries dead
 Has sunk from the sight of men.
 O joy if my life, by the Carpenter led,
 May restore that shop again!

BIRCHES.

My birches are the girlhood of the glen.
 Amid the pines and darker hemlocks there
 They hold the eye enchanted, shimmering
 fair

Like maidens in a throng of sombre men.
 They wait upon the borders of the fen
 As mercy waits on foulness; to the air
 That shudders from a cave where serpents
 pair,

They dance and dimple till it smiles again.
 Where all is delicate, the essence they
 And paradigm of daintiness demure;
 The heart of laughter where the whole is gay,
 The soul of purity where all is pure,
 Slight raiment needing in the honest day,
 So of their inner whiteness are they sure.

STILL STEERING.

'Twas in the awkward stern she sat,
 And learned to steer the boat,—
 A vision in a sailor hat,
 The sweetest girl afloat.

Coldly I had to tell her how,
 'Though it was hard to stay
 Sedately pulling at the bow
 A whole boat's length away.

Her little hands upon the ropes
 Were white as baby snow;

They drew my fears, my daring hopes,
 And turned them to and fro!

At length I said, "Oh, Lucy dear,
 Fair helmsman of my life,
 Now you have learned so well to steer,
 Come, steer me as my wife!"

She said she would; and ever since
 That sophomoric plea,
 I've urged—but never could convince—
 'Twas only simile!

A SONG OF NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

Ah me, for the backaches our fathers en-
 joyed,
 Their minds and their bodies serenely em-
 ployed,
 The good honest backaches, dispelled by the
 cheap
 And adequate lotion of good honest sleep!
 They hammered the anvil, they tugged at the
 plough,
 They toiled and they milled in the field and
 the mow,
 They bent to the last, and they swayed to
 the loom,
 And their heavy flails crashed like the crack-
 ings of doom;
 And then, as they pounded and pummelled
 away,
 There came, as the climax and crown of the
 day,
 The witness of work and the promise of rest,—
 An ache in the back and a peace in the breast.
 But now, in this harrying, hurrying nation,
 The crown of our labor is—nervous prostra-
 tion.

We turn out ten shoes where our fathers
 made one,
 Our books come to *finis* ere theirs had begun,
 We hurry to work and we hurry to play,
 We live in to-morrow instead of to-day,
 Our letters are written as fast as we talk,
 We fly with our motors, disdaining to walk.
 Full well may we liken our life to a race,
 With eight men contending for every man's
 place,
 Stung on by the lash of a shadowy need,
 The whip of ambition, the beckon of greed.
 No wonder men savagely long for a few
 Of the good honest backaches our forefathers
 knew
 When mankind was spared the supreme des-
 peration,
 The choking mad nightmare, of nervous pros-
 tration.

Our work is a fog-bank; our play is a bore;
 Despondency lurks by the side of our door.
 The present is darkness, the future is dead,

And fears are the food upon which we are fed;
 There's nothing of brightness on land or on sea,
 So weary and dreary and troubled are we.
 Then ho! for the backaches our fathers enjoyed,
 Head calm in its thinking, hands sanely employed;
 Those good honest backaches, dispelled by the cheap
 And adequate lotion of good honest sleep!
 We'll gladly gain less, may we only "go slow,"
 And that sleep—and that backache—in poverty know,
 Relieved of the horror and dull desperation,
 The lingering nightmare, of nervous prostration.

THE PRAYER-MEETING LEADER.

O leader, lead them into peace,
 The hush of thought,
 The quiet where our worries cease
 And will is wrought.
 O leader, lead them into prayer,
 The look above,
 The upward reach that touches there
 The hands of Love.
 O leader, lead them into zeal,
 The sacred fire
 Of hearts that holy fervor feel,
 And never tire.
 O leader, lead them into power
 That aye succeeds,
 So that this blessed, happy hour
 May fruit in deeds.

THE SUNDIAL, CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

The Sundial said to the Daylight-Saving Clock:
 "I stand for Truth as steady as a rock.
 Nothing but the Truth do I dare to testify;
 Men may bid me cheat, but I will—not—lie.
 Lying is a mortal sin, cheating is a crime;
 I alone of all the world keep the proper time."
 The Daylight-Saving Clock to the Sundial said:
 "When the sun goes down you are dead,
 dead, dead.
 Tied like a log to this rolling ball.
 Only half of time do you tell at all.
 I testify to the Truth of Health,
 Speak the Truth of Happiness, tell the Truth
 of Wealth.

Yours is the Truth of a dull routine,
 Just the Truth of Matter, of the Sun Machine.

Your literal Truth is crudely wrought;
 Mine is the Truth of the Higher Thought."

But the Sundial still, in a manner proudly wise,

Sticks to the Truth in a World of Lies.

MOTHER'S WAY.

The way may be long from that land of song,
 That country of endless day,
 But far or near, I have never a fear
 But mother will find a way.

They will want her there in a mansion fair,
 But ah! she will say them nay,
 And out of that joy to the heart of her boy
 My mother will find a way.

She will hasten back on the starry track,
 She will neither faint nor stay;
 Through whatever wild, to her longing child
 My mother will find a way.

They were worn and sore in the days of yore,
 Those feet of mutable clay;
 Now on wings of white in untiring flight
 My mother will cleave her way.

I shall know it well when she comes to dwell—
 For a year or a month or a day;
 No fragment of speech my senses may reach,
 But mother will find a way.

Sad things she will see when she comes to me,
 My sins—a wretched array;
 But I'm sure of her will to believe in me
 still—

And mothers will find a way.

A CHALLENGE TO WORRY.

Worry, worry, shifty-eyed,
 Look me in the face!
 Throw that sullenness aside;
 Come, debate the case!

Here's the judge, good Common-sense,
 Waiting in his chair;
 Spirits of intelligence
 Form a jury fair.

Come, I'm ready: state the ground
 Of each groan and sigh;
 All your gloomy fears expound,
 And the reasons why.

What's your spite against us men?

Not a word to say?

Ah! you're off? Good riddance, then!
 Hope you've gone to stay!



DOGGING HIS STEPS.

"To dog his steps"—there's libel in the phrase.

A slander on the faithful doggish ways.
By it men mean to follow like a thief,
To tremble at the crackling of a leaf,
To crawl and sneak, to spy and wait and
gloat.

And hide a dagger ready for a throat.

No, no! To "dog his steps" is to pursue
With endless loyalty and purpose true;

To leap with love and eagerness and joy,
Be ready for the heartiest employ;
To worship him as if he were a god,
And follow every step that he has trod;
To hang upon his whistle or his word;
To skim along as happy as a bird;
With shining eyes and with a heart of cheer
To be a comrade and a friend sincere;
That—never mind what stupid men may say—
That is to "dog his steps" the doggish way!

THE TRUSTS.

A noble word gone wrong! O men of might,
Whom should we trust but you? to whom
confide

The magic web of commerce? Who should
guide

The course of industry with fruitful right?

Yours the sagacious past, the forward sight,

Yours the ingathering mind, the outlook
wide,

Organic forces, powers tensely tried,
And partner fealties facile to unite.

O men of might! the prudent and the strong!

When shall we safely rest our weal on you?

When trust in you to right the patent wrong,

And bless humanity in all you do?

When will you learn to sing the brother-song?

When to your trust will you be grandly
true?

WORDS.

Drudging democracy of words, alert

At beck of plow-boy, leaping to the need

Where tongueless woe would cry on manly
deed,

Willing to delve in diamonds or dirt,

Skilful to heal the blubbering urchin's hurt

Or arch the truest thinker's truest creed,

Bond-slave of servants, nobly hast thou
freed

All but thyself! For thou, dull-eyed, inert,

Dost tamely wear the chains of human greed,

Raze thine own building, tear what thou
didst heal,

And mock thy prophet song of better days.

O strong words, be less willing! Pay no heed

To men ignoble! Let fit dumbness seal

All lips that move not to their Maker's
praise!

A SONG OF HEROES.

[Written in the World War.]

Our country calls for heroes,
And who is a hero now,
With no fear in his eyes,
With no shade of disguise,
With a purpose upon his brow?

The wide world calls for heroes,
And who will a hero be,
With a love for the whole
And a clear, steady soul
And a spirit brave and free?

High heaven calls for heroes,
And who is a hero there,
With a will for the best,
And a mind for the test,
And a heart that knows to dare?

But never mind the heroes,
Nor herald the hero's worth:
For our land we will die
And for God on high,
And for all the groaning earth!

LOVE'S TRIAL BALANCE.

He who hath never been in love
Hath half his powers still to prove.
He knoweth not how keen to see
His love-enlightened eyes may be,
How gay his wit, how bright his tongue,
His soul how strong, his heart how young.

He who hath never been in love
Hath half his folly still to prove.
He knoweth not the silliness
His tongue is able to express,
What jealousy, what license bold,
What pettiness, his heart may hold.

He who hath never been in love,
Half his delights are still to prove.
He knoweth not the subtle charm
Of tender hand, of clasping arm,
Nor half the joys that leap and start
From woman's eyes and mouth and heart.

He who hath never been in love
Hath half his torments still to prove.
He knoweth not what frets absurd
Uncoil from careless look and word,
Nor how his peace may be undone
Before two wills are bound in one.

He who hath never been in love,—
How to the dullard can I prove
That all the folly lovers show
Is naught to that new power they know,
And all the torments that annoy
Are merest notes within their joy?

THE CREDULOUS CHILD.

The older ones that know me best,
And hear and weigh and see,
Finding I somewhat bear the test,
Somewhat believe in me.

But oh, dear loyal little heart,
Though others hold aloof,
How sure of me thou always art
Without a single proof!

And now no reason's cool control
So wins me to be true
As this unthinking little soul
That trusts me through and through.

MY CLOUD.

I had a cloud, a private little cloud,
Precisely as large as my head.
Not a ray of the sky ever reached my eye
When the private little cloud was outspread.

Now I have learned I can stretch the little
cloud,
And I fling it over every one I see,
And the more I spread it out, this fabric won-
drous stout,
The thicker is its shadow over me!

PAUL IN ATHENS.

I've heard a stranger, Crito.—such a man!
He spoke to-day before a little crowd
Of chance-drawn folk upon the Hill of Mars,
And as I strolled he caught me—such a man!
A short man, somewhat bowed as if in
thought;

An ugly man, but ah! his shining face,
And swift, compelling voice! I hardly think
Demosthenes or even Æschines
Could so command his hearers. And he told,
There on the Hill of Mars, about a god
Could conquer Mars, and yet the god of peace.
Indeed, he vaunted him all gods in one,—
The god of tempests like the thundering Zeus,
And at a word the storm would kiss his feet:
Light of the world, Apollo in the sun;
Bread of the world, Demeter bounteous;
The god of truth, than Pallas wiser far,
And more than Aphrodite god of love,
This paragon of gods, the stranger said,
Could more than Hermes move the hearts of
men

With winsome words, and more than Heracles
Could work his wonders, and could heal the
sick

With touch that Æsculapius might desire.
Such nonsense! but you should have heard
the man.

His voice is still a clarion in my ears:

"The God who made the world and all therein
Dwells not in temples made with human
hands,
And is not served by human hands," he said,
"As though he needed anything. . . . He
made

All nations of one blood," the stranger said.
"He is not far from any one of us.
In him we have our being, live and move.
We are his children—" much he made of
that,

This herald of all duties in one.
He said he sent his Son, this Father-god,
Who came to earth and died upon a cross
And rose again to heaven, all for us.
You should have heard him, Crito—such a
man!

You're going to the baths? The day is warm
And dusty. I will go along with you.
They say a ship from Egypt is in port,
And in its cargo is a linen mesh
So fine you scarce can see it. And they say
The Governor at once bought up the lot
To send it to the Emperor at Rome.
A prudent man, our Governor, and wise.

AN OMINOUS OMISSION.

When Fashion, beauteous maid, was born,
They took the freshness of the morn,
They took the colors of the flowers,
The fragrances of hidden bowers,
The sweep of birds in curving flight,
The radiant splendors of the light,
The soft enticing sway of song,
The glories that to June belong,
The fall of water flashing fair,
And all the sheen of sunny air,
Thus framing, from a myriad norms,
This creature of a thousand forms.
So winsome, sweet, and delicate
They sent her forth; and learned too late
That when they made this lovely whole
They somehow had left out the soul.

THE GATES ARE DOWN.

The gates are down, but I wonder, I wonder,
Why so many are dodging under,
Out on the tracks where the trains are rushing,
Cruel wheels cutting and crashing and crushing!

The gates are down and the red flags are
flying.
But under they slink, their peril defying.
Mother and children and wife all crying,
"Back from the tracks where the dead are
lying!"

Down are the gates before the tavern;
Down, by the gamblers' flaming cavern;
Down, by the lures where the lust fiend lingers;
Down, where the trade-thief his base gold
fingers;

Down, by the playhouse, the brothel's feeder;
Down, by the books that besmirch their reader;
Down! pressed down by the friends that love
them,
By the laws of their land, and the God above
them!

The gates are down, but I wonder, I wonder,
Why so many are dodging under,
Under the gates and the signal flags flying,
Out on the red tracks, dying—dying!

A PLEA.

The wild wind smites the lily,
But kisses her next day;
The iciest December
Is melted into May.

The sullen bleak of woodland
Laughs with a brook ere long;
The bare and silent branches
Burst to a bloom of song.

O kind, forgiving Nature!
O unforgiving men!
And you and I, my darling,
Come, let us love again!

THE WIFE'S POEM.

My works, dear poet wife, are set
In squares of awkward alphabet;
But yours in curves of living grace,
From dancing feet to happy face:
For though my verse were beauty's pearl,
Your poem is a little girl!

Stiff-penned I picture love's dear bliss;
Your poem thrills me with a kiss.
I write of music—lame and long;
Your poem is a living song.
My verses ape a clumsy wit;
In lines of laughter yours are writ.

What patient days and weary nights,
What fears, what hopes, and what delights
You pack into your poem, dear,
With loving toil of year by year;
While I—a scrawling page or two,
A headache, and the thing will do!

My dullard, barren verses fall
Expiring to the old-book stall;
While your sweet poem, age on age,
Reprinted in a wider page,
Will bear the image of yourself
To Time's remotest, fairest shelf!

OUTDOOR PEACE.

Have fears and worries vexed you?
Go out among the trees;
Think: He who made all these
Will He not well protect you?

Do thronging doubts molest you?
Sit down there in the sun
Where heaven's joys o'errun,
And think how God has blessed you.

Does some one scorn or slight you?
Stand forth among the hills,
Forget your petty ills.
Remember: God will right you.

Do long, long sorrows grieve you?
Look upward to the stars,
And think: No anguish mars
The home that will receive you.

ONE LIFE AT A TIME.

If the dead came back,—
If in some shadowy glen their forms might
meet us,
Or from some wandering wind their voices
greet us,
Or if, in all earth's strange or common places,
We might have hope to see the dear, dead
faces,
Hope by keen eyes or hearing to discover
The father, sister, husband, wife, or lover,
From death come back,—

Life would be all a watching and a waiting,
A standing tiptoe at the mystic grating,
A pleading for the blessed shapes to linger,
Straining to touch them with a doubting fin-
ger.

Chattering wildly of the past, and suing
Wildly for pardon of our evil doing
Before they died.

Their pardon, lacking God's, would still con-
tent us;
We should walk blindly in the way they sent
us;

Follow no unseen Christ, nor seek the portal
Of that unseen, faith-conquered life immortal.
We should be serfs to sight, if out of heaven
To our crude eyes so crude a boon were given,—
Our dead come back.

And soon, distracted with this double showing,
Half earth, half heaven our doubtful senses
knowing,

Labor would languish into dreams and fan-
cies,

Duty be dazed by blinding sunward glances,
The world would grow less real, nor heaven
come nearer,

Our dear ones be no happier or dearer,
Should they come back.

No happier—ah, no! How selfish-hearted
Who wishes back the blessedly departed,
Back from their sunny peace and swift-
winged power

Into our cares that clog and woes that lower,
Just that our faithless, fretful eyes may view
them

A few brief years before we shall go to them,
When we are dead.

Ah, God knows best, one life at one time giv-
ing,

Sparing to fret us with a double living,
A clash of mysteries, two worlds, two mis-
sions,

Two stern and strange and masterful condi-
tions.

My prayers I turn to praise, O God in heaven,
That to their wall this boon Thou hast not
given,—

My dead come back.

THE VISITOR.

A poem touched me in the night
With softest finger-tips;
I laid my hand upon her arm,
I pressed it with my lips.

So soft her arm, so soft and smooth,
She slipped it quite away.
Alas, alas, my Beautiful,
Oh, visit me by day!

"MIST."

"There's something I've *mist, mist, mist*,"
Said the Fog,

As he bent down over, and peered around,
His eyes on the ground,
As he crept, crept, crept,

Over meadow and forest, city and bog.

"I insist, I insist,
There's something I've *mist, mist, mist*.
It's something or other, I don't know what;
I used to know, but forgot—forgot.

So I'll creep, creep, creep,
While the folks are asleep,

And I'll look in the corners, and everywhere,
To see if it's there.

When I find it, my memory 'll get a jog;
I shall know it, sure,"
Said the Fog.

"What's all that nonsense I hear?"
Said Policeman Sun,

As he leaped with a chuckle into the day
And fired away

A regular broadside of bursting light,
While the frightened Fog

At a lively jog
Straightened up and betook him to flight:

"What's all that muttering nonsense I hear?
 Some thieving, that's clear.
 There's nothing you've *mist*,
 I insist,
 But here's a thing you'll remember pat;
 Take that—that—that!
 You're a muddlehead, anyway, little worth;
 Get off of the earth!
 You'll not be *mist* when the day 's begun,"
 Said Policeman Sun.

A SONG OF GIVING.

In my gifts I travel far
 As the needy nations are,—
 North and south and east and west;
 Givers' travels are the best.

In my gifts I dig a mine
 Down where lordliest treasures shine,—
 Gratitude of hearts oppressed;
 Givers' Klondikes are the best.

In my gifts I mount and rise
 Through the reaches of the skies
 To a heaven of joy and rest;
 Givers' wings are far the best.

OUR LESSON.

"I love you, papa"—that was all she said,
 Her little palm pressed firmly into mine;
 And yet I think all heaven overhead
 Flashed at the words with rapture more
 divine.

I think the angels hushed their symphony
 In joy that such a precious thing could be.

"I love you," all I am and all sincere,—
 From child to parent, youth to trembling
 age,

Between the wedded lives of many a year,
 Or those that friendship holds in tute-
 lage,—

The sweetest words that move the eager air,
 And why are they so hesitant and rare?

"I love you," said to man, to God above,
 Said artlessly in all fidelities,
 Said happily, in ravishment of love.

"I love you," those three words,—why, all
 that is,
 The vast complex of time and circumstance,
 Is but a training for their utterance!

THE THUMB.

Hail to the thumb, the useful thumb,
 The grasper, the holder, the doer of deeds.
 Where fingers are futile and tools succumb,
 Stolid, ungainly, the thumb succeeds.

Hail to the thumb, the homely thumb;
 Rings and jewels are not for it.
 Compliments, dainty and frolicsome,
 For fingers are suited, for thumbs unfit.

Hail to the thumb, the modest thumb;
 Gently and calmly it hides away,
 Never for it a banner and drum,
 Or praise at the end of a strenuous day.

And hail to the men who are like the thumb;
 Men who are never sung by a bard,
 Men who are laboring, modestly dumb,
 Faithfully doing the work that is hard.

Some day, men of the tolling thumb,
 Men of the modest, invincible worth,
 Some day your high reward will come
 From the Hand of the Lord of heaven and
 earth!

MY FOUNTAIN PEN.

Fairies, fill my fountain pen!
 Fill it full of fancies,
 Rhymes that flit and come again
 As a fairy dances.

Fill it full of merriment
 Bright and bubbling over.
 Charge it with the happy scent
 Of the happy clover.

Joy shall fill my fountain pen
 That all joy surpasses,
 For it shall not write for men,
 But for lads and lasses!

IN THE CORNER.

Elsie was bad as bad could be,
 So to the corner she had to go;
 Nothing but cold, white wall to see,
 Nothing to think of but—O dear me!—
 The mischief past and the present woe.

Out of the wall her mother's face
 Looked so tenderly sweet and sad,
 Seeming to fill the blank, bare space,
 Seeming to say to her little girl in disgrace,
 "Dear little Elsie, why *are* you so bad?"

Open her eyes or close them tight,
 Still our rebel that face must see,
 Till at last the poor little girl, in spite
 Of the stubbornest will, made headlong flight
 To her mother's arms and forgiveness free.

Ah, my child, as the years go by,
 And many an error brings many a smart,
 May some hushed corner be ever nigh,
 Where the Father-love in the Father's eye
 May lead you close to the Father's heart.



PERMANENCE.

The granite shore rebuked the sea :
 "Why do you vary hour by hour
 Changeful and restless? Look at me
 And learn how quiet matches power."

The sea made answer to the shore :
 "Out from the water's boundless reign

The land rose ; I was here before.
 The shores will sink, but I remain."

Then to the two a Voice replied :
 "Both sea and shore will fail and fall ;
 I only evermore abide,
 The source and final home of all."

MORNING HAZE ON DERWENTWATER.

Soft through a veil of amethystine mist
 The gentle waters shine,
 Tender and dreamful as a maiden, kissed
 By unseen lips divine.

The sky is pearl, the hills are darker pearl ;
 And far on yonder shore
 A gleam of silver—is it not the swirl
 Of Southey's own Lodore?

This is the scene anointed Southey's eyes
 And filled his placid days ;
 And still these holy waters may baptize
 To beauty and to praise.

AN EXTRA SABBATH.

I know it in the morning
 At the opening of the eyes,
 By the holy silent mystery
 That all about me lies ;

By the smoothness of the spirit,
 And the clarity of mind,
 And the blessed, calm forgetfulness
 Of matters left behind ;

And by those inner voices
 That whisperingly speak :
 "This day shall be a Sunday,
 In the middle of the week !"

SHORTHAND.

Ah, Thomas Jones, young business man,
It was a very foolish plan
To sit so long in business hours
With your unfledged poetic powers
Engaged in feeble, fluttering bliss,
The net resultant being—this:

"I really do not understand
Why that dear art is called *shorthand*.
Her hand that darts the mystic signs
Is long, with queenly tapering lines.
Longhand I'll call it, *whitchand* too
(Gleaming my darksome office through),
And *softhand*, soft as kitten's fur,
The hand of my stenographer!
One other name is better still:
'Tis *myhand*,—if she only will!"

These lines, however, will explain
Why Lucy Pratt is rather vain
Of one white finger, glittering
Since Monday with a diamond ring.

PUT ON THE SHOE.

Have you heard the old saw of the Persians,
That saying both witty and true,
"The whole world is covered with leather
To him who is shod with a shoe"?
Fine calfskin or kid or morocco,
Great cavalry boots armed with steel,
The daintiest, jauntiest slippers,
Coarse brogues tumbled down at the heel—
What matter the differing fashions?—
The richest and poorest of you
Will find the whole world clad in leather
As soon as you put on your shoe!
Before, it was cold and uneven,
Rough pebbles and sharp bits of glass.
Now, presto! a smooth and warm pavement
Wherever it please you to pass.

But ah! there's a maid—have you seen her?—
A little maid cheery and sweet,
Who daintily trips, yet I see not
What leather she wears on her feet;
For I know by her sunny eyes' sparkle,
And by the calm curve of her mouth,
And by the kind grace of her manners,
Like warm breezes fresh from the South,
I know that wherever her foot falls
On loving task speeding or sent—
The cobbler may laugh, but I care not—
She is shod with the shoe of content!

And, little maid, though Cinderella
Might claim your wee shoe for her own,
And borrowing 's out of the question
For me, with my "sevens" outgrown,
Just whisper the secret, I pray thee;
Come, what are the shop and the street,

And where is the cobbler who fashions
Such beautiful gear for the feet?

I'll go and I'll offer a treasure
Will make his big spectacles shine,
If only two shoes—somewhat larger—
Like your little shoes, can be mine!
And then I will don them, and leaping
Off over the world will I go,
Off over my frets and my worries,
Off over my aches and my woe.
And loudly to all limping grumblers
My shoemaker cheer shall be sent:
"The whole world is covered with gladness
To him who is shod with content!"

THE FLIGHT.

I flung myself away from love,
"No need of love have I!"
I flung myself away from love,
And held my forehead high.

I wandered mad, I wandered far,
And cursed the savage day.
"Oh, anywhere away from love,
Oh, anywhere away!"

And then at night I trembled down;
"O love, my love," I cried,
"Dear love, O love so far away
Across the desert wide!"

Then love made answer, soft and low,
And triumphed with a smile:
"Why, love, my love, you know that I
Was with you all the while!"

JIU JITSU.

There's a deadly kind of wrestling
Known by wily Japanese,
That can break a little finger,
Or a back, with equal ease.

There are mystic holds and turnings,
There are crafty tricks galore,
There are fatal twists and pressures,
And—a corpse is on the floor.

But, of all the sly devices
There is one prime art to know:
Make your pliant body fluid
To the lunging of your foe.

Let him at you, blind with fury,
Aiming at a single point:
And, as thus he plunges forward,
Jerk his shoulder out of joint!

It's a risky kind of combat,
Not the thing for me and you;
But I'll venture to find in it
Just a parable or two.

This, for instance : When Affliction
Thrusts, impetuous, at your heart,
Don't attack him, don't resist him ;
Act a while a yielding part.

Let him wear himself upon you,
Let him buffet empty space ;
Then, when he is quite exhausted,
Throw his thigh-bone out of place !

PRAY FOR ME.

On faith's mysterious heights you stand,
And reach and grasp the Father's hand.
Oh, with that access bold and free,
Place a petition there for me !

I grope in fogs. Your vision, clear
In faith's serener atmosphere,
Oh, use victoriously for me,
And paint the heaven I cannot see !

Too cold my tongue, too dull my ear,
Earth's nobler words to speak or hear.
Oh, while I learn the lower song,
Sing you for me in heaven's throng !

Still for myself I'll work and pray,
And toil along my blundering way ;
But doubled all my strength will be
If you, O friend, will pray for me !

THE RIOT IN EPHEBUS.

[Demetrius speaks.]

My faith, it was a triumph, Claudius !
Diana never knew a better day
Than yesterday. The theatre was full,
A mass of people and a mass of rage.
I still can hear them shouting : "Great is she !
Great is Diana of the Ephesians, great !"
They kept it up for two immortal hours,
Waving and screaming in the theatre,
Baiting the Jews, and singing temple songs,
And trying to make speeches here and there,
But no one listened—faith, a glorious day !
I think they would be at it even yet
If the city clerk had let them. You should see
How Master Paul is humbled. Not a word,
And going to leave the city, so I hear.
Good riddance ! There's a gladsome end of
him.

We'll have no more of Paul, with his contempt

Of images and shrines. He's finished now.
You should have heard me speaking, Claudius !
I swayed them like Demosthenes himself.
Men of my guild—I know them like a book,
And I could play upon their very hearts
With talk of gain, and gods, and silver
shrines,

Diana, and religion, and our wealth,—

Rare words to conjure with, I used them all.
And then they bore me, me, Demetrius,
High on their shoulders to the theatre,
And I was king among them. Well, good-by,
Good Claudius. We'll hear no more of Paul.

PAN-AMERICA.

["A. B. C." speak—that is, Argentina,
Brazil, and Chile.]

Pan-America, glorious name !
Statesmanlike purpose and brotherly aim !
May the gods favor and prosper the plan ;
But—who holds the handle and what's in the
pan ?

One man's poison, another man's meat ;
What's in the pan ? Is it wholesome to eat ?
Good for the North and the Central and South,
Pleasant for each Pan-American mouth ?

Who holds the pan we are called to admire ?
Any one's fat due to fall in the fire ?
Pan-America ! Excellent plan !
But—who holds the handle and what's in
the pan ?

SUCCESS.

If he succeeds whose coffers, heaped with
gold,
Are red with ruined and despairing lives,
The man who owns a mint to coin tears,
Expert to wring a farthing from a heart,—
Though all the world pay homage, all the
world
Envy the wretch,—if this is to succeed,
My pride and all my hope shall be to fail !

If he succeeds who bids the magpie crowd,
Tossing his name upon its chattering tongues,
Talk, write, and dream of him, and they obey,
While he they praise, alive on lips of men,
Has breathed his soul into the bubble, fame,
And lives an empty life,—if he succeeds,
Be mine a life of failure to the end !

If he succeeds, the man of strenuous brain,
Skilled in the depths and heights of many a
lore,
Bent with the plundered wealth of libraries,
But ignorant of love, and ignorant
Of all the roses and the stars of life,—
Though men unite to wonder and applaud,
If this is called success, be mine defeat !

But these are not success ; success it is
To front the angry tumult of a world
With Right for comrade ; faithfully to work ;
To wear contentment shining on the brow ;
Above the gathered treasures of the globe
To reckon brotherhood, and make it mine,—
This is success, and this my prayer shall be.

"GOSPEL HARDENED."

"Gospel hardened"? Can the Word
Harden hearts, though daily heard?
Can the Saviour's graciousness
Curse the lives it fain would bless?
Can the Love that lived and died,
Mocked, neglected, crucified,
While it only seeks our good
Fix our hearts in hardihood?
As the living waters roll
Can they petrify the soul?

"Gospel hardened"? Rather say:
"Hardened in the devil's way,
Riches hardened, pleasure bound,
Fixed in fashion's silly round,
Cast in some scholastic mold,
Iced with scepticisms cold,
Or congealed in barren toil
Like a post in frosty soil."
"Gospel hardened"? 'Tis absurd!
"Mammon hardened" is the word.

"I WILL BUILD THEE AN HOUSE."

Choose Thou my thresholds! Open doors
For me
Where heaven's best dwelleth! Form the
apprentice-hall
Or long, or short. Ordain my feet to fall
On velvet or rough boards; rare harmony
To hear, or clang of hammers; eyes to see
Rich hangings or stained plaster on the wall.
Grant outlook wide or prisoning, and call
For my companions whose best please Thee.
Except Thou build the house, in vain I build.
Except Thou dwell therein, in vain I dwell.
For all is happiness which Thou hast willed,
And never life is free, save Thou compel.
With heaven's high handiwork so I be skilled,
Let house-stuff be what happen, all is well.

ONE DAY'S SERVICE.

Oh, to serve God for a day!
From jubilant morn to the peace and the
calm of the night
To tread no path but His happy and blossom-
ing way,
To seek no delight
But the joy that is one with the joy at
heaven's heart;
Only to go where Thou art,
O God of all blessing and beauty! to love, to
obey,
With obedience sweetened by love, and love
made strong by the right;
Not once, not once to be drunken with self,
Or to play the hypocrite's poisoned part,
Or to bend the knee of my soul to the pas-
sion for pelf,
Or the glittering gods of the mart;

Through each glad hour to lay on the wings
of its flight
Some flower for the angels' sight,
Some fragrant fashion of service, scarlet
and white,
White for the pure intent, and red where the
pulses start;
Oh, if I thus could serve Him, could per-
fectly serve Him one day.
I think I could perfectly serve Him forever—
forever and aye.

THE MUNICIPAL CHRISTMAS TREE.

It shines a tree of fairy land,
All wonderful with rainbow light,
And who can fail to understand
The meaning of the gracious sight?

For splendid is the star above,
The songs are such as angels lift,
And all the tree is sweet with love—
But ah! it bears no single gift!

And so, though bright the tree and tall,
And merrily the carols ring,
It is a symbol, after all,
And rich folks have the real thing.

But let us keep the symbol gay,
And let it grace each Christmas eve,
Till men discern the better way,
And righteous Christmastide achieve.

No empty shining symbol then,
But wealth for all the tree shall bear,
And "Peace on earth, good will to men"
Shall bring to each his honest share.

"WE HAVE WITH US TO-NIGHT."

The dinner is ended; digestion begins,
In spite of our many stomachical sins,
For all but the wretched and piteous man
Who is to amuse us the best that he can,
For all but the terrified, shivering wight,
The poor, trembling soul "we have with us
to-night."

"We have with us to night"—how sardonic
the phrase
That has hissed since the very primordial
days,
When the monkeys persuaded a silly baboon
To chatter alone by the light of the moon;
A lunatic he, like the comical sight.
The postprandial fool "we have with us to-
night."

"We have with us to-night"—no, we haven't,
not we!
We have with us a shape that appears to be
he;

But the speaker has left half his senses at home,
And the rest of his wits on the night zephyrs roam,
And it's only a shrunken and vacuous mite,
A fragment of man, "we have with us to-night."

"We have with us to-night"—*"with us"*! yes,
as a trout
Is *"with"* the proud angler, a hook in his snout!
Or as the poor victim, in spite of his squeal,
Is *"with"* the gay cannibal cooking a meal!
Our tongue for a taste and our teeth for a bite
Of the quivering prey "we have with us to-night"!

THE NEST.

The nest is round and the nest is small,
Dear little circle enclosing all.
All of the joy in the wide world's bound,
Though the nest is small and the nest is round.

The nest is fashioned of common things,
Leaves and grasses and twigs and strings,
Yet never a palace so lordly fine
As the palace fashioned of leaves and twine.

The house had never an architect.
No pointer of plans to discuss and select,
But Love was the builder and Love was the plan,
And Love was the competent artisan.

No lease was signed by these happy folk,
No rent was required by their Landlord Oak,
All at no charges and all of the best,—
The world's biggest bargain is surely a nest!

WHILE WE HAVE THEM.

There's no one like a mother, lad,
To comfort all our pain;
There's no one like a father, lad,
To make one smile again;
So while we have our mother, boy,
Let's drive away her fear;
And while we have our father, boy,
Let's fill his heart with cheer.

There's no one like a mother, lad,
To keep us pure within;
There's no one like a father, lad,
To warn away from sin;
So while we have our mother, boy,
Oh, let us not rebel;
And while we have our father, boy,
Let's heed his warnings well.

The time is surely coming, lad,
When mother will be gone;
The time is surely coming, lad,
Of father's passing on;
So while we have our mother, boy,
Let's make her spirit blest;
And while we have our father, boy,
Let's be our very best.

ELIZABETH.

I know a little lady—such a very stately dame!
She's queen of all the lassies, and Elizabeth's her name.
I also know a damsel made to romp with and caress;
So I keep a welcome ready for my darling little Bess.
And mother shows me working, just as quiet as a mouse,
A pleasant little girl named Beth, the helper of the house.
And sister shows me Lizzie, who goes with her to school,
Who sometimes gets a lesson, and sometimes breaks a rule.
I'm acquainted with another child I'd rather never see;
For this young girl, named Betsey, is as cross as she can be.
Now, would you ever guess it? These five are but the same
Kaleidoscopic lassie! And Elizabeth's her name.

"TO CURE BLUSHES."

It was an advertisement
Appropriately bold—
I cannot tell the maker,
Nor where the stuff was sold;
But in a glaring headline,
With letters big and black,
It promised to cure blushing,
Or give the money back.

Alas for maiden faces,
All innocent and bright!
Alas for maiden spirits,
With childhood thoughts alight!
Farewell the glowing token
Of purity and truth,
And hail, cosmetic girlhood,
And never-blushing youth!

Bleach out the scarlet blossoms,
Freeze hard the marble cheeks,
And teach an equal simper
If vice or virtue speaks;
For blushes show unworldliness
And hearts that still are pure.
And there's a cure for blushing—
But what can cure the cure?

HOW THE NEWS CAME.

'Twas a hawk first caught the glimmer from
the top of Bradford's Hill;
Swift he flew to tell the mastiff who keeps
guard at Saunder's mill;
Loud the mastiff barked: "He's coming! Sun
is coming! Coming soon!"
And a little squirrel heard it far away at
Hazelwood;
Like a flash the squirrel bounded up the hill
and down the glen,
And he told the joyful message to a sleepy
little wren;
Up she started, chirping loudly: "Sun is com-
ing! Almost here!"
And her eager little chirping woke our brave
old chanticleer;
Boldly he sang out the tidings, loud and
clear as call could be—
And the rooster by his crowing told the glad-
some news to me.

HE TOOK TIME TO DIE.

There was an old fellow who never had time
For a fresh morning look at the Volume sub-
lime,
Who never had time for the soft hand of
prayer
To smooth out the wrinkles of labor and care;
Who could not find time for that service so
sweet
At the altar of home where the dear ones all
meet,
And never found time with the people of God
To learn the good way that the fathers have
trod:
But he found time to die;
Oh, yes!
He found time to die.

This busy old fellow, too busy was he
To linger at breakfast, at dinner, or tea,
For the merry small chatter of children and
wife,
But led in his marriage a bachelor life;
Too busy for kisses, too busy for play,
No time to be loving, no time to be gay;
No time to replenish his vanishing health,
No time to enjoy his swift-gathering wealth;
But he found time to die;
Oh, yes!
He found time to die.

This beautiful world had no beauty for him;
Its colors were black and its sunshine was
dim.
No leisure for woodland, for river, or hill,
No time in his life just to think and be still;
No time for his neighbors, no time for his
friends,
No time for those highest immutable ends

Of the life of a man who is not for a day,
But, for worse or for better, forever and aye;
But he found time to die;
Oh, yes!
He found time to die.

A SYMPATHETIC READER.

Old Mr. Solomon Reeder has a philosophic
mind,
Which is to reading newspapers most won-
drously inclined.
"They broaden one's intelligence," he says
with conscious pride,
"And bring us into sympathy with all the
world outside;
And make us feel the universal brotherhood
of man,
Which knits America to Greece and Chile
and Japan."
So every evening after tea he sends "the
brats" to bed,
That in philosophic silence the paper may
be read;
And lonely Mrs. Reeder, as she mutely knits,
can see
His every feature glowing with a widening
sympathy;
Until, at half-past ten o'clock, he lays the
paper by,
With universal brotherhood a-glimmering in
his eye.

THE FATHER IN SCHOOL.

Unfamiliar work and rule,—
Little Lad's first day in school.
"Stay! O papa, stay with me!"
Thus he murmurs tearfully.
And, though business calls away,
Papa stays the livelong day.

Hard the lessons, hard and new,
All the Little Lad can do;
Strange the room, companions strange,
Everything a trembling change;
But—there's papa sitting near,
Ready with a look of cheer,
Ready with a whispered word
No one else has overheard:
"Be a little man, my boy!
Fill your father's heart with joy."

So, dear Father of us all,
When relentless school-bells call,—
Schools of failure, schools of woe,
Schools of pain,—and we must go,
Then Thy children Thou dost own;
We need never go alone.

Strange the school where we have come,
Ah, so different from home!
Strange the lessons, hard to learn,

And the master cold and stern.
 But—though endless labors stand
 Waiting for His sovereign hand—
 See the Father sitting near,
 Ready with a look of cheer,
 Ready with a whispered word
 Not another soul has heard:
 "I am here; my child thou art;
 Fill with joy thy Father's heart!"

Earthly fathers cannot stay
 Longer than the entrance day;
 But that other loving Friend
 Stays till school is at an end.

STOP ME!

Stop me, good people! Don't you see
 My temper is running away with me?
 Help, Master Commonsense! Are you afraid?
 Good Mistress Prudence, come to my aid!
 Stop me, Conscience! Stop me, I pray!
 My temper, my temper is running away!
 Dear Brother Kindness, snatch after the reins!
 Help, or my temper will dash out my brains!
 Help, or I'll get a terrible fall!
 Help, Shame, Caution, Love, Wisdom, and all!

FEET.

Of all the vehicles we meet,
 In air and sea and on the street,
 I humbly sing the praise of—feet.

It is not widely understood
 How safe are feet, how soundly good,
 How firm with supple hardihood.

Consider: feet run not away;
 Where feet are put, there feet will stay;
 Or turned, feet promptly will obey.

Further consider: feet will not,
 However worn, or pinched, or hot,
 Explode and wreck your chariot.

And think: however feet may ache,
 How many million trips they make
 Without a blow-out or a break!

And though the feet are punctured, too,
 They mend themselves without ado,
 And plod along as good as new.

Feet need no license; feet may go
 In narrowest pathways to and fro,
 The fairest hidden nooks they know.

Feet linger through a pleasant scene;
 Feet run not out of gasoline;
 A handy brook, and feet are clean.

Feet in all weathers boldly run;
 Heedless of mud their miles are spun,
 Nor by the snow are feet undone.

Feet run not over dog or boy;
 Do not with raucous horn annoy,
 Nor throw their dust on others' joy.

In fine, on feet I'll travel far,
 The noblest vehicles there are—
 Till I can buy a touring-car!

AFTER THE WAR.

[Written during the World War.]

All of our wrongs shall be righted
 After the war;
 None of our tasks will be slighted
 After the war;
 Women will all be gay,
 Children will sing and play,
 All our investments will pay
 After the war.

Nothing at sixes and sevens
 After the war;
 All of our hells will be heavens
 After the war;
 Weary will get a rest,
 Misery will be blest,
 Worst will become the best
 After the war.

What if, readier-hearted
 • During the war,
 Some of these good things were started
 During the war?
 Wouldn't we multiply
 The chances that you and I
 Might be happy by and by,
 After the war?

WHEN TO CRITICISE.

When your heart is warm with love
 Even for your enemies;
 When your words come from above,
 Not from where the venom is;
 When you see the man entire,
 Not alone the faults he has,
 Find a somewhat to admire
 Underneath the paltry mass,—
 Not till then, if you are wise,
 Will you dare to criticise.

When you see the thing that's wrong,
 And—a way to better it,—
 Push a noble cause along,
 Not with censure fetter it;
 When your purpose is to build,
 Not to tear the building down,
 Use the sunshine that will gild,
 Not the dark and dismal frown,—
 Not till then, if you are wise,
 Will you dare to criticise.

THE MISER'S ALTERNATIVE.

[A True Story.]

We knew a miser, calm and cold,
Unutterably pious,
Whose grave professions, smugly bold,
Provokingly would try us.

He claimed that all he did or said
Jehovah instigated;
By heavenly promptings he was led,
And so he often stated.

He sold us milk, and raised the price
A cent a quart, explaining

The Lord had bade him make the rise,
It was of God's ordaining.

"But what," we asked him, "would you do
If God should tell you clearly
Milk must no more be sold by you,
But given to us merely?"

"Why, then"—the miser did not shrink
His inmost thought to utter.
But said, before he stopped to think,
"I'd make it into butter."

THE DUSKS OF DAWN.

Through the slumberous, level masses of
leaves,

The dusky, soft foretoken of green,
Gently the promise of morning weaves
Hints of the sky more felt than seen.

There is no light but light in a dream,
And forms that flow to a formless dark,

Softly flow as a sleeping stream,
Dully float as an anchored bark.

And yet the woodland is slowly astir,
The masses are lifted and breathing
fall;

Breath of Her and stirrings of Her,
For the body of Day is under it all!



A SONG OF THE TICKER.

The ticker is a tricker: in its paltry paper coils

It will wind you, it will bind you firm as fate;

With its whirring and its purring it will have you in its toils,

And your waking will be woefully too late.

While you think it's giving out it will calmly take you in,

While you think you're getting rich you're getting poor;

'Twill cajole you and control you, it will promise you will win,

It will draw you to destruction with its lure.

For the ticker is a tricker: down below its glassy top

There's a waiting and ingratiating maw;

In its heartless hollow deep you will hear your ducats drop

As it grabs them with its snaky paper paw.

Yes, the ticker is a tricker; and the way to turn the trick

Is to leave the crafty creature quite alone;

If you dicker with the ticker you'll be playing with Old Nick,

A game that has no gaining but a groan.

DIFFICULT EVOLUTION.

[A fable written before the Prohibition Amendment was proposed, containing a warning apropos of the fact that recent elections had made the Prohibition States twenty-four in number, and Alaska and the District of Columbia in addition.]

The Donkey and the Elephant were in a desert land;

To north and south, to east and west, was naught but barren sand.

The Elephant grew thirsty, and the Donkey was the same,

And the ground was dry beneath them and the sky was all aflame,

And they travelled and they travelled till they couldn't travel more;

Then they sank to earth a-panting, and they thought their days were o'er.

But the Prohibition Camel lumbered nonchalantly by,

And he calmly cast upon them a commiserating eye.

"If you'd only," said the Camel, "grow a stomach like to mine,

With an extra water-tank or two, you'd find it very fine.

I advise you," said the Camel, "to begin to evolve."

And he left the panting creatures with a swagger quite astute.

"Alas!" exclaimed the Elephant, "Alas!" the Donkey groaned.

"That sage advice comes all too late," the arid mammals moaned.

"For how, without a water-tank, in lands without a spring,

Are we to grow a water-tank, or sprout out anything?"

And the Prohibition Camel gave a mild, sarcastic nod,

As he lumbered o'er the desert with a plod, plod, plod.

GOING! GOING!

Attention, good people! A baby I'm selling. His folks are all tired of his crowing and yelling.

If a price that's at all within reason you'll pay,

You may have the young rascal, and take him away.

The Mountains have bid every gem in their store;

The Ocean has bid every pearl on its floor; By the Land we are offered ten million of sheep,—

But we have no intention of selling so cheap! Compared with his value our price is not high—

How much for a baby? What offer? Who'll buy?

A PROBLEM IN PHYSIOLOGY.

So very tall is that young rascal, Ned, He *cannot* stoop to weed my garden bed, Nor bend his back to split the kindling wood, And as for shovelling coal,—he never *could*!

And yet Ned's queerly contradictory frame Gayly achieves full many a groundling game, Like marbles, leap frog, "mumble peg,"—and all

As if the lad were anything but tall!

TO BUSTLING REFORMERS.

Slow—slow—slow—slow—

Good things come and bad things go.

Try to sweep the clouds away.

Try to speed the flowers of May,

Hurry on the ocean's tide.

Bid the mountains run and hide,

This achieve, but no one can

Haste the processess of man,

Gather in and take control

Of the mighty human soul,

Bend its action to his will,

Bid it hasten or lie still.

Cleanse it from the smudge of wrong,
 Make it beautiful and strong,
 Cause the blessedness to come
 Of the fair millennium.
 He to whom a thousand years
 Circling vastly through the spheres
 Pass as flies a summer's day,
 He alone has valid sway,
 He alone is artisan
 Of the processes of man;
 Patient, patient, endless calm,
 Under His almighty arm
 Good things come and bad things go,
 Slow—slow—slow—slow.

PETER.

Now he walked on the angry wave,
 Now he sank in the watery grave;
 Now he rose in triumphant faith,
 Now he fell toward threatening death,
 Peter, the wave man.

Now he firmly stood for the Lord,
 Based his life on the living Word,
 Saw in Jesus the Godhead shine,
 Dared to call him the Christ divine,
 Peter, the rock man.

Now he rebukes Christ in his pride,
 Now he has even his Lord denied;
 Now he uses a silly sword,
 Now he shrinks at a maiden's word,
 Peter, the wave man.

Now he weeps in his agony;
 Now he listens: "Lovest thou me?"
 Now and for aye, as at Pentecost,
 He stands for the Saviour that once he lost,
 Peter, the rock man.

Rough old fisherman brotherly dear,
 Near to my weakness, very near,
 Far from your folly I would flee,
 Brave with your boldness I would be
 Peter, a rock man!

FAILURE?

A pine that grew where all the winds assail
 Grew gnarled and crooked; but because it
 grew
 To all its fate erect, I think it stands
 Chief in the pleasure garden of its God.

A ruby formed its facets in the dark
 Where other growing splendors pressed across
 And marred its perfectness; but perfectly
 It grew to its conditions, and I think
 The King of Heaven wears it in His crown.

A man, amid the turmoil of the world,
 The harryings of selfishness and greed,

Faintings within and fears and sneers with-
 out,
 Lamely and poorly did a deed for God;
 But God, because he measured to the best
 Of narrow lot and poverty of mind,
 I think that God has caught the failure up
 Within the glowing circle of His grace.
 And there transformed it into high success.

Oh, praise to God, who looks beyond the deed,
 Who measures man by what a man would be,
 Who sees a harvest in a blighted stalk,
 Who crowns defeat with His victorious palms,
 And rears upon our marshes of despair
 The thrones and mansions of eternity!

A BOY'S SUPERIORITY.

The waves flow in, the waves flow out,
 They rise, and then they fall;
 But I may always go ahead,
 And never back at all.

The orchard is an empty thing
 When winter crisps the air;
 But there are golden fruits that I
 May always gladly bear.

The skies are sometimes bright with sun,
 And sometimes bright with rain;
 But in my heart the sun may shine
 And clouds attack in vain.

The world is very wonderful,
 And full of bubbling joy;
 But in a few important points
 It's beaten by a boy!

HOSPITAL HEROES.

[In honor of the sixty American soldiers
 who during the World War allowed them-
 selves to be inoculated with trench fever, that
 the disease might be studied and conquered.]

Not in the glory of battles,
 Not in the cannonades' crash,
 Not where the musketry rattles,
 Not where the signals flash,
 But to the sturdily stoic
 Hospital waiting and woe,
 Thither, with hearts heroic,
 Stoutly our soldiers go.

There they will charge a foe man
 Armed with a desperate might;
 Persian nor Greek nor Roman
 Had such a foe to fight.
 There in the grim and glooming
 Grip of a living grave,
 There in the heat consuming,
 They will be cheerily brave.

"Forward against the fever!"
 Thus is the onset made;

Crafty and cruel deceiver
Lies he in ambushade,
There in the horrible shadows,
There where the spectres are,
Creeping through twilight meadows,
There they must wage their war.

Hail to the new crusaders,
Genuine knights are these,
Facing the fiercest invaders,
Conquering foul disease.
And, when the final story
Honors the hero's name,
Theirs be a grateful glory,
Theirs be a lasting fame!

WINTERGREEN.

New England woods are softly fair,
And many marvels gather there—
The flaming bush, the soaring pine,
The shining birch, the swinging vine;
But lord of all the varied scene
I rank the lovely wintergreen.

Its glossy little leaves are found
Close creeping on the humble ground,
But all the sweetness of the wood,
Its fragrant quaintness firm and good,
Its charms that dazzle and enchant,
Are centred in the modest plant.

Those thick and lustrous leaves contain
The essence of this dear domain,
Its flavor, kindly, pungent, keen,
The homely taste of wintergreen,
Its flower a Puritanic white,
Its berry scarlet for delight.

How sturdily it lifts its head
And shows its glowing green and red!
How through the winter cold and bare
It still is fragrant, fresh, and fair,
And, like its own New England, knows
A grace that shines in deepest snows!

THE STEPHENSON OF THE AIR.

[Written before the invention of a successful air-ship.]

Where lives he?—that inventive one
For whom the world is waiting—where?
The ether's future Stephenson,
The coming conqueror of the air?

And has he found the secret yet,
The solvent thought, whatever it be?
May the explorer not forget
That mystic Open Sesame!

And will he sail with mighty wing,
Or vast balloon, or whirling fan?

Or will it be a startling thing
On some unprecedented plan?

And when the deed is brought to pass
And men are taught the way to fly,
Must all our railroads go to grass
And all our commerce seek the sky?

I do not know; but this I know,—
Whatever bulk the thought attain,
It must begin and slowly grow
From one wee notion in the brain;

Some quick idea swiftly caught
And stoutly held with iron grip
While patience labors on the thought
And firmness will not let it slip.

For never on a gale of luck
Shall his fine air-ship come to port;
Its keel is grit, its sails are pluck,
The hurricane it dares to court!

Its captain, whosoe'er he be,
Has counted cowardice a sin,
Has found the air a stormy sea,
Has learned to struggle and to win!

THE TRUE PREACHER.

Woe is unto me, if I preach not!—1 Cor. 9: 16.

He sees one thing, the preacher, king of souls;
Sees with a single vision, undistraught
By policies or pleasures: sees his God
Longing in pity forth to wretched men;
Sees it in trembling, for he knows himself;
Sees it in courage, for he knows his God;
Sees it in agony of brother-love,
And seeing, speaks. With hush of soul he
speaks,
So sure he knows his weakness grasped by
God.

Not as the braggart, with a smirking feint
Of worthlessness, looks sideling for applause;
Nor as the canting bully, bludgeon-voiced,
Doubles his fisty words; nor flabbily,
A feeble thought limping on flaccid phrase;
Nor like those errant, busybody tongues,
Now chattering heavy politics, and now
Flipping tip-deep in science, now agape
With poets for the moonshine, and now big
With tumid half-quotations half-absorbed:
Not thus will he, the preacher, king of souls,
Win his large-worthy kingdom. He will speak
Fortright and plainly, with a human sense,
Of comradeship, yet will his thought be drawn
From ample spaces where men's feet are few.
He will speak sunnily, yet all aflame.
He will know doctrine but as moving life.
And life as stayed on doctrine. In the streets
He will pick up his sermons; by the plough,
In kitchens and in factories; at school,
Beside the puzzled schoolboy; in the shop,

Where men are stripped for trade's unending
 race,
 And by the solemn couch where all must end.
 And as he walks, in single, hushed discourse,
 Or where men gather voluble, or where
 The pulpit grants a primacy of speech,
 He has one word; beneath his lightest chat
 Or boldly on the surface, burning still
 Through all he says—one word: "Eternity!"
 "Live not for shreds and patches," is his cry;
 "Live not for hours and days, but for the
 whole,

For that vast reach, time-dwarfing, infinite,
 Beyond the blackened boundary-thread of
 death.

Yours are those royal spaces, yours by grace
 Of Christ the Forerunner. Oh, purge your
 sin!

Oh, strip your life of hindering heavy weights!
 Oh, set your faces thither! There are goods,
 There only. Joy and only joy is there.
 And there alone, or on the blessed way.

Be done with brute desires that gnaw them-
 selves!

Be done with lies that do not cheat them-
 selves!

Be done with life that only tinsels death!
 O the far visions, O the foodful wealth
 Where Christ is, and where Christ would
 have you come.

Follow me, follow, friends, with shining eyes,
 Heads high, and hearts heroic!"

Thus the call
 Rings from his pulpit or in byways pleads,
 Changing as fountains infinitely change,
 Yet still the same. And men must hear the
 word,

As always words authentic. Men must hear,
 And hear to endless death or endless life.

THE ABSOLUTE MONARCH.

A mighty king, long, long ago,
 With voice of grief and face of woe
 To his Court Wizard did complain:
 "Sir Wizard, I am said to reign,
 But what with councillors, and hordes
 Of bishops, judges, generals, lords,
 Prime ministers, and those they call
 The People, I've no right at all
 To call my life my own. They talk
 Of duty, laws and charters, balk
 My wishes, dog my steps, torment
 My every hour with precedent,
 State tactics and prerogative,
 Till I would rather die than live.
 I bid thee then,—if aught I hold
 Of royal power to bid,—be bold.
 Take thou my crown, I grudge it not,
 And give me in exchange a lot,
 I care not how confined it be,
 Wherein is absolute sovereignty!"

Then groaned the wizard sad, but still
 Received the crown against his will,
 And swift, with wand and astrolabe, he
 Transformed the king into a baby!

FORTY WINKS OF SLEEP.

Sleepy Granther often thinks
 He must take just "forty winks."
 Jimmy counted them one day:—

First wink, glasses put away.
 Second wink, upon his head
 Red bandana is outspread.
 Third to tenth winks, by degrees
 Granther settles at his ease
 In his chair. Eleventh wink,
 Granther's eyes begin to blink.
 Twelfth, he folds his arms, and then
 (Thirteenth) down they go again!
 Fourteen to twenty, Jimmy said,
 Those were nods of Granther's head.
 Twenty-one, his head 's at rest,
 Finally, upon his breast.
 Twenty-two to thirty-nine
 (Jimmy's statement, and not mine!)
 Those eighteen, no less, no more,
 Each one was a separate snore.
 Then—the fortieth wink, exact—
 Granther woke. And that's a fact!

JOHN CURZON'S WATCH.

Have you heard of John Curzon, of Poland?
 A wonderful artisan, he!
 A watchmaker equalled in no land.
 As you, I am sure, will agree.

For the Czar of the Russias, to try him,
 Commanded a watch for his fob,
 And bade that his envoy supply him
 With all he might use in the job.

So the messenger brought some wood-chippings.
 Some glass that was smashed in a fall,
 Copper nails and some bits of wire clippings,
 And a cracked china cup; that was all!

John Curzon, this rubbish receiving,
 Contrived, with no other to aid,—
 It is true, though it seems past believing,—
 A watch that was perfectly made!

The case—it was formed of the china.
 The works were patched up from the rest.
 It was worthy a *rex* or *regina*;
 And Curzon had won in the test!

So, my lad, with no money and no land,
 And Fate as severe as the Czar,
 Just think you are Curzon of Poland,
 And conquer—from things as they are!



WINTER DAWN.

The trees are still; the bare cold branches lie
 Against a waiting sky.
 Light everywhere, but ghostly light that seems
 The cast-off robe of dreams;
 And everywhere a hush that seems to hark
 At the doorway of the dark.
 O fields, white-sheeted, desolate and dumb,—
If you knew what's to come!

"LOST" OPPORTUNITIES.

Many words are lightly tossed;
 Only cowards mind them.
 Opportunities are "lost"?
 Rouse yourself and find them!

 Some are lost for aye and aye,
 But the most are hiding.
 Cars the switch has caught are they;
 Take them from the siding!

Past is past, the chance is gone?
 Up, and follow after!
 Many a noble race is won
 Spite of sneers and laughter.

 Opportunities are "lost"?
 Aren't there legs behind them?
 Boldly run, nor count the cost!
 Speed until you find them!

WHEN THE DOCTOR CALLS THE
SURGEON.

When the doctor calls the surgeon, and the
surgeon says you must,
And it cannot be put off a single day,
And the ambulance will come, will be here in
half an hour,—
What then do you do or say?

There's no time to call a lawyer and no
chance to make a will;
There's no time to talk things over here
and there,
To ask folks' forgiveness for the ugly words
and deeds,
To try to smooth your life to something
fair.

There is clothing to be changed, and a small
valise to pack,
And the ambulance arrives before you think,
And they whirl you off to the etherizing room,
Where you breathe the world to nothing,
and then sink.

Oh, the surgeon is a blessing, though a blessing
in disguise,
And we learn, learn, learn in his school:
Not to put things off, not to live for Number
One,
Not to be—an—everlasting—fool!

THE BENEVOLENT BOY.

A very benevolent boy, O ho!
A very benevolent boy!
He said, "Oh, I wish I had silver and gold!
I'd fill a big house till no more it could hold
With every nice candy and toy!"
This exceedingly generous boy!
"And my Christmas dollar? O pshaw! don't
you see?
I'll have to keep that to buy candy for me!"
This very benevolent boy!

METHOD AND DEED.

Two men there are in presence of a need,
The man of method and the man of deed.
The method man debates the why and how,
And thoughtful furrows ornament his brow.
He studies books, and long he meditates
On wise procedures, while the duty—waits.
What men have done he passes in review,
The skilled, the crude, the ancient and the
new.
He classifies the plans and weighs them each,
And learns the varied lessons that they teach.

Perhaps he writes a book, and forthwith he
is reckoned as a High Authority.

Then turns he to the waiting task, but, lo!
The man of deed has done it long ago.

WHEN PAPA DRIVES.

Old Sorrel straightens up her ears
When papa takes the reins,
And doesn't own to half her years
When papa takes the reins.
Now dogs, look out for flying heels!
And boys, look out for whirling wheels!
Old Sorrel like a filly feels
When papa takes the reins.
And mother screams, "She'll run away!"
When papa takes the reins;
And aunt, she cries, "Be careful, pray!"
When papa takes the reins.
"Oh, let me out!" shrieks sister Beth,
While papa laughs (below his breath);
The women folks are scared to death
When papa takes the reins.

You'd better think the fences fly
When papa takes the reins!
Not many teams will pass us by
When papa takes the reins.
The folks come out and look at us,
And Mrs. Prim says, "Scandalous!"
And oh, but it is glorious
When papa takes the reins!

THE CHOICE OF THE STAR.

Far away where space is lonely,
In the ether driftings far,
With a twilight glimmer only,
Shone a star.
All the lordlier suns about her
Shot their fingers in her face;
Shook their flaming locks to scout her
Modest grace.
Underneath those fiery fingers
She reflected back a smile,
As, the hot sun gone, still lingers
Light awhile.
Came the day of all the eons,
Came the thrones that kingliest are,
Searching through the Lord's dominions
For a star.
Passing with swift eyes and holy
Those proud suns vainglorious,
"Come," said they to her, the lowly,
"Come with us."
Sped they through the starry mazes,
Fleet as thoughts of God they sped,

With the growing of all graces
On her head;

With the glowing and the growing
Of a soft, imperial light,
Fed within her by the flowing
Of that flight;

Till, the herald of the era
Of God's blessed Avatar,
Flamed she forth upon Judæa,—
Bethlehem's star!

IN MY TONGUE.

There is not a word in my tongue but lo, O
Lord, Thou knowest it altogether.—Ps. 139: 4.

O the words in my tongue
That never get out!
O the praises unsung,
And the cowardly doubt!
O the hissings of spite,
And the moans of despair,
Secrets shouts of delight,
Secret whispers of prayer!
What need has Thine ear
Of tongue-twisted word?
Unborn sounds Thou dost hear
Altogether, O Lord!
As the words *from* my tongue
On the pulsating air
Widen out, ever young,
Ever heard, everywhere,
So these words *in* my tongue—
To my doom or reward—
Aye are uttered and sung
In the heart of my Lord!

A HYMN OF HATE AND LOVE.

[Written during the World War.]

We hate war's horrible hell,
The waste and the want and the woe,
The burst of the blinding shell,
The craft of the treacherous foe.
We hate contemptible lies,
We hate the murderous hand,
The flaming fury that flies
From the heart of a desperate land.

We love the portals of peace
That open and opulent shine,
Fair plenty's happy increase,
And brotherhood all divine.
We love the bonds of the past,
The Germany undistraught,
And ever we hold us fast
To its high and heroic thought.

Our love and our hate are one,
And our hate must have its day,

Till the love that hate has undone
Shall find its ultimate way.
And only at what we hate
Is the might of our passion thrown,
And it never will be too late
For our love to come to its own.

A RAINY DAY.

As here I sit, the swaying of the trees,
The streaming window, the imploring sky,
Are foils to show how fortunate am I,—
Mere ghosts that chatter at my indoor ease.
Outside, the scowling plodder only sees
A splashing cave, a cart that flounders by,
How deeply weltering the pavements lie,
And how a horse has slipped upon his knees.
Not from the study or the midst of trade
Is God's great purpose ever fully known:
Lo, I have seen the rain within the wood!
How pleasant music on the leaves it made,
How grateful was the brooklet's undertone,
And how the thirsty ground declared it
good!

HOW A CAKE OF SOAP SAVED MADAGASCAR.

Once, in heathen Madagascar, to the mis-
sionary band
Came a message full of peril to the mission
and the land;
From the savage queen this message, borne
by envoys stern and gruff:
"Back, sirs, to the land you came from; you
have taught us long enough."

Then the missionaries pleaded with the en-
voys of the queen:
"Many things remain to teach you, much you
have not heard or seen;
Doctrines of the highest import still are left
for us to speak;
Still remain the tongues of Scripture, holy
Hebrew, sacred Greek;
History, science, arts of beauty,—ah, not
half our work is done!
Let the gracious queen permit us to com-
plete what we've begun."

Such the missionaries' message to the Mada-
gascar court.
Promptly came this royal answer, very plain
and very short:
"We care not for Greek and Hebrew; they
are far beyond our scope.
Can you teach us something useful? Can
you teach us to make soap?"

Truly a perplexing question! Text-books
theological,

Memories of college studies, would not fit the case at all.
 Whispered they to one another: What to do? or what to say?
 "Give us but a week," they answered; and the envoys went away.

Then came seven days of trial; surely seven days unique
 In all missionary annals; quite a Robinson Crusoe week.
 Ashes of all woods, uniting in a score of different lyes,
 Fats of many a beast, devoted to the holy sacrifice,
 Pans and kettles, cans and dishes of all fashion and all size,
 Straight were pressed into the service of the anxious enterprise.
 Now too weak and now too strong, too much lye or too much fat,
 Now too harsh and now dark-colored, wanting this and lacking that,—
 When in all the ages ever were such tremors and such hope
 And such eager prayers united, just to make a cake of soap?

But at length, the week completed, came the envoys from the queen,
 And the missionaries faced them with a glad, triumphant mien;
 For they carried, smooth and shining, white and pure, a perfect cake
 Of the best soap that a mortal ever yet had grace to make!

You may talk of your Sapolio, Pear's, and Ivory, and the rest,
 But this Madagascar product I will vouch for as the best;
 For that single cake of soap washed away the mission's fears,
 Won for Christ's life-giving gospel respite rich of five long years,
 Scoured full many a heathen soul until it gleamed with heavenly light,
 Cleansed the soil for schools and churches and for households pure and bright,
 And became, though but a cake of soap, the stable corner-stone
 Whereupon a Christian people like a temple has upgrown,
 Through those five years so established on the everlasting Good
 That the devil's fiery onset it triumphantly withstood.
 Honor to the Christian knights who would not yield to servile fear,
 But seized the sting of Circumstance and used it for a spear!
 All honor to their ready brain and their courageous hope;

And honor, not the least of all, to that fine cake of soap!

PAST MINDING.

A tender-hearted maiden, in the latest fashion dressed,
 Rebuked a wicked urchin who was bearing off a nest:
 "Fie! Fie! You cruel fellow! What? Nest, and eggs, and all?
 I think I hear the mother-bird in yonder thicket call.
 I think I see her pretty breast a-tremble like a leaf.
 Put back the nest, you naughty boy, or she will die of grief!"
 "Oh, no, she won't," the bad boy said; "she doesn't care for that!
 She doesn't mind such little things, *for she is on your hat!*"

A NEWSBOY REFORM.

A kindly old musician named DeWitt Alonzo Throte
 Has taught the newsboys in his town to cry their wares by note.
 They sing the last edition to the strains of "Bonnie Doon,"
 And celebrate the accidents with voices all in tune.
 The basses and the tenors roam in couples through the street,
 And serenade with sweet duets the travellers they meet.
 Their sales are twice as many as they ever were before,
 For the buying of a paper is the recognized encore!

A PSALM IN THE NIGHT.

The night is long, but long Thy mercies are;
 The night is dark, but oh, Thy face is bright!
 Through heavy clouds Thy love breaks like a star,
 And lays a benediction on the night.
 The weary watches lose their weariness
 As I take thought—too tardy thought—of Thee,
 And all the dreary burdens that oppress,
 Thy pity lifts, and leaves my spirit free.
 How good Thou art, unutterably kind!
 How patient, endless patient with Thy child!
 And I to all Thy loveliness how blind,
 Against Thy waiting pureness how defiled!

Amid these friendly darknesses I creep
 Ashamed and worn to Thine enfolding
 arms;
 Thy pardon gathers round me like a sleep,
 Thy tender broodings comfort my alarms.

The day is coming. What it coldly brings
 I know not, and no longer do I care.
 Deep in my heart my Father's blessing sings,
 And all His nights, and all His days, are
 fair.

OUR LORDS ONE WRITING.

How strange that He, fount of a million
 books,
 Whose every sentence bloomed in libraries,
 Should only write some words upon the
 ground.
 Some fleeting words the rain soon washed
 away!

What did He write before the Pharisees,
 Before that sinning woman doomed to death?
 Stooping, and with His finger for a pen,
 What did He write upon that holy ground?

I think He wrote the sins of human-kind!
 Their falseness and their cruelty and pride,
 Their passion and their selfishness and hate,
 The sins of all those scribes and Pharisees!

I think He also wrote the love of God!
 The love of God that flies to every woe,
 And never asks a merit, but a need;
 The love of God that lives upon a cross!

As one by one they read the traced words,
 Each his own sins, and each the love of God,
 How silently and shamed they went away,
 Till Jesus and the woman stood alone!

Ah, Master, had I choice of all the books
 That human wit and wisdom ever wrote,
 Worthless were all beside the memory
 Of those few transient words upon the ground!

THE HALLOWED MOUTH.

Then the Lord put forth his hand and
 touched my mouth.—Jeremiah.

Thy hand, the central point of power!
 My mouth, so poor and weak!
 But touch it, Lord, and in that hour
 I shall be strong to speak.

My tongue shall thrill with eager stress,
 Nor ever lag again;
 And, touched by God's almightiness,
 Shall touch the hearts of men.

BONDS—AND BONDS.

[Written for a Government bond campaign
 during the World War.]

Buy a bond to break a bond,
 Buy to ransom others;
 Buy a bond to break a bond
 Fettering your brothers!

Chains are cleft by golden swords,
 Dollars conquer legions;
 Silver ships our banners bear
 To the farthest regions.

Purses hold the lives of men,
 Money means decision;
 Golden eagles lift the soul
 To the heights of vision.

Buy a bond to break a bond,
 Buy to ransom others;
 Buy a bond to break a bond
 Fettering your brothers!

CAPE COD.

A second Holland stolen from the sea
 By a giant in his glee,
 It lies, a tumbled stretch of hasty sand
 Thrown by that pilfering hand.
 And evermore the injured, angry main
 Would get it back again,
 Gnawing and tearing with a savage roar
 At this unlawful shore.

For twenty leagues the bared, uplifted arm
 Confronts the ocean's harm.
 Forth reaching from a continent, it braves
 Whatever tempest raves.
 Yet still, beset with strifes that never cease,
 Within, it harbors peace,
 And hill and hollowed valley, mile on mile,
 Greet us with tender smile.

Here lie the ancient villages demure,
 Secluded and secure,
 Wrapped in the shimmering historic haze
 Of gentle Pilgrim days.
 Here Indian and Hessian, strangely tame,
 Forget their olden fame;
 Here, mystically drawn from overseas,
 Are swarthy Portuguese.

Serene, the wildernesses stretch away
 With woodland glories gay,
 Blue-berried, fragrant, thick with stunted
 growth,
 Moorland and forest, both.
 Deep in their solitudes the hermit lake
 Is fringed with birch and brake
 And through the stillness, far from all abodes,
 Wind dim and silent roads.

The cranberry, in level fruited fields,
 A spicy harvest yields,
 And all the springtime glades are odorous
 With virgin arbutus,
 Above the tangled reach of brier and brush
 Hymns loud the holy thrush,
 While to a hidden pool, umbrageous, clear,
 Plunges the thirsty deer.

From these romantic realms how faint and far
 The modern turmoils are!
 What quietness the meadowy uplands hold,
 Bequeathed from days of old!
 And how, in these hushed woods so seldom
 stirred,
 One tranquil voice is heard—
 From these quaint ways the Pilgrim feet have
 trod:
 "Be still, and know your God!"

DEMOCRACY AT HAND.

He is coming, brothers, coming,
 As the eager seasons roll;
 I can hear the axles humming
 As he hurries to his goal.
 With the impetus of sages,
 With the weight of common clay,
 With the rush of all the ages
 He is speeding on his way.
 See his coming, see and hear it,
 As the sullen shadows flee
 In the dawn of brother-spirit,
 Forward-faced Democracy!

Gather up the ancient symbols,
 Crowns and sceptres, thrones and kings;
 Like a woman's worn-out thimbles
 Toss away the tarnished things.
 Lift on high the solid, real
 Weights and values, customs, laws;
 Fly the flags of the ideal
 And the common people's cause;
 Sweep aside the idols hoary
 With a base antiquity,
 And exalt his humble glory,
 King of love, Democracy!

There shall be no servile gazing
 On the glitter of a lord;
 There shall be a just appraising,
 There shall be a just award;
 By the bond of honest labor,
 By the bond of honest rest,
 Neighbor shall be joined with neighbor
 In the seeking of the best.
 There shall be no brutal blindness,
 Greed and glut no more shall be
 In his rule of loving-kindness,
 Brother-souled Democracy!

Weary-hearted with the waiting,
 Poor and burdened and forlorn,

See, beyond the eastern grating,
 See, the better day is born!
 In the crimson glare of battle,
 In the crash of mine and shell,
 As foundations rock and rattle,
 See the dawning miracle!
 Lo, the last of liberations!
 Lo, the crowning jubilee!
 Blessed Sunrise of the nations,
 Hail, all hail, Democracy!

THE DAINTY DOG.

A dainty dog had chanced to note
 The breakfast of a greedy goat,—
 Half-rotten grass, a shocking pile.
 "Fie!" said the dog; "what wretched style!
 Good taste demands, you clownish beast,
 A dish to eat from, at the least.
 And as for food, that garbage foul
 Would even make a camel scowl,
 Would make a very buzzard groan,
 Would ——" Here the goat laid bare a bone,
 Which when our dainty dog had spied,
 "Your pardon, friend!" the critic cried;
 "I'm quite near-sighted, neighbor mine.
 I see your meal is fair and fine.
 Invite me, pray, with you to dine!"

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

With stupid searchings of the mind
 My Saviour I had sought to find,
 With telescopes of leaves of books
 And spectacles that made me blind.

I saw, and vaguely seemed to know,
 A man that wandered to and fro
 And did fair deeds and said wise words
 In Syria, centuries ago.

But all my life was loneliness,
 And sins I did not dare confess
 Darkened my spirit, dully cherished
 By hopes I did not dare caress.

So, as I stumbled on my way,
 I came, one heaven-appointed day,
 To where the sombre Mount of Pain
 Lifted its barrier of gray.

Harsh the ascent, and woeful steep,
 And many a gulf yawned black and deep,
 And many a serpent hissed dismay,
 Till, deadily worn, I fell asleep.

I slept far through the horrid night,
 When, soft upon a growing light
 My slow eyes opening, startled, saw
 The Vision that rewards all sight.

It was the Man of Palestine ;
But as the sun His face did shine,
And all His raiment was as snow
Such as no fuller could refine.

And lo ! He sat beside me then,
His hand on mine, the way of men,
And showed me all the path of life,
And that New Life beyond my ken ;

Till all the air was strangely warmed,
And all the mountainside transformed,
And all the fortress of my soul
His conquering gentleness had stormed.

Then as the sunrise glimmering red
That brighter glory overspread,
From out the shadow came a voice,
And "This is my dear Son," it said.

Ah, I would willingly remain
Upon the awful Mount of Pain,
To see the Man of Syria
And hear His gracious voice again.

But now I care not to explore
An ancient time, a foreign shore,
For Christ, my Lord, my Life, my Friend,
Is by my side, for evermore !

THE BIBLE I REMEMBER.

I know it all is waiting,
The wisdom and delight,
Rich glories of Isaiah,
Ezekiel's Pisgah sight,
Splendors of Jeremiah,
And Moses' calm address,
The towering flames of Amos,
Hosea's tenderness.

I know that I can reach them
In half a minute's time,—
The teaching of the sages,
The prophet's ode sublime,
The wars of mighty monarchs,
The journeyings of Paul,—
But the Bible I remember
Is my Bible, after all.

"Let not your heart be troubled";
How often to my soul
These words have brought the healing
Of comfort and control !
"The Lord, the Lord 's my shepherd !"
What strength the phrase has borne
When I have faced the tempest,
Unfriended and forlorn !

What hope in dire temptation
Is that "He knows our frame";
What joy the "whatsoever"
We ask in Jesus' name !

What cheer in hours of weakness
Repeating steadily :
"I can do all things, all things,
Through Christ, who strengthens me !"

The affluent Twelfth of Romans,
The regal ninetieth Psalm,
The hero-list in Hebrews,
And First John's brother-balm ;
That chapter, "Love the greatest";
That chapter, "No more pain,"—
To these my memory hastens,
And never seeks in vain.

When foes are hot against me
With musket and with blade,
The battle high around me
And I am sore dismayed,
'Tis not the crowded armory
That gives me strength to stand,
And come off more than victor,
But—the weapon in my hand.

Some day—and thus the study
Of day by day shall tend—
I hope to know my Bible
From blessed end to end ;
To range its utter limit,
Vast peak and hidden nook ;
And the Bible I remember
Shall be the whole dear Book !

"THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS AT HAND."

The highest by the lowest waits alway :
The mountains by the valleys, heaven's arch
Above the crowding pettiness of earth
Serene and holy, purifying floods
Beside the festering caverns of the marsh,
Cathedrals neighboring hovels, and the stretch
Of endless ages past each dot of time.
Extend your hand from whatsoever place,
Though close and cramped by poverty and
pain,
And you shall touch the best of all that is.
The Kingdom is at hand ! Its robes of state
Are rustling—you may hear them—just be-
hind

This hindering wall of loneliness and grief.
Its herald just approached you, well disguised
In ragged raiment soiled by work and wear.
Its treasury behind that closet door
Is full and shining. Close above your head
And ready to your reach its sceptre floats.
A step, and you may enter its broad lands.
A step, and you may sit upon its throne.
A word, and all its armies leap to you.
For God is pressing man insistently
As any beggar, thrusting forth His good
In all but main compulsion. "Oh," He groans,
"That I might force my children to be
blessed !"



THE WAITING PEACE.

Steadily falls the meditative snow,
 Or fitfully, in sudden spurts of white ;
 Now madly driven through a raging night,
 Now pacing like a poet, rapt and slow ;
 But ever, as the slaty storm clouds go,
 We look upon a world of still delight,
 No lingering token of that falling flight,
 A robe of lucent peace on all below.
 I pray that thus the closing of my life
 May shine in holy white and quietness,
 Whatever passion or abhorrent strife
 May tear me now with unrelenting stress.
 Come, cruel storm, and wield your bitter
 knife :
 On to the waiting peace I calmly press.

THE ONE ARTIST.

A window-pane ; bare boughs against the sky :
 How boldly intricate the branches lie !
 What prodigies of fancy ! what a wealth
 Of poet color and of sculptured health !

Ah, Phidias, ah, Raphael, Angelo,
 And all the other artist-gods we know,
 Poor is your best beside that lifted fane
 Of any bough through any window-pane.

FOREST AND NEWSPAPER.

They sent my forest to a paper-mill,
My forest, lifted solemnly and still
For skies to brood and morning sun to kiss,
Now torn to pulp and flattened into this—
This endless mass of paper, smudged with ink,
And flung abroad to men that will not think.

Instead of sweet green leaves, this dingy
white;
Instead of bird-songs and the pure delight
Of sturdy trunk and loving shadowy bough,
The berry glints, the asters—nothing now
But crumpled pages hurled beneath a train,
Or sodden in a gutter by the rain.

Ah, when, thou monstrous Press, thou mighty
force,
When wilt thou bear thee worthy of thy
source?
When, in the glad remembrance of the wood,
Wilt thou be soundly sweet and stanchly good,
Fragrant and pure and masterfully free,
And calmly strong as thine own parent tree?

THE BIRDS DISCUSS THE AEROPLANE.

Said the Owl: "It's a marvel! I never have
heard
Of such a gigantic, impossible bird."

Said the Vulture: "Its wings are of awk-
ward design,
But as big as a hundred, a thousand, of
mine."

Said the Swallow: "It's one of the funniest
things,
For often I've seen it with two pairs of
wings."

Said the Thrush: "What a clatter and whir
are its cries!
And it won't sing a note except when it
flies."

Said the Eagle: "It climbs most amazingly
high;
I've met it a mile or more up in the sky."

Said the Buzzard: "It soars with a beauti-
ful grace,
And it curves and it dives at a wonderful
pace."

Said the Duck: "I have seen one afloat on
the sea,
That rose from the water exactly like me."

Said the Hawk: "It's astounding! Again
and again
I've seen the bird capture and carry off—
men!"

"But sometimes it tumbles," the Whippoor-
will said,

"And lies on the ground like a bundle of
lead."

"And one," said the Crane, "with a terrible
sound
Exploded, and fell, all afire, to the ground."

"Dear me!" said they all, "what a puzzling
affair!
It's the queerest of creatures that fly in
the air!"

"ON THE AVERAGE."

My plenty means another's grievous need.
So close we live to margins of despair,
So harried by the waiting wolves of care,
That others hunger if I over-feed,
That others ghastly fail as I succeed,
And bend to burdens as I lightly fare,
And go in rags with each fine coat I wear,
And with each joy of mine acutely bleed.
Not thus, O God! not thus is Thy design,
Whose lakes reflect the beauty of the trees,
Whose blessings so are mated, line by line,
As clouds to meadows, mountains to the
seas,
That all thy creatures at one table dine,
And all are blest in brotherly degrees.

THE HOUSE OF PAIN.

White faces, O my sisters! White faces, O
my brothers!

We who loathe the House of Pain a long
and bitter while,

Well we know the cruel stabs that morphine
briefly smothers.

Well we know the subtle aches that slay
the brightest smile.

Some of us came crashing here in one red,
awful minute;

Some of us crept shrinkingly, reluctant
yard on yard;

Some have left the dreary House, and hardly
were they in it;

Some have grown cemented here, all vitre-
ous and hard.

None of us came willing here, oh, none of us
came willing;

All of us, with all our hearts, we hate the
House of Pain;

Hate it to the point of blows and to the point
of killing;

All of us would wrench away nor see it
once again.

And yet, O drawn white faces! we hear men's
witless droning.

Hear them prate of lessons, of warnings
worn to shreds,
Hear them hint of good from ill, talk of
pain's atoning,
Draw their pretty parables—and leave us
on our beds.

Weakly we are silent, or yield a weak as-
senting:
To our hearts the House of Pain is bad
and only bad,
Savage, torturing, unwise, unwearied, unre-
lenting,
Crushing down and crushing down, infinitely
sad.

Could we leave the House of Pain, pitiful
white faces,
Find ourselves enfranchised to but one day
of cheer,
Leap a day and sing a day in God's blest
sunny places,
We should learn more lessons than endless
ages here.

Men have made the House of Pain, built it of
their follies,
Heavy stone on heavy stone through dark-
ling lives on lives;
Built it of their ignorance, their hates and
melancholies;
Built it of the fear that shrinks and of the
greed that thrives.

God has made the meadows, and God has
made the mountains,
God has made the mystery and marvel of
the sky;
God has charged with springing health the
air, the sea, the fountains,
God has crammed with ecstasies all the
birds that fly.

God built not the House of Pain, not a course
or corner,
Not the least grim fragment of the mortar
in its walls;
God is strength and perfectness, the Glad-
some, the Adorner;
God abhors the House of Pain and wearies
till it falls.

Tear it down, oh, tear it down, men who
sinned to build it!
Tear the last gray granite from its fasten-
ings of woe,
Free the sad white faces that age on age
have filled it,
Leave it all a crumbling heap where silent
lizards go.

White faces, O white faces, it will not be to-
morrow;

Still for us the House of Pain a weary,
weary while,
Still for us the racking fear and still the
hopeless sorrow,
Still for us the agonies that torture and
defile.

But Health is moving onward, and teaching,
teaching, teaching;
Some one here is listening, and some one
listening there;
Kindly she, and patient, and tenderly beseech-
ing;
Ah, her ways are pleasant and wonder-
fully fair!

Some day, not in our day, she will have won
her legions;
Some day, not in our day, she will begin to
reign.

Pray, O poor white faces, and watch the
brightening regions;
Wait and wait and suffer, still in the
House of Pain.

THINGS! THINGS! THINGS!

Things! Things! Things!
On the tables, on the floor,
Tucked away behind the door,
On the shelves and on the chairs,
Dangerously on the stairs,
Bureaus crammed and closets filled,
Boxes packed and boxes spilled,
Bundles everywhere you go,
Heaps and piles and overflow
Of things, things, things!

Things! Things! Things!
Things of value, worthless trash,
Things preserved or gone to smash,
Ancient things or things just bought,
Common things and things far-sought,
Things you mean to throw away,
Things you hope to use some day,
Cellar, attic, all between,
One exasperating scene
Of things, things, things!

Things! Things! Things!
Things that take our precious time,
Hold us from the life sublime,
Things that only gather dust,
Things that rot and things that rust,
Things that mould and things that freeze,
Things that harbor foul disease,
Things that mock us and defy
Till at last we grimly die
Of things, things, things!

Things! Things! Things!
Let me cease to be their fool!
Let me fly their crafty rule!

Let me with unsparing knife
Cut their canker from my life!
Broad and clear and all serene
Let me make my mansion clean,
Now and evermore to be
Calm, unfretted, grandly free
From things, things, things!

FRAGMENTARY.

I like the little poems
That hide in little books,
Waiting for little snatches
In little, cozy nooks.

They mind me of the robust,
With fragrant whiffs of song,
Far dearer than Beethoven,—
But that is very wrong!

Perhaps if life in ordered
Continuance would run,
Not now a bit of shadow
And now a bit of sun,—

Perhaps I might, if living
Were epic-long and wide,
Care less for little poems
In little books that hide.

THE STATURE OF ZACCHÆUS.

Zacchæus struggled with the crowd;
A little man was he.
"Vermin!" he muttered half aloud,
"I'll make them honor me.
Ah, when the taxes next are due,
I'll tower as is meet:
This beggarly, ill-mannered crew
Shall cower at my feet."

Zacchæus climbed the sycomore
(He was a little man),
And as he looked the rabble o'er
He chuckled at the plan.
"I get the thing I want," he said,
"And that is to be tall.
They think me short, but by a head
I rise above them all."

"Zacchæus, come! I dine with you,"
The famous Rabbi cried.
Zacchæus tumbled into view
A giant in his pride.
He strutted mightily before
That silly, gaping throng;
You'd think him six feet high or more,
To see him stride along.

Zacchæus listened to the Lord,
And as he listened, feared:

How was his life a thing abhorred
When that pure Life appeared!
Down to a dwarf he shrank away
In sorrow and in shame.
He owned his sins that very day,
And bore the heavy blame.

But as he rose before the crowd,
(A little man, alack!)
Confessed his guilt and cried aloud
And gave his plunder back,
I think he stood a giant then
As angels truly scan,
And no one ever thought again
He was a little man.

THE LADY OF ROSENECK.

[If any one cares, proof that the lady of Roseneck (Ros'-en-eck, please) did actually do (A. D. 1499) the exploit herein set forth may be seen sedately written in "The Historians' History of the World," Vol. XV., page 613.]

It's a merry song of the blustering days when
troopers were rough and raw,
And armies knew naught of the hindering
ways of international law,
For 'twas Ho! to the sword! and Ho! to the
spear! and Up, my lads, and away!
And woe to the foe that came blundering
near the glittering, gallant array.
And there wasn't a chemist to cut them in
half with explosives out of a book,
And there wasn't a wireless telegraph to tell
the road that they took,
And the cannon they trundled were aimed by
men and not by a patented rack,
And they didn't go up in balloons to ken the
enemy's bivouac!
And 'twas hand to hand in a decent style,
with a spirit light and free;
For a cannon that carried half a mile was a
wonderful thing to see!

The Swiss were abroad in those gallant days,
and looking for German gore,
And many a hamlet they left ablaze, and castles—a dozen or more.
But one of the castles gave them pause, a
castle lordly and fair,
And stoutly they pressed the siege, because
their bitterest foe was there.
Yes, there was the Baron of Roseneck whom
the Swiss had been seeking long;
And ah, might the onset triumphantly wreck
that enemy bold and strong!
So they battered and hammered and shouted
and blazed in a style the reverse of meek,
And the very Old Henry persistently raised
for the greater part of a week,
Till at last—at last—it was perfectly plain,
and the boldest man could see

That further resistance was wholly vain, and foolish as foolish could be.

So the Germans asked for the victors' terms, and waited in anxious dread

While the Swiss passed doom on the conquered worms, and these were the words they said:

"You may all go free, if you leave straight-way; and, lest you should wholly lack,

As much of your goods you may carry away as you can, upon your back.

But the Baron of Roseneck alone is barred from our mercy free:

By the forfeit of life must he atone for all his iniquity."

Ah, then in the castle was tumult of mind, and puzzles a sage to tax:

Just what of their assets to leave behind, and what to put on their backs.

This silver goblet? this doublet rare? this dress that has gowned a bride?

And the more they debate and discuss and compare, the more they cannot decide.

But the trumpet sounds an impatient blast, for the victors will not wait long,

And forth from the castle gate at last there pours a reluctant throng.

Matron and maid and scullion and knight go stumbling along the road,

Each struggling away, with main and might, beneath a mountainous load.

The Swiss look on at the cavalcade, and many a man is grim

A-thinking how much of that wealth had made a suitable pack for him.

But now, but now, at the end of all, who staggers across the moat,

Who, with the face where the roses fall, and who with the snowy throat?

Sweet is the face that the roses deck, and glorious is her pack,

For it is the Lady of Roseneck, with the Baron upon her back!

No gems of all her glittering store, no laces or silks has she:

She claims the Baron, nor asks for more; the whole of her goods is he!

Then loudly shouted the gallant Swiss applauding the wifely deed,

And they pressed the lady's hand to kiss, and granted the well-earned meed.

"Go free!" they shouted, "and not alone, but take the Baron as well,

And carry with you whatever you own to grace the form of a belle."

The Baron dismounted, and quickly the two, their backs weighed wealthily down,

The cheering ranks of the Swiss passed through, nor met a threatening frown;

And many a gallant turned his head to watch them trudging away,

And many a trooper sighing said on many an after day,

"Oh, would that the fates to me assigned,—oh, would that I owned, alack!

A wife so brave, and a wife so kind, and a wife with such a back!"

THE HEARTY HEN.

A happy old hen met a discontented duck.

Cluck! cluck! Quack! quack! quack!

Said he, "I always have the very worst of luck.

Quack! quack! quack!"

Said she, "Of happiness I never lack!

Cluck! cluck! cluck!"

"But what do you do when it rains all day?

Quack! quack! quack!"

"I find a cozy corner and there I stay!

Cluck! cluck! cluck!"

"And what do you do when the sun is hot?

Quack! quack! quack!"

"My chicks and I find a shady spot!

Cluck! cluck! cluck!"

"And what will you do when you're killed to be eaten?

Quack! quack! quack!"

"I'll make a potpie that can't be beaten!

Cluck! cluck! cluck!"

CLASSIFICATION.

"I think that *love* 's a proper noun," said Miss Amelia Gay;

"And *man* 's another, never mind what fool grammarians say.

And *church*, and *minister*, and *flowers*, and *organ*, *bells*, and *gown*,

And *ring* and *service*, which of these is not a proper noun?

If these are *not* right proper nouns, won't some one tell me, pray,

Just what a proper noun should be?" asked Miss Amelia Gay.

"*Salome* 's an improper noun," said Miss Matilda Prim;

"And *Oscar Wilde* 's another,—such a shocking tale of *him*!

And *Cleopatra*, *Medici*, and *Paris*—wicked town!

And Mrs. Pankhurst,—surely she is not a proper noun!

The folks that call these proper nouns have missed the paradigm.

Their grammar 's not my grammar," said Miss Matilda Prim.

HIS MIRACLE.

He read how faith, the merest grain,
Whirling a mountain to the sea,
Transforms a peak into a plain;
And long he prayed that this might be.

"But first," a Voice said, "you will find
A frowning, lofty pyramid
Of ugly doubt within your mind;
Remove that mountain." And he did.

"Then next," the Voice said, "toss aside
From off your spirit's continent

The monster mountain peak of pride,"
So to the sea his pride was sent.

"And last," the Voice said, "bid depart
That peak that towers to the sun
And makes a midnight in your heart,
Your ignorance." And it was done.

"Now, now," the Voice said, "work the spell,
Command the Alps into the sea!"

"I've had enough of miracle;
Those mountains may remain," said he.

TO A CITY-PARK SQUIRREL.

Dear little exile from woodlands dear,
How can you keep your wilderness
 grace,
How can you bound so merrily here,
Shut in this narrow and formal place?

Still your fancies are forest-free,
Still as gallant you swing and glide

From dusty tree to skeleton tree
As once you roamed through the woodlands
 wide.

Surely you must, on a witching night,
Flee from the prisoning haunts of men,
Over the housetops take your flight,
And bathe yourself in the woods again!



THE SOUL OF PETER GARCIA.

A Spanish Legend.

Two lads espied a mouldering stone,
 With moss and lichens overgrown,
 Yet showing to their sharp young eyes
 These most perplexing words: "Here lies
 The soul of Peter Garcia."

"Now that's a silly thing," one said,
 "To mar the gravestone of the dead!
 Here lie the bones, the brain, the heart,
 But heaven has the immortal part,
 The soul, of Peter Garcia."

He turned away with mocking air,
 And left the other standing there—
 The other, who, though frail and weak,
 Frierd up the heavy stone, to seek
 The soul of Peter Garcia.

And there he found it!—gleaming bright,
 A lustrous, glittering, awful sight,
 A monstrous huddle-heap of gold,
 The prize for which a life was sold—
 The soul of Peter Garcia.

GOLD.

Written for the Golden Wedding of Dr. G.
 R. Alden and Mrs. Alden ("Pansy").

Gold—of the blesseddest sunshine,
 Gold—of the yellow-bird's wing,
 Gold—of the buttercup's blossom,
 And the dandelion of spring.
 Not the dark gold of the miner,
 Emblem of greed and unrest,
 But the rare, sweet gold of true living,
 This all your years have possessed.
 This is the metal of heaven.
 Where the streets are of shining gold,
 And there, in your youth eternal,
 Your wealth can never be told.

IF I WERE PRESIDENT.

[Written during the administration of
 President Taft.]

If I were President, I'd speak
 When I had things to say,
 Or once a week, or twice a week,
 Or twenty times a day.
 I'd give my speeches to the press
 As I was minded to;
 And that, unless I miss my guess,
 Is—just—what—Taft—does—do.

If I were President, I'd go
 About this goodly land,

Sure not for fun and not for show,
 But just to understand.
 While shallow critics dully stormed
 I'd range the country through;
 And that, unless I'm misinformed,
 Is—just—what—Taft—does—do.

If I were President, I'd tell
 The Congress my desires,
 And they might act, or go to—well,
 The place of forest fires.
 I would not urge, or prod, or nudge,
 Or beat the stubborn crew;
 And that, if I am any judge,
 Is—just—what—Taft—does—do.

If I were President, in short,
 I'd try to do my work
 In steady, self-respecting sort,
 Nor ever flinch or shirk.
 I'd keep a smile upon my face
 Whoever played the shrew;
 And that, with cheery grit and grace,
 Is—just—what—Taft—does—do.

PLOD, PLOD, PLOD!

When your hands and head are weary,
 And your soul has lost its song;
 When the road is hot and dreary,
 And the way seems very long;
 When you have no heart for action,
 When you need the spur and rod,—
 There's a world of satisfaction
 In a plod, plod, plod!

Just to see the task before you,
 And forget the distant goal;
 Just to bid Renown ignore you,
 And to bear a humble soul;
 Just to trudge along contented
 Where the many feet have trod,—
 There's no better rest invented
 Than a plod, plod, plod!

Let the genius leap to glory—
 Winged feet that spurn the soil;
 Though I think the truer story
 Is that talents always toil.
 We will make a reputation
 From a broom, a hoe, a hod;
 There are fame and fascination
 In a plod, plod, plod!

For in this way and no other
 Do the seasons come and go,
 And the great world is a brother
 To the toiler with his hoe;
 Near to nature working slowly,
 We are close to nature's God
 When we give our spirits wholly
 To a plod, plod, plod!

WHEN COMPLIMENTS PAY BEST.

Your wife is growing old, man,
The white is in her hair,
But winsome to behold, man,
As when a maiden fair.

For there's an autumn beauty
More charming than the spring;
The grace of love and duty,
It is a wondrous thing!

Then tell your wife 'tis so, man,—
It's better lore than books,—
For women like to know, man,
That men still like their looks.

And maybe she will tell you,
For she's a guileful tongue,
The years so kindly spell you
That you are looking young!

A VALENTINE TO J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[Read at a valentine party of the Boston Authors Club.]

This, with the love of the boys,
Frank and hearty and true,
Goes to a maker of joys
Ever exultantly new:
Stories of home and of school,
Stories of work and of play,
Built on a masterful rule,
Manly, sagacious, and gay.
Still with a youthful heart
Under your silvery hair,
Still with a happy art
Banishing foolish care,—
What are the proud world's toys
Here where your laurels shine?
All of the world of boys
Sends you this valentine.

KING COMMITTEE.

I'm the nice demure Congressional Committee,
I'm the most convenient creature ever made;
I'm a being without human love or pity,
But I'm very good at bargaining and trade.
I can take the wisest Bill and knock it silly,
I can bring the greatest cause to dire defeat,
I can make the noblest statesman, willy nilly,
Come and bow in low petition at my feet.

I'm a marvel at obscurity and hiding,
I receive an Act, and lo! it disappears.
In my cubby-holes capacious are abiding
Nearly all the Bills of many, many years.
I discuss them, calm and cheerful, if I choose
to,

Give a hearing, or a dozen, if I wish;
But report them back to Congress I refuse to,
And to every mild request I answer, "Pish!"

I'm an Irresponsibility in power,
I'm anonymous, or what amounts to that;
I'm Democracy's most modest little flower,
But I make the People wonder where
they're at.

For the nation and the State, the farm, the city,

All may want a thing, but all of them are weak

When I, the calm Congressional Committee,
Stick my tongue, a mite sarcastic, in my cheek.

CAREY'S SHOES.

"My business is preaching the gospel,"
Said Carey the Cobbler one day;
"And I mend shoes to pay the expenses,
The needful expenses to pay."

So the shoes of Carey the Cobbler
Were sturdily first to set forth
On the path that leads eastward and west-
ward,
To the south and the ultimate north.

So the shoes that he cheerily cobbled
Have led a victorious throng
Over Hard Road and Sad Road and Dark
Road,
To the Country of Laughter and Song.

Do you wear them,—the shoes that he cob-
bled?

They will carry you firmly afar
From the Land of the Miser and Glutton,
Where splendor and luxury are.

And their soles are none of the smoothest,
And their patches are coming apart,
But they lead by the pathway of service
To the Father's home and His heart!

IN GOD'S IMAGE.

What is that image wherein I was made,
The image of my God? His mighty form
I may not dare to fancy,—eyes and mouth,
All-hearing ears and hands all-powerful;
But what is form beside reality?
For God is love; and in the shape of love
I therefore am created: made to love,
And love-inspiring even as my Lord.
And God is light; so, in light's image, I:
I also a discloser as the light,
A cleanser as the sunshine, and, as light,
A fashioner of beauties manifold.

God is a spirit; spirit, then, am I:
 No chance commixture of the elements,
 No founding outcast at the door of Time,
 But Lord of matter and the universe,
 Beginning life when they have passed away.
 And God—supreme disclosure of His grace!—
 God is our Father; father, then, am I:
 Formed for creating, guiding, cherishing,
 Formed for the fashioning of other lives
 In my own image as my God in His.
 Nobler is this to be than all the host
 Of splendid angels and the seraphim
 That speed with wings of light from star to
 star,
 And radiate a glory like the sun.

THE ELECTRIC CARPET-SWEEPER.

Turn of a hand,
 And the lightning sweeps your room.
 Turn of a hand,
 And gone are dust-pan and broom.
 Turn of a hand,
 And work is transformed to play.
 Turn of a hand,
 And life is relieved and gay.

This is the boon
 That science is bringing to you.
 This is the boon
 The ages are hastening to.
 This is the boon,
 That labor may know a rest.
 This is the boon,
 That spirits may seek the best.

Ever the more
 To rise from the serfdom of toil!
 Ever the more
 To conquer the floor and the soil!
 Ever the more
 With freedom to fill the day!
 Ever the more
 To work in the heavenly way!

ENDEAVOR.

"If at first you don't succeed,
 Try, try again,"—
 That's a manly sort of creed
 For boys and men.

Trying doesn't cost a cent,
 May win a prize;
 Men that mope in discontent
 Will never rise.

There is magic in a try,
 Vigor and vim;
 He that trusts in "by and by,"
 Look out for him!

You will never know your strength
 Without a test;
 Just by Better Street at length
 One reaches Best.

OLD BOOKS IN HEAVEN.

Heaven would lose its heavenly looks
 Had none no books;
 And even there, I firmly hold,
 They must grow old,
 To range along the jasper walls
 In old book-stalls.

And heaven must have some money, too,—
 Small change will do,—
 For what so perfect paradise
 As when one buys
 A Boswell, say, a tome immense
 For fifteen cents?

I hope they'll not consign to hell
 That musty smell,
 Dear token of the cobwebbed nooks
 Crammed with old books.
 'Tis honored far above the rose
 By many a nose.

The streets of gold, I hope and trust,
 Have some slight dust;
 Old books would wear an awkward mien
 Were they too clean,
 Unsprinkled with the symbol sage
 Of hoary age.

And finally, my prayer is bold,
 That heaven will hold
 Some wrapping paper and some twine,
 And be it mine
 To carry home the bulky charm
 Beneath my arm!

THE COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN.

The chairman I *chairish*
 Is *chairy* of speech,
 But he *chairs* up the workers,
 Encouraging each.

He *backs* up the timid,
 Upholds with his *arms*,
 And *rounds* up his projects
 With winsomest charms.

He leaves no loose edges,
 Is *tidy* and neat,
 And always is trusty,
 Abhorring *desecat*.

He never needs *caving*,
 He *springs* to his task;
 A cleverer chairman
 No committee could ask.

TO DR. FRANCIS N. PELOUBET,

On His Seventy-fifth Birthday.

Some men in age can well contrive
A hearty youth and true;
May I, when I am seventy-five,
Be half as young as you!

To other men the decades bring
Sad wrinkles of the mind,
Dead branches where dead clusters cling,
And frosty ways unkind.

For you, with every added year,
The tree of merry life
Bourgeons with blessedness and cheer,
With happy fruitage rife.

Pray tell the other forest folk
How, out of years and rain,
You fashion such a sturdy oak,
Leafage of heart and brain!

And long may we whom God allows
Around you, sapling-wise,
Look through your green and sunny boughs
Up to the sunny skies!

THEIR "WALK AND CONVERSATION."

Grave Matthew walked with Jesus on the hill,
A place of wide horizons calm and kind,
Whence looking backward over history,
The march of prophecy with true event,
The providential currents of the world,
How through the intricate of human woes
God's love runs ever like a golden thread,
He clearly saw, and then as clearly wrote.

Mark walked with Jesus in the market-place,
Impetuous and eager, jostled here
By clamoring traders, there by Roman shield,
And yonder by a camel's pushing nose.
And as he walked he saw the Master lay
His healing hand on sick folk; heard his
words

Of tender wisdom; caught his burning love,
And wrote it all in a brief, burning book.

Luke walked with Jesus by the shining sea,
And saw the comrade shining of his face,
And heard the liquid laving of his tones;
Knew that glad health flowed from him like
a tide;

Knew that his life, one with the life of God,
Would spread, a living ocean, o'er the world;
And fluent, orderly, he wrote it all
In sentences as limpid as the lake.

John sat with Jesus in a twilight room,
The two alone and all the world shut out;

And there the friends, through midnight and
to morn,
Communed of love divine, of heaven and God,
Of life immortal in the love of God,
And sacrifice triumphant over sin;
Whence risen, all his ardent soul aflame,
He wrote the crowning book of Holy Writ.

THE MOUTH OF THE LORD.

The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.—*Isaiah.*

God's mouth, it is a wondrous thing,
As all good folk may see;
It tells the robin what to sing,
And guides the searching bee.

Where morning-glories first unclose
It greets them with a kiss,
It breathes a blush upon the rose,
A balm on clematis.

It thunders to the mountain peaks,
It shouts above the gale,
It prattles to the sunny creeks,
And whispers to the sail.

It prompts the lover's timid tongue
With dear and winsome art,
It smiles the happiest among
Men of a simple heart.

Why, think! what gropings of the mind,
What horror would befall,
Were God a Boundless Undefined,
With not a mouth at all!

"THE SEA IS HIS."

The sea is His: long leagues of shimmering
flow,
The wrinkled lanes wherein the vessels go,
Coruscant islands gleaming softly fair,
And all the moonlit sands that lovers know.

Yes, and the black doom shrieking in the air
Is also His; the rock's horrific snare,
The savage, foaming, monster waves of woe,
The hopeless buried caverns of despair.

The sea is His: then look beyond the sea
To know the sea; beyond its agile glee,
Beyond its tempests, look away to Him,
The living fountain of its mystery.

Perchance through all withdrawals far and
dim,
And past the dull horizon's outmost rim,
Your eyes may glimpse the Sea beyond the
sea,
Your heart may hear the choiring seraphim!

THE NOTIONAL NIGHTINGALE.

King Hubert, he went to the forest in state,
In glitter and gold, on a sunshiny day,
And commanded his train in the shadow to wait.

While a herald proclaimed in the following way:

"His Imperial Majesty, Hubert the Second,
Since the nightingale's voice is quite musical
reckoned,
Is graciously pleased, as the day seems too long,
To command that the nightingale sing him a song!"

The court all stood waiting for what might befall;
But somehow, no nightingale answered the call.

GREEK BANISHED FROM THE SCHOOLS.

Calm speech of Sophocles, ethereal clear;
Voice of Euripides, all human warm;
Thunder of Æschylus amid the storm;
And Pindar, herald of the starry sphere!
Yes, and Demosthenes, superb, austere;
And Plato, loftiest thought in perfect form;
And Lucian, where the wings of fancy swarm;
And Aristophanes, to laughter dear!
Ah, Homer, master of the ringing lyre,
And quaint Herodotus, and all the rest,
My kindly lords! 'Tis well your living fire
Is banished to the hearts that love it best,
And stupid callous thumbs no longer tire
Through dog's-eared pages on a hopeless quest.

THE COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH.

They had photographs of baby
Crying, cooing, lost in dreams,
Pouting, too, although they say he
Doesn't know what temper means;

Photographs of baby smiling,
Baby "talking," baby dumb,
And the tedious time beguiling
With the sucking of his thumb;

Baby in his bath o' morning,
Baby in his crib at night,
Baby in a fit of scorning,
Baby in a fit of fright.

And his father and his mother,
Aunts and uncles and the rest,

Differed each one from the other
As to which of these was best.

Each one had his favorite "photo,"
"Just as good as good can be,"
While the rest declared it "so-so,"
Or "a perfect mockery."

In the midst of this contention,
Half in earnest, half in laugh,
Aunt Jerusha chanced to mention
A composite photograph.

"Just the thing!" cried all, delighted;
And at once they had it done,
All the photographs united
By the magic of the sun,—

All the different airs and graces.
Smiling, crowing, cross, sedate,
All the different baby faces
Photographed upon one plate.

But the picture? Ah, the din it
Raised at once, to left and right!
Each one's favorite face was in it,—
Each declared it was a fright!

A BUILDING SITE.

I do not doubt some paltry sheet
Encircled with a rubber band
Sets forth in angles, dollars, feet,
How Cyrus Wentworth owns the land.

I only know the brutal spade
Has slaughtered my anemones.
And murderous axe and saw have made
A massacre among my trees.

I wonder does the title deed
Mention the river gleams afar,
That glimpse of where the cattle feed,
That view of where the willows are.

I wonder do the terms include
The sunshine on the hickory bark,
The twitter of the robin's brood,
The carol of the meadow lark.

How strange! A trail of sodden ink
Can seal to one dull man for aye
That granary of the bobolink,
That coppice where the squirrels play.

How strange! A lump of gold can buy
Delights that earth and heaven fill,
Those mellow ranges of the eye
From Morristown to Cooper Hill.

How passing strange! that one, half blind,
Alone to this fair crest may go,
While all remaining human kind
Must take the valley road below.

"ABOVE THE HEAVENS."

O Lord, our Lord, who hast set thy glory
above the heavens.—*Ps. 8:1.*

Above the gold the sunbeams fling
With bird-songs drifting through,
God's glory is a richer thing,
And sweeter singing, too.

Above the azure wide and high,
The steady, candid blue,
God's glory is a vaster sky,
Illimitably true.

Above the faintest, farthest star
In distant chaos wrought,
God's glory, infinitely far,
Transcends our feeble thought.

Yet God's rich glow and God's great song,
And God's vast heaven of blue,
And God's far starlight ages long,
Come down to me and you!

"MY SOUL DOTTH MAGNIFY THE LORD."

My soul shall be a telescope,
Searching the distant bounds of time and
space,
That somehow I may image, as I grope,
Jehovah's power and grace.

My soul a microscope shall be,
In all minutest providences keen
Jehovah's patient thoughtfulness to see,
And read His love between.

My soul shall be a burning-glass,
That diligence to worship may succeed,
That I may catch God's glories as they pass,
And focus to a deed.

So, even so.

A note in His creation, even I,
Seeking alone to do, to feel, to know,
The Lord must magnify.

THE WALK.

I took a walk in Holy Writ
Upon a pleasant day;
And sweet the blooms that bordered it,
And fair the shining way.
It led me to a meadow wide
By homes of cheery men;
It led me where the waters glide
Soft in a mossy glen.
It brought me to an orchard rare
In fragrant lanes outspread,
And healthful fruits were glowing there

With savory gold and red.
It led me to a mountain height,
Above the gleaming land,
The farms and cities all in sight,
And all of heaven at hand.
And when the evening stars were lit
I found the homeward way:
Oh, dear the walk in Holy Writ
Upon a pleasant day!

I took a walk in Holy Writ
Upon a stormy day,
When crashing bolts the heavens split,
And tempests tore the way.
It led me by a footpath clear
Where sheltering branches bend;
It led me to an inn of cheer,
And there I found a Friend.
He built a fire that warmed me through,
He brought me bread and meat.
A strengthening draught he brought me, too,
Medicinal and sweet.
And then, before the gleaming brands,
He sang of mighty things,
And swept with sure and eager hands
Thought's most imperial strings.
And last, when morning stars were lit,
He set me on my way:
Oh, blessed walk in Holy Writ
Upon a stormy day!

"THE PLACE OF A SKULL."

O seat of pain! whence agony
Through all thy church, thy body, flows!
We gaze upon thy brimming woes,
And all our lives are torn with thee.

Yet, ghastly Skull, the dome of mind,
The throne of regal power, thou,
Whereby the willing fealties bow,
The homages of all mankind.

Thou art the Head! From thee the nerves
Of farthest nations radiate,
And vital thrills of home and state
Fly swift along their shining curves.

Yea, clothed Skull, no longer bare,
With black and hollow eyes of death,
Dear Beauty's form and living breath
Are in the aspect thou dost wear.

No eyes so tender, lips so sweet,
No flesh so kindly warm as thine,
And in thy countenance divine
All gracious lovelinesses meet.

Place of a skull! Oh, Calvary!
The hope, the might, the joy, the worth,
The confidence of all the earth,
Centre and calmly rest in thee!

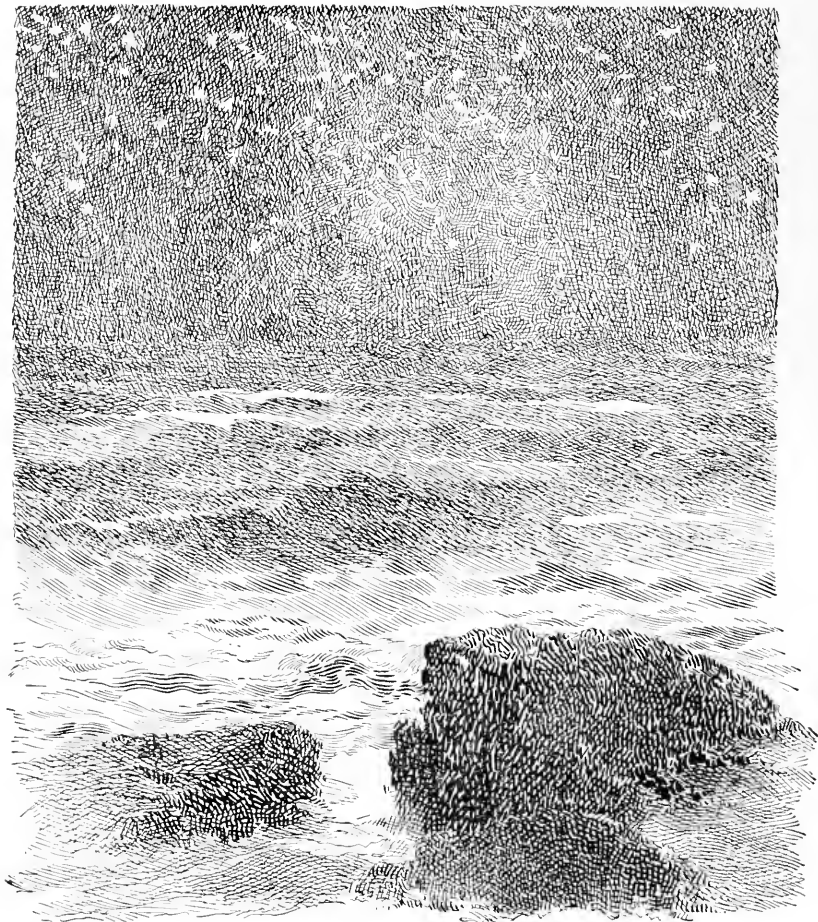
STARS ABOVE THE SEA.

Far, far away one mystery greets
Another vast and high,
The infinite of waters meets
The infinite of sky.

The stars are singing hymns of calm
Above the sea's unrest;
Can ever that majestic psalm
Dwell in the ocean's breast?

What far horizon dim and low
The sweet solution finds,
Where earth's tumultuous yearnings know
The peace of heavenly minds?

And still the sky's imperial grace
The tossing ocean mars;
We cannot see the meeting-place,
But we can see the stars.



BUILDING A HOME.

All the angels bend from heaven, all the fays
their blessings bring,

All the flowers burst their brightest from
the loam,

All the skies are full of sunshine, all the birds
exultant sing,

When two, just two together, build a home!

Not a stone in that foundation but is ame-
thyst and gold,

And the wood is spiced from Araby the blest.
What a marvel eight small rooms such a
wealth of joy can hold.

Such an anthem rise from such a tiny nest!

There are sorrows in the rafters, there are
ghosts upon the stairs,

There are many waiting anguish to come;

But all heaven joins their laughter and all
heaven joins their prayers

When two, just two together, build a home.

TO FRANK L. STANTON.

[Written in 1916 when the writers of the
country were celebrating his birthday.]

Here's to the singer of home,
Of children, of blossoms and birds!

Here's to the carols that come
A-sparkle with sunniest words!

Here's to the bringer of cheer,
The poet of hope and of love,

The foe of worry and fear,
The herald leading above!

Long live his beautiful art,
Long burn his friendliest flame,

And back to his own warm heart
The echoes of loving fame!

THE WOES OF A TALL MAN.

The world—and who would call it right?—

Is made for men of medium height;

And I, a meagre six-foot-two,

My exaltation often rue.

My hats I've battered by the score

On many a lowly linteled door.

My luckless head oft wears a scar
To show where cellar steam-pipes are.

The "ready-mades" a fellow buys

Are made for folks of average size.

Mirrors are set to gather in

Sir Six-foot's necktie or his chin.

Some pygmy with malicious pate

Has built all beds for five-foot-eight.

Wagners and Pullmans all contrive

Their scanty berths for five-foot-five.

There's not a table but will squeeze

A man of more than medium knees,
While pews and chairs are all for him—
The chap of Lilliputian limb.

Procrustes, as the ancients said,
Devised a very vicious bed.
His victims, neatly tied to it,
Were masterfully made to fit.
Too long, too short, this baron stout
Just cut them off or stretched them out.
Procrustes' mensurating mood
None, until now, have understood.
The hapless baron certainly
Was six-foot-two, or maybe three,
And thus a righteous vengeance hurled
Against a medium, average world.

DUDLEY SARGENT, R. A.

[Written for the fiftieth anniversary of Dr.
Sargent's directorship of the Harvard Gym-
nasium.]

A Sargent there is who with brushes and
paint

Will picture a business man, scholar, or saint,
In features and bearing, in soul and in phiz,
Both inwardly, outwardly, just as he is.

The beauties he paints, we are bound to con-
fess,

Are sadly eclipsed by the shine of their dress,
And all of his pictures, precisely at par,
Show mortals no better, no worse, than they
are.

But the Sargent we know has a loftier skill
The muscles to strengthen, the hollows to fill,
The bearing to dignify, eyes to illumine,
The face to make fair as a garden in bloom,
And the soul with each quickening step to ex-
pand

Into powers that fashion and guide and com-
mand,

Till all of the being's least, ultimate part
Is blest by our Sargent's restorative art.

The pictures he paints with his dumb-bells
and rings,

His parallel bars and his clubs and his swings,
His horses and chest-weights, trapezes and
balls,

Are pictures well worthy imperial halls,
Not transcripts of life at its pitiful mean,
Its average dullness unwholesome and lean,
But glorified life that is gallant to see,
Depicted as folks were intended to be.

For the pictures our Sargent supremely de-
signs

Are pictures no deadening canvas confines;
They are movies, such movies as never were
made

By the skilfulest art of theatrical trade.
 No Pickford or Chaplin or Fairbanks can vie
 With the warmth of the hand and the light
 of the eye,
 And the glow of the body and vigor of mind
 Displayed in the movies by Sargent designed!

It is thus that our artist's high laurels are
 won,
 For fathers have blessed him for many a son,
 And husbands have blessed him for many a
 wife,
 The health and the joy and the stanchness
 of life.
 Some day, when the final exhibit is shown,
 And the work of all artists is open and known,
 The Judge will acclaim a delightful display,
 The work of one man, Dudley Sargent, R. A.

SOME ONE ELSE.

Some One Else can do it better;
 Some One Else is wiser far;
 Some One Else is better posted
 What the latest methods are.

Some One Else would be more fitting;
 Some One Else would have more time;
 Some One Else would please the others;
 Some One Else would do it—prime.

Some One Else has had more training;
 Some One Else is not afraid;
 Some One Else is used to leading;
 Some One Else would give more aid.

Some One Else—and do you ask me
 Who this Some One Else may be?
 You can find him without trouble,
 For it's *any one*—but *me*.

"A WAVE OF PROGRESS."

The wave moves on; the water stays behind.
 In steady, bold ellipses firmly swung
 The liquid masses forward now are flung,
 And sinking now the nether course they find.
 Yet still the wave moves ever with the wind
 As water beats on water, till among
 The distant bays the ocean song is sung,
 And farthest shores have learned the ocean's
 mind.
 So, that the world may know a mighty
 thought,
 The thinker need not travel far and wide,
 But stay at home, and think. For wisdom,
 taught
 To one sole hearer, will not dully bide,
 But straight from life by eager life be caught,
 And flow more largely when its fount has
 died.

THE SHELL.

Miranda and I were at sport with a shell,
 Twisted and pink, by an ocean blue.
 "Hark!" said I, "and its lips shall tell,
 Murmuring low, of my love to you."

"Yes," she answered, with dimpling eyes,
 "None of the powers in heaven above
 Vain as a hollow shell that lies
 Tossed by the waves of a fickle sea."

"Nay," I urged, as I held my ground,
 "None of the powers in heaven above
 Could tear from that shell its murmuring
 sound,
 Or wrench from my heart its constant
 love."

More I said, and I said it well,
 But better far at the end spake she:
 "Fie, my lad, on this proxy shell!
 Speak the message yourself to me!"

FLOWERY.

He was walking in the garden, and incau-
 tiously he spoke
 Of "a very flowery orator," Sir Sentimental
 Smoke.
 "An orator of emptiness," as he went on to
 say,
 "An orator whose vague conceits so flowery
 are and gay,
 So vapid, incoherent, pompous, wandering,
 inane,
 In brief, so very *flowery*, that they almost
 are insane."

Now when he left the garden what an angry
 clamor burst!
 The rose was all a-tremble, but she found
 her voice the first.
 "So we are vapid, are we?" indignantly she
 cried,
 "And incoherent, are we?" asked the lily at
 her side.

"And think! he called us pompous!" mur-
 mured low the violet.
 "And wandering! What slander!" cried the
 stiff-stalked mignonette.
 "An outrage!" popped the poppy, and the
 rest agreed with him,
 Whereat he framed this protest, which was
 voted with a vim:—

"Resolved, that all the flowers are insulted
 grievously
 By the misuse of an adjective, to wit, of
flowery.
 Resolved, that every mortal is requested to
 refrain

From the adjective aforesaid as a synonym
for 'vain,'
For 'silly,' 'wordy,' 'whimsical,' 'grandilo-
quent' or 'smart,'
And let it in the future play a more appro-
priate part.
For flowers are finely modelled, much in
little, beauty's brief,
Perfection to a petal, and a volume in a leaf.

"So take your perfect orator, whose every
word is fit,
A prince of thought and eloquence, of force
and grace and wit,
And when he rises highest, in the senate's
day of days,
Pronounce his speaking 'flowery,' and count
it highest praise."

They asked a passing zephyr their courier to
be,
And I have just related what the zephyr
told to me.

THE OPENING.

The Castle of Delight, I heard,
Is barred, at entrance, with this word:

"None but a hero here may rest,
And they who honor him the best."

And so I fought on land and sea,
And many bent their knees to me,

And with my faithful troops, in state
I marched up to the castle gate.

But bugle call, nor ram, nor mine,
Moved on its hinge the door divine.

I taught my tongue the sacred skill
To move men's souls to meet my will,

And with the applauding crowd, elate,
I sought again the castle gate.

But they who held those towers gray
Were deaf to all that I could say.

I lived in caves afar from man,
I thought deep mysteries to scan,

And with disciples in my train
I sought the castle gate again.

But all the hermit's sanctity
Would not unbar the gate for me.

Then I went home, my longing spent,
My hands I clenched, my back I bent.

*I did whatever nearest came.
I won a friend to do the same.*

One day while walking, he and I,
We chanced to pass the castle by,

And all in sport the gate I tried;
When lo, the portal opened wide!

And lo, a strangely beauteous sight
Appeared the Castle of Delight!

We entered in with right good will,
And there we two are living still.

CONDEMNED.

I know what my remorse will be,
Then when her final pulses stir:
"She did so many things for me,
And I so few, so few for her.

"Dear, patient hands that toiled so long,
Where were your kisses, overdue?
Dear, patient feet, so swift, so strong,
Where was the box of nard for you?"

On that sad day, alas! will come
The saddest grief, the blackest blot:
"I saw, and yet my lips were dumb;
I knew, and yet I did it not."

CRÆSUS DISCOVERS.

I thought I was a poor man all my days,
And only late I knew
Riches that filled my soul with glad amaze,
All-marvellous to view.

How am I shamed that I have hung my head
The way a pauper bends!
I should have walked the earth a king instead:
My friends—I had my friends!

ROOM.

Seems the world a crowded place,
Brother with the gloomy face?
All the noble actions done,
Battles fought and races run?
All the workshops overfull,
Twenty men to every tool?
Mortgages on all the land,
Not a spot where you can stand?

Think, my brother! of the earth
Solid land is but a fourth.
Would you tilt with fortune's lance?
There are oceans of a chance!
Crowded though the world may be,
There's no mortgage on the sea.
Launch your ship and outward steer;
No impatient jostling here!
Icy winds and yawning waves,
Lonely skies and lonely graves,

Yet the air is fresh and good,
And the water swarms with food,
And the waves, if you are bold,
Leap with silver and with gold.

Seems the world a pack of men?
Think, my brother, think again!
See what superficial toil
Rakes the merest rind of soil.
Underneath earth's shallow skin,
What unmeasured wealth to win!
Where the many never go,
Sapphires shine and rubies glow.
Sink a shaft from any town,
There are treasures deeper down.
Black it is and choking here,
And the deadly gas to fear;
But those jewels have a light
For the dark of any night,
And the upper world is far
Where the clash and frenzies are,
And its mad contentions cease
In these galleries of peace.

All the earth pre-empted lies?
Think, my brother, of the skies!
Endless leagues of waiting air,
What imperial chances there!
On the smallest plot of ground
Room for tallest towers is found.
From a barnyard's narrow pale
Any air-ship may set sail.
Not the shrewdest millionaire
Ever can buy up the air.
Free the franchise here for aye,
Any one has right of way.
Up, my brother! Lag nor stop!
Room is ample—at the top!

"THE ART PRESERVATIVE."

Amber, amber, flowing free
From a prehistoric tree.
When you caught the frantic fly
And the worm that doubled by,
Caught and calmly buried them
In your prison of a gem,—
It was chance, and nothing more.
Formed your odd, repulsive store:
Many a thing we should prefer
For your ceaseless prisoner!

Printer, printer, as you give
To the art preservative
Artist's hand and artist's eye
Lovingly to beautify,
Fixing for an endless term
Trifling insect, wriggling worm,—
Further sacrilege refuse!
Claim the artist's right to choose!
Regally immortalize
Only what is fair and wise!

THE PARTNERS.

Said the Puppy to the Elephant: "Let's form
a partnership.
And let us tour the country in a profitable
trip.
For you and I together could prodigies per-
form,
And gather crowds of people and take them
quite by storm.
For you could lift a mighty weight, and I
could push below,
While all the crowd would hold their breath,
and then they'd all say 'Oh!'
And then they all would wave their flags and
clap their hands and laugh.
Then you and I'd divide the cash, and I
would give you half.
Our fortunes would be surely made, an over-
flowing cup,
If you would only lift the weights, while I
would push them up."

THE TRAVELLER.

The black sky crashed on the quivering land,
And the road was like a sea;
I only saw a dear, white hand
A-beckoning to me.

Red lightnings darted through bellowing space
And played in an angry glee;
I only saw a sweet, fair face
Waiting to welcome me.

The world went wild in the storm's eclipse,
And the road fell into the sea;
I only saw the blessed lips
That held a kiss for me.

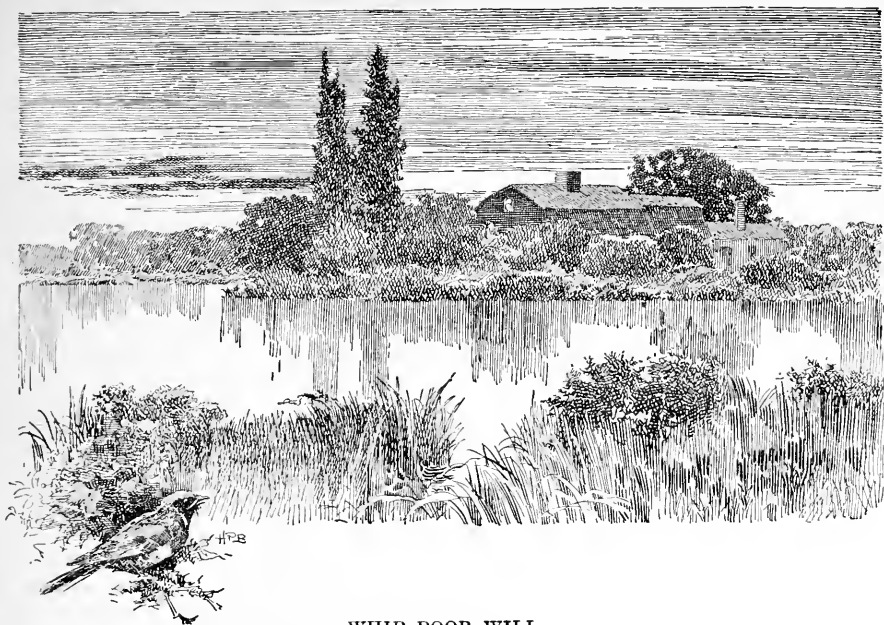
THE TWO SCALES.

[Written during the Hughes-Fairbanks
Presidential campaign.]

Hughes and Fairbanks, a judicial couple!
Such a wise partnership never fails.
Hughes will manage the scales of Justice;
Fairbanks will handle the Fairbanks scales.

All of the problems that come before them,
All bewildering, grim details,
Hughes will weigh on the scales of Justice,
Fairbanks will weigh on the Fairbanks
scales.

Scales of Law and the scales of Labor!
One or the other always avails.
Happy union,—the scales of Justice
Finely matched with the Fairbanks scales!



WHIP POOR WILL.

Out of the twilight, mystical, dim,
Startles a bird-call ghostly and grim.
Over the meadows the fluting cry,
Stern and pathetic and weirdly nigh :
 "Whip poor Will!"

Where does he live, this mysterious Will?
Farmland or forest, or vale or hill?
Why is he poor, and if poor, why thus
Are you persistently bidding us
 "Whip poor Will"?

Is he a stupid, beyond belief?
Other folks pilfer and call him a thief?
Others are tricky and dub him a cheat?
Is that the reason you sadly repeat
 "Whip poor Will"?

Is Will a rascal, deserving of blows,
Still winning friendship wherever he goes,
Gently arrested and smilingly chid,—
Is that the reason so quaintly you bid
 "Whip poor Will"?

Do we not know him, this pitiful Will?
Centuries pass,—he is with us still!
Do we not smile as he stands at bay?
Do we not sob as we legally say
 "Whip poor Will"?

Easy to urge the judicial command,
Thrusting the thong in another's hand.
Ah, you itinerant feathered elf,
If you'd have whipping, then do it yourself :
 Whip poor Will!

GOD IS GUIDE.

God is guide, though clouds are black ;
 God is guide when skies are clear.
God is guide, though ways turn back ;
 God is guide when goals are near.

Hopes accomplished, God is guide ;
 Hopes abandoned, still He leads.
Trust we Him when faith is tried ;
 Trust we Him when all succeeds.

As we follow, on He goes ;
 We retreat, He falters not.
Guides He where cool water flows ;
 Guides He when the sun is hot.

Leaders lead both night and day ;
 Guides must guide through day and night.
Father, guide us all the way,
 Be it dark or be it light !

THE UNLUCKY URCHIN.

On the shore of an island far away,
Stood a spirited youth, one summer day,
And thus he moaned to the moaning sea :

"Ah, sad is the fate that falls to me !
The cruel waves that around me roar,
They bind me down to this petty shore.
Oh, were I once on the other side,
I'd seek the lion, and tame his pride !
And after the royal beast was slain,
As king of the Beasts, in his place, I'd reign !
Ah, sad is our lot when a cruel fate
Represses and chains the brave and great !"

WHAT HE PROFESSES.

I know a professor of Greek and of Latin ;
His nouns and his verbs he is not at all
pat in,
But he knows how to wield the plane, ham-
mer, and saw,
He knows how to paint, how to etch and to
draw,
How to decorate dishes and satin.

He can play on the flute and the violoncello,
He raises fine fruit, large and juicy and mel-
low,
He will write you a sonnet, an ode, or a
play,
He will sing you a song in an elegant way ;
He's a very versatile fellow.

But I know a shrewd student whose impu-
dent guess is,
(To account for the way the professor di-
gresses
From his Latin and Greek, art and farming
unto),
That these are the things the professor can
do,
While the classics he merely—*professes* !

THE DRAFT.

My hearth is bright
With ruddy light ;
The cheery flames aspire.
The wood's brave soul
Glows in the coal,
And constant burns the fire.

But, narrowing back,
The fireplace black
Confines the flame's clear will,
And dark and high
To the silent sky
The chimney rises still.

A gloomy frame
For the eager flame,
And a gloomy upward way ;
But light and heat,
And the fire complete,
These narrowing bonds obey.

So my fortunes dim,
And my sorrows grim
That press all darkly nigh,
Their draft austere
I fight and fear,
But it draws my soul on high !

TO THE "REFUGEES" OF THE BOSTON
AUTHORS CLUB.

[Read at the reception, on October 14, 1914,
given by the club to its members who were
in Europe at the outbreak of the war,—its
president, Judge Robert Grant, with Mrs.
Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Senator Lodge,
Dr. Moxon, Mrs. T. B. Aldrich, Dr. and
Mrs. Addison, Dr. H. A. Bridgman, Professor
Churchill, Professor Sophie Hart, Dr. Van
Allen, Rev. P. R. Frothingham, Mrs. Barbara
Galpin, Mr. William Lindsey, Mr. LeRoy
Phillips, Dr. Rand, Mrs. Mabel Todd, Mrs.
M. M. Sweeney, Miss Eliza Orne White, and
Hon. Brand Whitlock.]

Right welcome, adventurers all !
We rejoice in your happy release
From war's overpowering thrall
To our country of modified peace.

You have harrowing stories to tell,
Of loss, and vexation, and worse ;
And that I may harrow as well,
I give you a welcome in verse.

You left from cares to get free,
They came in a double flood ;
You left on a watery sea,
You return on a sea of blood.

You went as lions gallant,
But your leonine glory shrunk ;
Far better the elephant.
With his non-detachable trunk !

You thought, as you went aboard,
That ink was the solvent of men ;
You found there are times when the sword
Is mightier far than the pen.

Henceforth when the wandering fit
Is upon you ready to burst,
You will think the better of it,
And see America first.

You went to delve in the lore
Of the best that all ages have found ;
But the books were spattered with gore,
The libraries burned to the ground.

You went to revel in art,
 In Time's most majestic remains;
 You found, with a bleeding heart,
 Vast heaps of smouldering fanes.

You went to learn in the school
 Of government's rational source;
 But you found a world in the rule
 Of brutal, tyrannical force.

What journeyings ever were kened
 That closed in more desolate moans?
 You went to the rainbow's end
 And found there a pot of bones.

But ah, the books you will write
 As you muse on these horrible scenes;
 And the poems you all will indite
 And send to the magazines!

A new "Utopia, or
 The Country where Combats Cease";
 A new Inferno of war,
 And an Iliad of peace!

But most of all you will praise
 This land of the brave and the free,
 With a President mild in his ways,
 And a thousand leagues of sea!

Now far may your thoughts expand,
 And firm be your fountain pen!
 And here is a welcoming hand:
 We are glad you are home again!

THE FLYING SQUIRREL.

Down the chimney's treacherous way
 A flying squirrel fell one day,
 And, terror-stricken, flew around
 With scratching sound and bumping sound,
 Behind the pictures, chairs, and vases,
 In all obscure, protecting places,
 And how persistently, with shout,
 And flapping cloth and poker stout,
 We tried to drive the rascal out!

There was the sunny world outside,
 And doors and windows open wide,
 Yet that poor beastie, foolish-wise,
 With quivering breast and frightened eyes,
 His little body one wild fear,
 He darted there and scuttled here,
 But shunned, the silly! o'er and o'er,
 The open windows and the door.

Till last a nervous, lucky blow
 Worked the poor fool a happy woe,—
 Struck him to floor, a furry heap,
 And there he lay as if asleep.
 We took him up with tender care
 And bore him to the outer air;
 When suddenly his beady eyes

Snapped open in a glad surprise;
 "Too good," he thought it, "to be true,
 But yet I'll try," and off he dew!

And so, dear human squirrels, *we*,
 Caught where it is not best to be,
 By some mischance or likelier sin,
 The same wild, blundering course begin.
 We rave, we faint, we fly, we fall,
 We dash our heads against the wall,
 We scramble there, we scurry here,
 We palpitate in nameless fear,
 In stupid corners still we hide,
 And miss the windows, open wide.

Till last, struck down by some stern blow
 That seems a climax to our woe,
 As there we lie in helplessness,
 God's great, strong hand of tenderness
 Closes around us, lifts us high,
 And bears us forth beneath the sky,
 And leaves us where we ought to be,
 Under blue heavens, glad, and free.

ONE THING SURE.

Though all the world is inky black,
 The Christian's heart is bright.
 Though all the world is off the track,
 The Christian's course is right.

Though all the world has come to blows,
 The Christian is at peace.
 Though all the world in shackles goes,
 The Christian finds release.

Though all the world should faint and fail,
 Still, Christian, hold you true!
 He must endure, He must prevail—
 The Christ who dwells in you!

THE BLIND MAN AWAKES IN HEAVEN.

So much I had forgotten in the dark!
 And here in heaven it returns again,—
 Floods of familiar eye-sight memories
 That bathe my soul in gladness! Once again
 Those tender massy hues that softly reach
 Out of the blackness to the tardy dawn;
 Once more the pebble flashing in the sun,
 The clean look of the grasses after rain,
 The delicate withdrawing of the trees
 Along the far horizons; once again
 The phlox a-quiver to a hungry moth,
 The hot poise of the dragon-fly, the slow
 Reluctant falling of the autumn leaves;
 And once again—oh, kindly place prepared!—
 The blessed friendliness of books a-row
 In smiling cases. Home! Once more at
 home,
 After a long, black exile. And the form
 Of mother's hand is what it used to be,
 And not a curve is changed in mother's face.

WHEN THE PEOPLE GET TO THINKING.

When the people get to thinking,
 'Mid the clamor of the world,
 Ancient idols, trembling, shrinking,
 From their pedestals are whirled,
 Mouldy evils, quavering, blinking,
 From their noisome dens are hurled.

Just a bit of ruminating,
 Real thinking, not pretence,
 How it finds the nations waiting
 For a breath of common sense;
 How it widens, agitating
 Centre to circumference!

Not a sham can stand before it,
 Not a lie can bear the brunt.
 Ridicule—it tramples o'er it;
 Naught it cares for form and wont;
 Bitter shafts that seek to score it
 Get an answer stern and blunt.

Ah, the wrongs to Sheol slinking,
 Pushed by Thought's intrepid gun!
 Ah, the foulness, beaten, sinking
 At the rising of the sun,
 When the people get to thinking,
 And the hero deeds are done!

WARNINGS.

Firm-fastened on the dreary bar
 Where sands alone and surges are,
 Two exiles from the pleasant land,
 The dead and ugly pine-trees stand.

Half buried in the rising tide
 Some of their shameful wounds they hide,
 But withered tops against the skies
 Show ever where the channel lies.

Thus, half displayed above the wave,
 Half buried in a living grave,
 Some scoundrels tarry here below,
 To point where safety lies, and woe.

"POROUS TO THE DIVINE."

(A phrase of Dr. J. H. Jowett's.)

Open my eyes, Lord, to the Spirit's beauty,
 The loveliness of high and holy duty.

Open my ears, Lord, to the truths eternal.
 The matchless teaching of Thy lore supernal.

Open my heart, Lord, to the need of others,
 And show me how to love and help my brothers.

Open my home, Lord, to Thy children lowly,
 That I may share my goods and share them wholly.

Open my life, Lord, all my pores of being,
 To noble giving, helping, hearing, seeing.

Fill all my channels with Thyself, O Master;
 Flow through me perfectly, and ever faster.

A humble conduit, with no other glory.—
 Why, all the stars would bend to learn my story!

THE OTHER SIDE.

Your side is gold, the other side is brass?
 Perhaps; but stay your pride.
 Gold may be tarnished, brass be radiant;
 Look on the other side.

Your side is true, the other side is false?
 Perhaps; but time and tide
 Have often overturned the thoughts of men:
 Look on the other side.

BY PROXY.

Young Timothy Timid is cautious and wealthy;
 He has heard that bicycle owners are healthy;
 And being himself but a weak-chested youth,
 He bought him a wheel,—and a beauty, in truth.

"A pity," he said, as he viewed it with pride,
 "To sear it and batter it learning to ride;
 And worse (what is likely) to batter myself.

I cannot do better than hire with my pelf
 Some cyclist to ride in my stead, and be rid
 Of all danger and worry and work." So he did.

VETERANS, TEACH US!

Veterans, ere you leave us—and thin are
 your lessening columns,
 Ere you are laid with your wounds in the
 soil of your glorified country,
 Stars and Stripes on your coffin and taps
 blown soft in the graveyard,
 Ere you pass to the shore where your comrades
 are drawn up to greet you,
 Give to us who remain a share of your courage
 and vigor;
 Teach us, young and mature, the zeal that
 age has not withered.
 Onrs are different foes, they come not out in
 the open,
 Never with shot and shell announce the
 place of their hiding;
 Rather they lurk in the swamps and fill the
 air with miasma;
 Rather they poison the wells, and lay their
 mines in the midnight.

They are the cohorts of greed, shameless and crafty and cruel.
 They are the bandits of lust, crawling, treacherous, deadly.
 They are the rabble of hate, torches and bombs for their weapons.
 Thieves are they and despoilers, vandals of all that is precious.
 Ah, would they draw the sword and leap to a manifest battle!
 Would we could see them and hear them and feel the shock of their onset!
 Teach us, veterans passing, how to be heroes of patience;
 How to fight in the dark, and how to grapple with spectres!
 How to watch, and endure, and strike at the drag of a shadow!
 How to throttle a fever, and how to sabre a passion!
 Give us your faith and your hope, and your invincible courage,
 Keeping your muskets and swords and wheeling your cannon with you;
 Useless are they for our war, but give us more powerful weapons,
 Wisdom and firmness and truth, the love of God and our country.
 These as ye pass, O heroes, give us who must now be heroic.
 Gird them close to our souls, and teach us well how to use them.
 So, as you march to your graves, veterans worn with the conflict,
 You will lie down in peace, leaving a true succession.
 So with the changing age new dangers will meet old daring.

THE MARSH AND THE SEA.

The marsh is full of ocean. Proud, serene,
 As monarch seeks a queen,
 The lordly blue has risen upon the green,
 Has flooded all the runnels, brightly found
 The darkest inner bound,
 And to the farthest shade where lizards lie
 Has brought the sea's wide reach, the mirrored glory of the sky.

The sedge is whelmed in saltness. Clear and pure,
 Imperially sure,
 The sea completes its calm investiture,
 Subdues the ranks of rushes, buries deep
 The flats where turtles sleep,
 And to the shallowest places dimly brings
 The thought of ocean caves, the consciousness of mighty things.

While we that look upon it, minded well
 Of life's unfolding spell.

Think of the seasons when with God we dwell,
 When heaven's purity and heaven's truth
 And heaven's leaping youth
 Possess our souls and lead them to the sun,
 And we, unholy, weak, with God's almightiness are one.

Supreme those days, exultingly supreme,
 Of vision and of dream,
 When loftiest ideals closely gleam,
 And all that we would be or dare to do
 Is possible and true,
 And all our days are seized and intershot
 With endless time, nor is there any space
 where God is not.

Ah, but another fancy takes the sea!
 Majestically free
 Its tide withdraws by steady, slow degree;
 The dripping reeds appear, the grasses show
 Bent as the waters go,
 And last, along the distant glimmering shore
 "Farewell," the ocean seems to mock; "farewell for evermore!"

And now, deserted by the faithless flood,
 See where the matted mud
 Is dark with red, as wet by wounds and blood;
 And see where crawling creatures, dazed and blind,
 On slimy courses wind,
 And where the shrunken currents try in vain
 To image and rehearse the vanished glories
 of the main.

Too well the saddened soul discerns the sign;
 Too well this heart of mine
 Has known the ebbing tide of life divine;
 Beholding where God's splendors at their height
 Have bathed in love and light,
 Now muddy wastes of weltering despair,
 Where ugly creatures crawl and hidden foulnesses lie bare.

But oh, my soul! within the marsh's heart,
 Down where the grasses start,
 There lies a flood unmapped in any chart.
 Forth from the sea, beneath the upper sand,
 The ocean's waves expand,
 And only surface waters, seeming harsh,
 Desert the deeper bond, the ocean-marriage
 of the marsh.

And thus, my soul, be calm and comforted,
 Though shallow joys have fled,
 And all the fairness of your life is dead.
 Be sure, though far withdrawn its breakers be,
 Within you lies the sea;
 Be sure, however surface currents run,
 Down in the blessed depths of life that you
 and God are one.

WERE I THE SUN.

I'd always shine on holidays,
 Were I the sun;
 On sleepy heads I'd never gaze,
 But focus all my morning rays
 On busy folks of bustling ways,
 Were I the sun.

I would not melt a sledding snow,
 Were I the sun;
 Nor spoil the ice where skaters go,
 Nor help those useless weeds to grow,
 But hurry melons on, you know,
 Were I the sun.

I'd warm the swimming-pool just right,
 Were I the sun;
 On school-days I would hide my light,
 The Fourth I'd always give you bright,
 Nor set so soon on Christmas night,
 Were I the sun.

I would not heed such paltry toys,
 Were I the sun—
 Such work as grown-up men employs;
 But I would favor solid joys,—
 In short, I'd run the world for boys,
 Were I the sun!

UNITED STATES.

[Written before the United States entered the World War, when our nation seemed chiefly concerned for its commerce.]

United—for what? To extort and oppress?
 To fatten Big Business and worship the dollar?

To coin the need of a world in distress?
 To rail at the preacher and scoff at the scholar?

United—to fill up a plundering bag,
 To mock at the ages and grasp at the minute?

To haggle and cozen, to bluster and brag,
 And juggle with honor for what there is in it?

*Forbid it, wise and kindly Fates!
 Not thus are we United States.*

United—ah, brothers! united for what?
 To set up a buzzard in place of an eagle?

Unkindly to hover and craftily plot,
 The smaller to snare and the weak to inveigle?

United—to conquer the rest of the world?
 In fetters of golden dominion to bind them,
 Our banner of glory disgracefully furled,
 And liberty's light only shining to blind them?

*Pray God that no such doom awaits
 To damn these fair United States.*

United—ah, thus we interpret the name—

United for freedom's unbounded extension,
 For progress united, for knowledge aflame,
 For permanent peace and the end of contention.

United for brotherhood wide as the earth,
 For brotherly sacrifice, brotherly caring,
 United to purchase the infinite worth.

United for manly and generous daring.
*Be this the future that awaits
 Our brotherly United States.*

"NOT AS THE WORLD GIVETH."

"I will keep him in perfect peace."

"My peace I give unto you—not as the world giveth."

There is peace at the heart of the storm
 Where the whirling currents are still;
 Beneath the snow it is warm,
 Sweet good in the bitter of ill;

Not the dead peace of despair,
 The torpor of vanquished men,
 The hush of the stagnant air,
 The calm of the smothered fen;

But the glowing, exhilarant rest
 That warriors snatch in the fight,
 The calm of a resolute breast,
 The quiet of conquering right.

Cease, O faltering heart,
 To long for a languorous ease,
 Peace that is bought in a mart,
 Peace that is ready to please.

Yours be the peace of the sword,
 Of a banner stoutly unfurled;
 Yours be the peace of the Lord,
 And not the peace of the world.

MY PAST WHICH IS TO COME.

With cymbal's clang and tap of drums
 The brave Salvation Army comes,
 While hallelujah lass and lad
 Peal out their march-songs wild and glad.
 Behind them troops a motley throng,
 Led by the spirit-moving song,
 And swift the leader sweeps them all
 Into the rough Salvation hall.

Pauseless, the eager hymn and prayer
 And exhortation beat the air,
 Till many a hardened heart is stirred
 By some bold, God-directed word.

Now falls a hush. A voice well known,
 Though strangely softened in its tone,—
 A girl's voice, lately taught to win
 Its accents back from words of sin,

Trembles in untried prayer, that flies,
Rude-winged, straight upward to the skies.

"O God, forgive my guilty past!"
The low voice stammers at the last,—
"And in the past which is to come,
O Father, keep me!"

How the dumb
Speak giant words when Christ within
Has loosed the dwarfing bands of sin!
Full well she knew, poor penitent,
The evil with her nature blent.
She knew the guilty past would seek
Her white, new future, frail and weak;
And at Christ's feet her fear she cast:
"Lord, save me from the coming past!"

Well for us all to make our own
The poor Salvation lassie's groan!
Base habits, hated, half subdued;
The evil plan; the action rude;
White lies, grown black; the writhing
thought;
Weak worries, born of faith distraught,—
All will return, or first or last.
Lord, save us from that coming past!

TO W. W. IN HASTE.

[Written at a time in the World War when
President Wilson seemed dilatory to the im-
patient country.]

We have given you our money, we have given
you our boys,

We are making your munitions by the ton.
We have left our common labors, we have
left our common joys,

In the hope to end the menace of the Hun.
We are paying double prices from our collars
to our shoes,

We are giving up our pleasures by the
score,

We are cutting out the candy and the beef-
steak and the booze,

We have done just what you asked us; ask
us more.

Have we grumbled at the taxes? Have we
grumbled at the draft?

Have we grumbled at the heatless, eatless
days?

We have flown our flags the higher, we have
merely grinned and laughed.

We have plodded on our patriotic ways.
It is all an awful nuisance and we wish that
it was done,

It is all a most infernal beastly bore,
But we would not pause or slacken till we've
licked the hateful Hun;

We have given all you asked for; ask for
more.

We are counting on your daring, we are
counting on your speed,

We should like it if you were a little rash;
We will back you to the limit with what-
ever you may need,

With the men and with the labor and the
cash.

Won't you worry, won't you hurry, won't
you tear your hair a bit?

Won't you even give a wild Rooseveltian
roar?

We are weary of the aiming and we want to
make a hit;

All we ask is that you up and ask us more.

Summon workers to the shipyards with com-
mands they must obey,

Bid the preacher leave the pulpit for the
plough,

Heap the taxes high and higher till we can
no longer pay.

Call five million to the colors, call them
now.

Do not wait to know our wishes: we are
eager to be led;

We will follow, if you only go before.

Drop the pen and seize the sabre, shout to
raise the very dead!

Get excited! Go the limit! And—then—
more!

THE STORY OF TWO SPEECHES.

An eloquent word—for the Master,
Yet half for the speaker, too;
For he sought as his gain the praises of men
And not the good he might do.

So the angels sadly left it,
And for all of its lofty sound,
Men tossed it awhile to and fro with a smile,
And then let it fall to the ground.

A stammering word for the Master,—
Blundering, timid, and slow;
But the best he could do, for his purpose was
true,
But his heart was a-thumping so.

Yet the angels seized it and bore it
On pinions happy and strong,
And made it a sword in the war of the Lord,
The struggle of right against wrong.

For the battle is not to the giant,
The race is not to the fleet,
And an armor of might for the bitterest fight
Is found at the Saviour's feet.

And thrones in the highest heaven,
And the land of the seraphim,
Are for weak ones that dare follow Christ
anywhere,
Yea, venture to fail—for Him.



LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

Bells of a music softly spoken,
Valley music hushed in the air,
Purity-white is its theme and token,
Fair, O fair!

Cups of a fragrance freely healing,
Cups turned downward but full for aye,
Purity sacrament,—souls a-kneeling,
Pray, O pray!

THE CATBIRD.

It mimics the vireo's song,
Insistent and jerky and sweet;
Like a robin it ripples along,
Like a sparrow it rhymes with the street.

Its call is now fluty and far,
Like a veery at sunset alone;
Now sad as the wood pewees are,
Now bright as the oriole's tone;

Now mocking the doughty chewink,
Now bold in the call of the jay;
Now matching the crazed bobolink,
Or the meadowlark's brisk roundelay;

And all through the marvellous feat
A something uncanny, untrue,
A tang of the mocker, the cheat,
A hint of a petulant mew!

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO THE BRITISH NAVY.

[Written during the World War.]

We do not like to own it,
 We wish it were not so;
 It's useless to bemoan it,
 Or hide what all may know:
 That we're not in the gravy,
 That still our fortune's full,
 We owe the British Navy
 By grace of Johnny Bull.

We count our golden dollars,
 We count our bags of grain,—
 They'd all wear German collars
 If William ruled the main,
 Poor Russia is a slavey,
 Poor Belgium is a hell;
 Without the British Navy
 Their fate were ours as well.

That we are our own masters
 And hold our banner high,
 That infinite disasters
 Have passed our nation by,
 That still in progress wavy
 Our skiff of state we pull,
 We owe the British Navy:
 Hurrah for Johnny Bull!

WHAT CAN WE DO?

[Read before the Twentieth Century Club of Boston on our entrance into the World War.]

At last, after patient years, we have grit and grace
 To look in a Frenchman's face;
 We can speak the Belgian, the British, the Russian name
 Without a sinking of shame.
 At last—oh, the joy and the pride of it!—
 Our country will "do her bit"!

Though our brother is over the farthest sea,
 Our brother's keepers are we,
 Though savage chief, or the distant, most alien lord
 Has done a deed abhorred,
 Though the meanest churl in the deepest African wild
 Has beaten the smallest child,
 Ours is the quarrel, and ours is the holy cause,
 And ours are Duty's laws.

Who has heard of a righteousness of degrees,
 Hemmed by convenient seas?
 Of brotherhood bounded,
 Of mercy surrounded,
 Of love cold-shackled by ease?

A widow's tear is a little thing,
 But it drowns the pomp of the mightiest king,
 And it washes boundary lines away,
 And it sweeps old foulnesses into the day,
 And on it travels, afar, alone,
 Till it leaps to the foot of the great white throne.

There is no distant and no near,
 No halting, no fear,
 When a hero sees a widow's tear.

What can we do?
 It is easy to be too young, too old;
 It is easy to be too rich, too poor,
 Too busy to see it through,
 Too basely secure;
 But it is not easy to be too bold.
 What can we do?
 We can do the thing we are told.

Not to the hero the choice of his deed,
 Weighing the easiest, picking the safest and least.

His to answer the need,
 Far or near, west or east,
 In the general's tent or where men battle
 and bleed.

This is the hero's test:
 Not prudence, not foresight, not calmness
 and caution of mind,
 But a leap, and no looking behind;
 An instant yea, and God for the rest.

With no debate,
 No query of dubious fate,
 Though he choose the bursting shell,
 Though he choose a flaming hell,
 Though he choose the hospital's pitiful, narrow strait,
 The hero chooses well.

Better a lifetime hid from the light of the sun
 Than be blind to the world's great need and the thing to be done.

Better a lifetime shut from the song of the bird

Than be deaf to Duty's imperial word,
 Better a lifetime bound to the cripple's chair
 Than walk for an hour the path of a coward's care.

Better an empty purse forever and aye
 Than a purse filled once, only once, the Judas way.

Better Duty's rudest, ungarlanded grave
 Than all the glittering show of a selfish knave.

What can we do?
 We can hold us true
 To the highest thought and the broadest view,
 We can smile at the threat of an evil fate,
 We can scorn to hate,
 We can bury fear in the pit of doubt,
 We can sing, we can sing with courage stout,
 We can see it through.

What can we do? We can do our best.
 Each his best and not his neighbor's,—
 Money, body, prayers and labors,
 Cheer and faith and eager zest;
 Each, at the world-wide, heaven-high call
 To do his best, to stand or fall,
 To lead or follow, tarry or go,
 Guard at home or face the foe,
 Living to die, and dying to live,
 His best, and all of his best, to give.

And at last, when the glorious end has come,
 And the battle sounds forever are dumb,
 When the battle horror, the battle fear,
 Are lost in the light of the golden year,
 When all are seeking all men's good
 And the nations are welded in brotherhood,
 Then—oh, jubilant dawning!—then
 Heroes of women and heroes of men
 They shall have right to the victors' place.
 They shall have right to look God in the face.

THE THEORETIC TURTLE.

The theoretic turtle started out to see the
 toad;
 He came to a stop at a liberty-pole in the
 middle of the road.
 "Now how, in the name of the spouting
 whale," the indignant turtle cried,
 "Can I climb this perpendicular cliff, and get
 on the other side?
 If I only could make a big balloon, I'd
 lightly over it fly;
 Or a very long ladder might reach the top,
 though it does look fearfully high.
 If a beaver were in my place, he'd gnaw a
 passage through with his teeth;
 I can't do that, but I can dig a tunnel and
 pass beneath."
 He was digging his tunnel, with might and
 main, when a dog looked down at the hole.
 "The easiest way, my friend," said he, "is
 to walk around the pole."

MINE.

"Old man," the captain blustered,
 In haste to meet the foe,
 "My troops are seeking forage;
 Come! show us where to go."
 A mile he led them onward,
 To where, in beauty spread,
 They saw a field of barley.
 "The very thing!" they said.

"Not here!" the old man urged them;
 "Have patience for a while."
 And sturdily he led them
 Another weary mile.

The barley field he showed them
 They speedily despoiled;
 Ah, little need of reapers,
 Where such a troop has toiled!

But "Fie on all this pother!"
 The angry captain cursed;
 "Old man, this second barley
 Is poorer than the first."

"Perhaps," the good man answered,
 "It may not be so fine;
 But that field is another's,
 And this field, sir, is mine."

DUMB-BELLS.

A Gymnasium Song.

Dumb-bells, silent though ye be,
 Ring the bells of health for me!
 Summon strength to muscles weak,
 Call the roses to my cheek;
 Ring the languid bearing out,
 And ring in a carriage stout;
 Where the hidden frailties lie,
 Sound alarm and bid them fly;
 Feeble voice and shortened breath,—
 Toll their unlamented death;
 Ring the happy marriage hour
 Wedding Comeliness to Power;
 Sweeping free, and wide, and strong,
 Carol forth my matin song;
 On your sides be written this:
Work is health and Health is bliss;
 Dumb-bells, silent though ye be,
 Ring the bells of health for me!

A PLANE STATEMENT.

A very vicious Angle, a master of abuse,
 Reviled a neighbor Angle, and shouted,
 "You're obtuse!"
 (He himself was quite acute, as all angles
 like to be,
 And the neighbor *was* obtuse, as any one
 could see.)

It wasn't many minutes, I much regret to
 say,
 Before they came to blows in a very savage
 way.
 And to make the matter worse, the Ellipse
 was strolling by,
 And, joining in the fray, almost lost a focus
 eye!

A Parabola, alas! stopped and mingled in
 the fight,
 But was flattened to an oval, a very shock-
 ing sight!
 A most aggressive Triangle, tall and rather
 thin,

Was carried from the combat with both his
sides knocked in.

A smooth and perfect Circle came rolling
on the ground.

And kindly counselled peace, but he couldn't
bring them 'round.

They got to throwing points. There were
many looking on,

And one of these was hit,—'twas a portly
Polygon.

"Police! police!" he cried, and he shouted
long and loud,

And soon a squad of Rectangles captured all
the crowd!

A battered, sorry rabble, they stood before
the Square,

Who frowned upon the culprits with his
most judicial air,

And imposed a heavy sentence that none of
them could shirk,—

A life, in Conic Sections, of unremitting
work!

And that is why, my hearers, as wise pro-
fessors say,

They're still in Conic Sections, and cannot
get away.

CHAIRS.

High-backed and straight-backed, with tidy
gay—

Mothers love it in just that way;

Arms low down, not to interfere

With sewing and knitting that mothers hold
dear;

Rockers that swing to a gentle tune,
Peacefully sweet as a brook in June—

A Chair, and Somebody in it!

Gracefully curved, with a dainty air,

Proud of its burden young and fair,

Made for a maiden dear as she

To sit in and smile as she pours the tea—

Just for one and too small for two,

All the gallants are envying you—

A Chair, and Somebody in it!

Mounted on rollers, and heavy and strong,

Legs absurdly but usefully long,

Little back and a high-rimmed tray,

And a bib that is soiled in a shocking way,

Baby clatter with bowl and spoon,

And baby chatter and baby croon—

A Chair, and Somebody in it!

But Mother has gone to the Home Above,

And left us alone with a sacred love;

And the Maiden—ah, happily busy is she,

With no more time for afternoon tea;

And the Baby 's in college! Ah, memories fair,

What sadder sight than a memory chair—

A Chair, and Nobody in it!

THE LENGTH OF LIFE.

Are your sorrows hard to bear?

Life is short!

Do you drag the chain of care?

Life is short!

Soon will come the glad release

Into rest and joy and peace;

Soon the weary thread be spun,

And the final labor done.

Keep your courage! Hold the fort!

Life is short!

Are you faint with hope delayed?

Life is long!

Tarries that for which you prayed?

Life is long!

What delights may not abide,—

What ambitions satisfied,—

What possessions may not be

In God's great eternity?

Lift the heart! Be glad and strong!

Life is long!

AN ORATORICAL DIFFICULTY.

[Written when the words complained of
were new—and troublesome.]

I'd like to speak of camouflage

In manner philosophic.

And that mysterious barrage,

A most enticing topic.

Those noble words and novel themes,

How gloriously I'd bounce 'em

Through brilliant oratoric dreams,

If I could but pronounce 'em.

And here and now this orator

Petitions all commanders,

That if we have another war

It shall not be in Flanders.

NOW'S THE TIME.

If a poem you would write,

Now's the time!

Ne'er was epic yet or sonnet

Captured but by leaping on it;

Pegasus, depend upon it,

Knows his time.

If you have a task to do,

Now's the time!

Now, while you've a notion to it;

Now, while zeal will help you do it;

Or in shame you'll hobble through it,

Out of time.

If you have a word of praise,

Now's the time!

Should the sky, while flowers are growing,
Stint its gracious dew-bestowing,
Ne'er would come the rainbow-glowing
Blossom time.

If you have a kiss to give,
Now's the time!
Lips, like flowers, soon are faded,
Life-blood pallid, checked, and jaded,
If they are not love-o'er-shaded,
Kissed in time.

If you have a prayer to pray,
Now's the time!
Not to every hour are given
Upward look and open heaven;
Oh, be strengthened, gladdened, shriven,
While there's time!

THE JAUNTY JAY.

On my window-sill flirted a jaunty jay;
He chattered awhile, then he flew away.
He chattered awhile, as if to say:
"Don't you wish you could live in the day,—
in the day?
Don't you wish you were little enough to be
gay?
Fly away! Fly away!"
Said the jubilant, jolly, and jaunty jay.

"THE TRANSPORTATION SITUATION."

[Written during the railroad break-down in
the midst of the World War.]

We have starved the steam horse
On the merest clap-traps,
And in logical course
It has had a collapse.

It is weary and old,
And it needs the best care;
Its fodder is gold.
We have fed it hot air.

We have driven it fast
With the speeding that racks;
It has fallen at last
In its parallel tracks.

We have bled it with bills,
We have cut it with strikes,
Till it reeled in its thills
And lay down on the spikes.

We may lash it with greed
To the top of our bent;
What it wants is its feed
Of the proper per cent.

Let us call Dr. Rate,
Let us give him free course;
If it isn't too late,
We shall get back our horse.

WHERE?

Where are the dimples that die in the mak-
ing?

Where is the joke that got stuck in the
tongue?

Where hide the stars when the day is
a-breaking?

Where waits the ditty that next will be
sung?

What does become of the sweet baby faces?

Where do the rainbows lie folded away?

How does the light that gets caught in dark
places

Ever creep back to the land of the day?

Where is the bird-song that just rippled by
me?

Where go my aches when the playtime is
near?

Whence is the health that the kind hours
supply me?

Where are the days that are coming next
year?

Hither, ye sages, from Zealand to Poland!

He who will wisely these riddles explain,

He's to be king of the country of Noland,
Dwelling in beautiful castles of Spain!

HOW TO BE GREENAWAYS.

Dainty Kate Greenaway lassie, and bright
little Greenaway lad,

Where did you get your gay raiment, and
pray, is there more to be had?

How can the rest of us mortals, homely and
clumsy and queer,

Grow to be Greenaway people through all the
fair Greenaway year?

Hark! I will whisper the secret. Look at
the evergreen tree,

Fresh in the spruce of garments whatever
the season may be;

Ready for nests in the springtime, ready for
cones in the fall.

Ready for candles in winter, the merriest
season of all!

So will the lads and the lassies, and so will
the women and men,

Just by the doing of kindnesses, gladly,
again and again,

Get them the evergreen garments that shine
with a beauty untold;

They are the Green-a(l)way people, that
never grow wrinkled and old!

BREAD—AND BUTTER.

"The gospel is the bread of life,"

I heard a preacher mutter ;

"The gospel is the bread of life,

And bread is served with—butter.

"Yet some men preach the living word

With hem and haw and stutter ;

And grace have they sans graciousness,

The bread without the butter.

"And others, while they preach the truth,

That truth half-hearted utter ;

Their faith is lacking confidence,

Their bread is lacking butter.

"The truth that saves a sinful man

From brothel, bar, and gutter,

Is truth that loves and truth that dares ;

The bread—and also butter."

A STILL MORNING.

The ocean is a dream of peace,

On hills of calm the sunshine lies ;

All is a-thrill with sweet release

And hints of paradise.

The sea-front crested black with pines

Glimmers beneath with golden sands,

And all its gentle curving shines

With grace of happy lands.

Unmarred by whispers of the air

The ocean mirrors back the shore,

A lover with his memories fair

To pleasure softly o'er.

So doubly beautiful the sea

With images of loveliness,

Like some pure soul perceived to be

More than it dares express ;

Like some pure, humble, tender face

That echoes others' joys alone,

Until those mirrorings of grace

Become its very own.



A SONG OF FAITH.

Oh, the fog is abroad,
 And the landscape is marred,—
 But the sun 's in the east!
 And the mist will soon quiver and rise
 And dissolve to the green of the wood and the
 blue of the skies,
 For the sun 's in the east.

Not a song of a bird
 Or a child-note is heard,—
 But the sun 's in the east!
 And a thrill will soon break from the trees,
 And the merriest babble of children join
 carol with these,
 For the sun 's in the east.

Now arouse thee, my soul,
 In the gloom and the dole,
 For the sun 's in the east!
 What to thee though the darkness be dumb?
 There's a music, a splendor, a heaven of
 glory to come,
 While the sun 's in the east!

THE NIGHT FOR SLEEP.

When daylight came,
 After the night of maddening unrest
 Deciding which was better, which was best,
 And how at last I should assail the steep,
 Ah me! I was all sodden and asleep
 When daylight came,

The night for sleep!
 Though clouds may overhang and storms may
 blow,
 And all the morrow's way you may not know,
 Oblivion, and trusting quietness,
 These covered pathways lead to bright suc-
 cess—
 The night for sleep!

COUNTRY OF FREEDOM.

Country of freedom, be free in thy heart:
 Free from the shackles of prisoning pride,
 Free from the liar's contemptible art,
 Free from allurements that tempt thee aside,
 Free from the crafty and treacherous guide,
 Free from the ravening greed of the mart,
 Free from the snares that in opulence hide,—
 Country of freedom, be free in thy heart!

Country of freedom, find freedom for all:
 Freedom for thinkers' adventurous quest,
 Freedom for greatness to spring from the
 small,
 Freedom for better to grow to the best,
 Freedom for justice's rigorous test,
 Freedom for progress in hut and in hall,

Freedom for labor's unwearying zest,—
 Country of freedom, be free for them all!

Country of freedom, be free for the earth:
 Over the bloody and desperate main,
 Far in the regions of darkness and dearth,
 Challenge the tyrant's unmerciful reign,
 Pierce to the heart of his evil domain,
 Win for thy brothers the lands of their birth,
 Shatter the prison and sever the chain,—
 Country of freedom, be free for the earth!

THE SONG OF THE LAWN-MOWER.

'Twas the gayest lawn-mower that ever was
 seen,
 Its body was red and its handle was green.
 It ran on the lawn for the most of the day,
 And oh! how it rattled and clattered away!
 It had a wide mouth and a long, twisted
 tongue,
 And this is the song that the lawn-mower
 sung:

"Ke-clickety, clickety, clickety, klot!
 The work, it is hard, and the day, it is hot.
 But Susie will like it, the dear little lass;
 How happy she is in the newly cut grass!
 It's good for her tennis and good for croquet,
 And gladly for Susie I'll labor away
 With my clickety, clickety, klot!

"Ke clickety, clickety, clickety, klot!
 The work, it is hard, and the day, it is hot,
 And Charley, the lad who is pushing me now,
 He carries a terrible frown on his brow.
 For Charley is lazy and Charley 's a shirk,
 But spite of it all I must stick to my work
 With my clickety, clickety, klot!

"Ke-clickety, clickety, clickety, klot!
 The work, it is hard, and the day, it is hot,
 But all of the sparrows are grateful to me,
 And all of the robins are coming, you see.
 The crickets and worms they can easily spy,
 So they pounce on their dinner when I have
 gone by
 With my clickety, clickety, klot!

"Ke-clickety, clickety, clickety, klot!
 The work, it is hard, and the day, it is hot.
 And down in the grass, when I listen, I hear
 The grasshoppers squeaking, half crazy with
 fear.
 The ants and the worms and the katydids
 dread
 To hear me come clattering on overhead
 With my clickety, clickety, klot!

"Ke-clickety, clickety, clickety, klot!
 The work, it is hard, and the day, it is hot.
 O Charley, and crickets, and ants, and the
 rest,

I'd like to please all, but I'm doing my best.
As long as I work I am happy and gay,
And so I keep pegging and pegging away
With my clickety, clickety, klot!"

THE LUCKY FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

"Why is the four-leaved clover more lucky
than the three?"

I questioned Master Greedy, and thus he
answered me:

"It's because the four-leaved clover so crafty
is and bold,

It has an extra hand, sir, to grasp the sun-
shine gold."

"Why is the four-leaved clover more lucky
than the three?"

I questioned Master Generous, and thus he
answered me:

"It's because the four-leaved clover so kindly
is and gay,

It has an extra hand, sir, to give its gold
away!"

THE MEASURE OF GOD.

If God were less, oh, vastly less,
I still would praise His name,
So little of Him, I confess,
Have I yet learned to claim.

If God were more, oh, vastly more,
So bold am I through grace
I still would venture to adore,
And press to see His face.

But, whatsoe'er is dreamed or taught,
I surely know that He
Is far too little in my thought,
Too great for scorn of me.

A BIT OF GOOD WORK.

Your life is a tangle of fret and of fume?
Just do a bit of good work.
It will clear out the cobwebs and scatter the
gloom

If you do a bit of good work.
Like magic the wrinkles will vanish away,
And worry will fly from the heart of the day,
And sunshine will banish the ominous gray,
When you do a bit of good work.

The world is unfriendly, and you are alone?
Just do a bit of good work.
There's many a friendship has budded and
grown

About a bit of good work.
The world hates a sluggard and bids him be
gone,

The world loves a worker and runs to look on;
If a crowd you would gather, your overalls
don,
And do a bit of good work.

Temptations assail you and lure you to sin?
Just do a bit of good work.

The battle is ended if you will begin
To do a bit of good work.

For Satan, that ever-industrious foe,
Is easily routed by hammer or hoe,
And back to his demons the devil will go
As you tackle a bit of good work.

A LIVING HOPE.

"Jesus Christ, who is our hope."

I like the sweet, old-fashioned phrase,
"A living hope in Christ";
How many saints of elder days
It gloriously sufficed!

"A living hope"—why, then it breathes,
And fashions kindly speech;
With cheery song its life enwreathes,
With courage dares to teach.

"A living hope"—why, then it walks,
With steady step and swift,
Where beggars crouch and evil stalks,
And brings the needed gift.

"A living hope"—it labors then,
It laughs, and, pitying, sighs;
It lives the life of earthly men,
It lives—and never dies.

THE WILL! THE WILL!

"If any man will do His will."

Around the world the chorus rings,
And hands are joined with hands;
A Brotherhood of Service sings
In all the happy lands;
And blithe they sound the watchword still
That ever has sufficed:
"The will! the will! the blessed will!
The will of Jesus Christ!"

In crowded town or lonely plain,
'Mid many friends or few,
With man's applause or man's disdain,
To one allegiance true,
That sole desire their hearts could fill
Though all the earth enticed:
The will! the will! the precious will!
The will of Jesus Christ!

When proud Ambition gilds her goal,
When Ease to slumber calls,

When silken Mammon lures the soul
 To rainbow-tinted halls,
 The Brotherhood of Service still
 Exalts the Pearl unpriced:
 The will! the will! the holy will!
 The will of Jesus Christ!

And when at last the golden years
 Have brought the crowning day,
 When toil and trial, pain and fears,
 Forever pass away,
 Upon the summit of the hill
 Is One that keepeth tryst:
 'Tis He, the Will! the living Will!
 Our Master, Jesus Christ!

HOME HEROISM.

John 21:1-8.

That barren night in Galilee,
 It found a fruitful morning,
 For Jesus stood beside the sea
 And drew the fishes swarming.

"*The Lord!*"—and Peter leaped to swim.
 (How very like him this is!)
 The others labored after him,
 Pulling the net with fishes.

And both were fine and both were true,
 And both rejoiced the Master,—
 That frugal, plodding, faithful crew,
 The one that hurried faster.

O ye who long for brilliant deeds
 Tied down to washing dishes,
 Scorn not the lowly household needs,—
 They are the Master's fishes.

JIM'S COATS.

When Jim has got a new coat,
 It makes his Sunday wear;
 But for his home or office,—
 The old coat answers there.
 When Jim "put on the new man,"
 'Twas Sunday wear for him;
 The other days "the old man"
 Was good enough for Jim.

When Jim has got a new coat,
 Who ever would believe
 To-day he'd wear the collar,
 To-morrow wear the sleeve?
 But when Jim wears "the new man,"
 He thinks it is no crime
 To cut that coat and wear it
 A little at a time.

Now Jim's old coat is crooked,
 And crooked, too, is Jim;

For Jim, he twists his garments,
 His garments, they twist him.
 If Jim would wear "the new man,"
 That coat cut straight and true,
 On Sundays and on week-days,
 I think he'd straighten, too!

OUR ALABASTER BOX.

Be kingly prodigal of time, for use
 In God's sweet service. 'Tis a jealous cruse
 That holds thy life from love's anointing wide.
 Shatter it grandly. See! an eager tide
 Of fragrance and of healing ministries,
 Wrought on the Lord if on "the least of
 these";
 And see! the ragged edge, the flakes fallen
 down.
 Form, at His word, thine alabaster crown!

THE EXTRAORDINARY ELEPHANT.

The extraordinary elephant climbed on the
 trapeze
 And hung there by his knees
 In a manner sure to please,
 While a wondering crowd gathered soon about.
 The monkey, when he heard their admiring
 shout,
 Upon a high trapeze,
 With the very greatest ease,
 Hanging by his tail, whirled around and in
 and out.
 But in vain is all his skill, for the wise crowd
 only sees
 The extraordinary elephant hanging by his
 knees.

NATION AND WORLD.

Glory of our country,
 All her shining worth,
 Lose it in the glory
 Of the circling earth.
 Riches of our country,
 Store of gold and corn,
 Spend it on the nations
 Fainting and forlorn.
 Power of our country,
 Mighty hearts and hands,
 Add it to the weakness
 Of the lesser lands.
 Wisdom of our country,
 Sage in firm control,
 Merge it in the thinking
 Of the human whole.
 Future of our country,
 Blessedly unfurled,

Find it in the future
Of the happy world.

Nevermore our country:
Splendidly resigned,
Die to larger living,
Nation of mankind!

THE SAVIOUR'S SILENCES.

If it were not so I would have told you.
—*John 14:2.*

We know the worst—the darkest doom
That lies beyond the sinner's tomb,
The long, black agonies of hell
That loving Voice spared not to tell.

The merest gleam of heaven sufficed
Heaven's Herald, the revealing Christ;
But sin He showed, and penalty,
How faithfully! how anxiously!

As when a father sends his son
Out in the clashing world alone,
He warns him of the evil there,
Nor stays to picture what is fair.

What glories, then, what mysteries,
Lie in the Saviour's silences!
What bliss we could not have believed,
Eye hath not seen nor mind conceived!

The dearest wish, the fondest hope,
The fair ideal's farthest scope,
No longer doubt, but dare to know;
He would have said, were these not so

MY COUNTRY.

Mysterious, my country!—she abides
Within a thousand hidings. Queen is she,
But who can find her palace, or discern
With careless eye her royal progresses?
For she it is that cheers the battle on,
Where brave men die, or bravely live, for her;
But who of all her warriors ever saw
Her whirling chariot or flying steeds?
Yet none so witless born or sodden grown
As never to have seen her, half-disclosed,—
Some floating glimpses of her gracious form,—
And, brooding like a lover, drawn them all
To one imperial image.

In her fields,
High-bladed, and her leagues of fruitful sun,
Where happy farm-lands breathe content to
heaven,
I feel her breath upon me. Lo, her woods,
Uncounted empires of majestic calm,
Range wide and far; her rivers to the sea,
Like weavers' shuttles curving swiftly down,

Fashion a web of loveliness; her hills,
Upreared with welcoming green or craggy
threat,
Compel the tribute of a fleet of clouds;
And sometimes, through a parting of the
trees,
Her raiment gleams; and sometimes on a hill
Through drifting mists I see her shining
throne.

All other skies than hers are empty masks,
Though painted fair as Eden. Lands afar,
Their glittering vales heaped high with golden
fruit,

I praise like statues,—praise, and cannot love.
Yet everywhere beneath my country's skies
I bear the sense of blessing, surely know
Her eyes behold me though I see them not,
And know her voice although I cannot hear,
And on some crystal days of clarity
I win the benediction of her face.

But these are glimpses, beautiful and rare.
And better far I know my country's form
And see her image: 'tis with living men,
With toiling, mourning, laughing, lowly men,
With blundering men that weep for many a
sin,

I find my country dwelling, best content.
Yes, where the market chatters have I found
My country, and upon the clashing street,
And in the mines that pour their gleaming
gold

Like sunshine out of midnight, and in mills
Trembling beneath the cruel lash of greed,
And on the hurrying cars that house the
wealth

Of Cræsus in a day; yes, even there,
Amid the heartless mockeries of trade,
There where the very gold and massy steel
Are freighted with pollution, and the warp
Of every fabric hides the worm of death.
My country dwells, because her sons are there,
And men that honor justice.

I have seen
Flashes of her where mothers kiss their babes,
Where lovers know the joy that empties
words,
In yonder lad's ambition-brooding eye,
And in this father, worn, and gladly worn,
For grateful offspring; here my country lives.
And where the ploughman carols to his plough,
My country sings; and where the weakling
moves
Protected, and the poor man stands erect,
And little children carry merry hearts
As blessed as their birthright,—here she
laughs
And has her pride, my country.

Every youth
That cherishes a masterful design,
And every girl that blossoms to a home

In all these borders, forms a sovereign state
Confederate of my country. Not a fire
Burning upon a pure and happy hearth
But shakes her banner forth. Where true men
fare

Brave and contented to their daily toil,
There march her armies. Where the favored
ship

Bears such a true man to a foreign shore,
My country goes abroad. Whene'er a home
In all her wide estate is magnified
By the sweet baby-promise of a man,
My country is enlarged; and where two
friends,

Drawn close to one another by the ties
Of love and helpfulness, strike hand with
hand,

My country gains a strength; yes, whensoever
The lonely heart most humble of them all
Achieves the smallest deed of kindness,
My country wins a grace.

There is a bond

Encircling us that know a common sun;
It is my country's arm. There is a light
Flashed on a face when freedom's name is
heard;

That light was born within my country's eyes.
And there are sacred thoughts of God and
man,

Of reverence and justice, pulsing far
Upon our mountains and along our plains;
And where they run, there flows my country's
blood.

Oh, may it flow forever free from taint!
And when the silent envoy calls us home
From this our beauteous exile, and we go
To find a better country in the skies,
By all good tokens may we know it ours!—
Discerning in the face of that fair land
The power and beauty we would fain have
bound

Upon the wrists and sweet, beloved brow
Of this, our earthly country.

For in dreams,—

Such dreams as may be truer than our sight,—
Behold, those parted countries are but one,
Our birth-land and the land of endless years,
In earth, in heaven; as the shining clouds,
Held by a bond unseen, are ever one
With their dull shadows lying on the hills.

"CATCHING A COLD."

Whether a cold can be readily caught
Depends on the manner in which it is sought.
Run for it, hard, till you waver and tire,
You'll never catch it, howe'er you perspire.
Ah, but sit down in that pitiful state,—
Lo! you will catch it with ease, "while you
wait."

THE CHURCHES' CUBA.

When North and South, with purpose strong
To rout the evil, right the wrong,
For Cuba's liberty combined
And fought with single might and mind,
Then not alone the Spaniard fell,
But our internal foe as well,—
The long distrust of North and South,
Born at the cannon's foaming mouth;
At once we set the Cuban free,
And bound ourselves in unity.

And thus, O churches sadly rent
From that One Church our Master meant,
'Tis thus our union will return,
When holy fires within us burn,
When, free ourselves, we long to make
Our brothers free for Jesus' sake,
When bold reforms and missions seize
On all our living sympathies;
Thus joined to wage a goodly fight,
Thus, and thus only, we'll unite.

THE FOOLISH FLAMINGO.

The foolish flamingo she looked in the glass.

Ah, foolish flamingo!

She fell in love with herself, alas!

Ah, foolish flamingo!

Her beaux all exclaimed as they left in a
huff,

"The bird has one lover, and one is enough!"

Ah, foolish flamingo!

GOD SAVE THE WORLD.

A Marching Song of the World War.

Now for the world we dare to fight,
Now for the world with all our might,
Now for the world, to make it right,—
God save the world!

Down with the despots, pull them down,
Shameful sceptre and cruel crown;
Up with leaders of just renown,
God save the world!

Banish cowardice, doubt, and fear,
This, this, this is the golden year,
Here is redemption, now and here,
God save the world!

Who for liberty dares to die?
Who for brotherhood far and high?
I, God helping me, I, I, I!
God save the world!

Comrades resolute, comrades true,
Ours is the chance to put it through,
This, God helping us, this we'll do,—
God save the world!

THE OVENBIRD.

You dainty, ardent little preacher,
 Your pulpit some low level limb,
 And "Teacher, *Teacher*, TEACHER, TEACHER!"
 Your only sermon, prayer, and hymn;
 It is a sermon worth the hearing,
 As eagerly you carol it;
 You bid us banish doubt and fearing,
 And live a life of grace and grit.

Who is the teacher you are praising.
 Your body vibrant with the word?
 And what His lesson most amazing
 That so exalts a tiny bird?
 Who can it be but He whose glory
 Fills and illumines the summer wood,
 Of all whose work is but one story,
 That it is loving, strong, and good?

Sly-hidden on the ground below you,
 A wondrous oven-arching nest.
 He was the Teacher wise to show you
 Just how and where to build it best.
 The little mate—He led you to her,
 Of all the birds, below, above;
 He filled your heart with zeal to woo her,
 And taught the one great lesson, love.

No wonder all your feathers quiver
 Ecstatic with your sermon-song;
 Did ever orator deliver
 A speech more vigorous and strong?
 Ah, dear and fervent little preacher,
 Great spirit in a body small,
 Your "Teacher, *Teacher*, TEACHER, TEACHER!"
 Shall be the Teacher of us all.

THE FOUR GOSPELS.

Matthew, the Gospel of the Publican!—
 The man that made his notes, and kept accounts,

And balanced proofs of ancient prophecy;
 The officer of cold, rapacious Rome
 That found a better kingdom and its laws,
 And heard its charter published on the Mount
 Or by the sea or in the city streets,
 And wrote it down in orderly array,—
 Matthew, the Gospel of the Mouth of Christ!

And Mark, the eager Gospel of the Youth!—
 Fresh from old Peter's ready, salty lips,
 And leaping lightly through a rapid course;
 The startled record of the miracles,
 Of opened eyes, and dead restored to life,
 And ears unstopped, and water walked upon,
 And lepers cleansed, and cripples made to run,
 And frantic maniacs calmed to sanity,—
 Swift Mark, the Gospel of the Hand of Christ!

Luke, the Physician's Gospel!—comforting.
 Gracious, and tender; laying gentle touch

Upon the festering anguish of the world,
 Our poverty and misery and sin,
 It binds the gaping wounds of wretched men,
 Pouring in oil and wine; its ministries
 Halt at no bounds of nation or of race,
 But offer healing to a world diseased,—
 Kind Luke, the Gospel of the Heart of Christ!

And John, the Gospel of the Best Beloved!—
 Of him who leaned upon the breast of Christ,
 And heard His whisperings and knew His
 thoughts;

The Gospel of the Vision, piercing far
 To time's beginning with the Son of God,
 And deep into the blackness of the world,
 And high into the mysteries of heaven,
 And finding everywhere the Father's love.—
 Ah, John, the Gospel of the Soul of Christ!

THY KINGDOM COME.

Where waits it all,—the truth and purity,
 The great-winged peace, the crowding happi-
 ness,

The love unmarred by thought of more and
 less;

Past what far reaches of the starry sea
 Lies Thy sweet kingdom, Lord? And when
 shall we,

Tired eyes strained upward from our mean
 distress,

Behold the sudden burst of blessedness,
 Thy kingdom come upon humanity?

Ah, sure, my child, as in thy lips' full curve
 The smile is hidden, sure as waits the seed
 The beck of sunshine, and earth's forces
 swerve

With proper talisman, so sure my creed:
 Christ's kingdom comes—though not as men
 observe—

At call of every loving thought and deed.

THE BLOSSOMS OF WAR.

Earth never saw a tree more monstrous
 made—

Purple leaves dropsical and oozing blood,
 Thorned with a snarl of steel, and as for
 shade,

A fetid smoke outpoured.

A warty stem in tumid branches split.

Nest of a carrion bird befouled with filth,
 The tree a-groan, and rotting under it
 A sodden meadow's tilth.

Yet still, ah, still, forth from the reeking
 bough,

Lo! a white blossom, pure as God above,
 Lily of freedom; and beside it now
 The rose of country-love.

THE CONSIDERATE CROCODILE.

There was once a considerate crocodile
 Who lay on the banks of the river Nile,
 And he swallowed a fish with a face of woe,
 While his tears ran fast to the stream below.
 "I am mourning," said he, "the untimely fate
 Of the dear little fish that I just now ate!"

THE AMBITIOUS ANT.

The ambitious ant would a-travelling go
 To see the pyramid's wonderful show.
 He crossed a brook and a field of rye,
 And came to the foot of a haystack high.
 "Ah! wonderful pyramid!" then cried he;
 "How glad I am that I crossed the sea!"

CLOUD BASKETS.

Clouds that hide the sun with showers
 Are wet baskets full of flowers.

One is packed with poppies bright,
 One with lilies inward white.

One, that takes a day to pass,
 Bulges out with blades of grass.

One's a mass of roses red;
 One, a crowded pansy-bed.

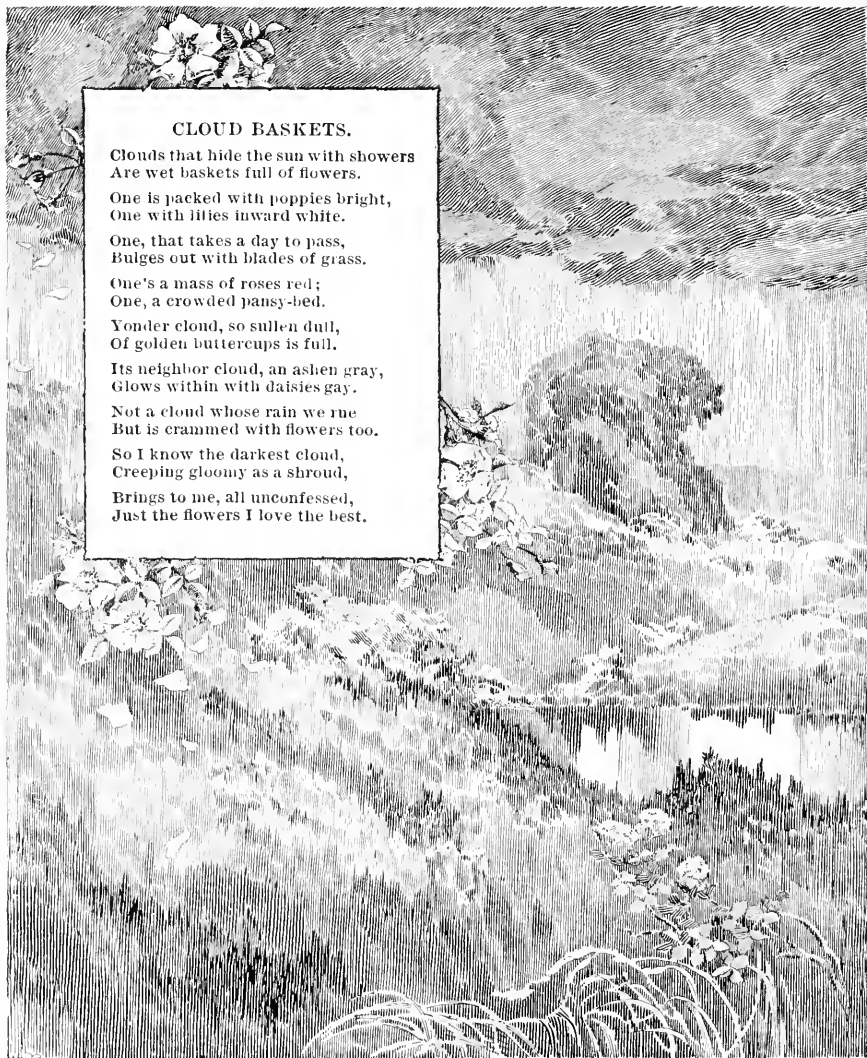
Yonder cloud, so sullen dull,
 Of golden buttercups is full.

Its neighbor cloud, an ashen gray,
 Glows within with daisies gay.

Not a cloud whose rain we rue
 But is crammed with flowers too.

So I know the darkest cloud,
 Creeping gloomy as a shroud,

Brings to me, all unconfessed,
 Just the flowers I love the best.



A PRAYER FOR SONG.

Oh, the freshness of the morning, and the
glory of the noon,
And the splendor of the night-tide with the
holy stars in tune!
The ground has voice, the trees rejoice, the
birds their carol bring,
And I alone among them all have not a song
to sing.

There's music in the cloud-drifts, there's a
chorus in the flowers,
There's a symphony of fragrance through the
pleasant summer hours,
And mountain-top to mountain-top flings out
a mighty song,
While I alone am coldly dumb amid this
chanting throng.

Awake, O God, my sluggish soul and stir my
tongue to praise.
Let loving, loyal anthems rise from all my
nights and days.
Lord, take away my shame among this soul-
less, singing host;
I know Thee better far than these; oh, let
me praise Thee most!

THE NIXY OF THE NEWS.

[Written several years before the invention
of wireless telegraphy.]

It was on the good *Dominion*, of the famed
Dominion Line,
As she ploughed her fickle furrow through the
blue Atlantic brine.
Seven days of sober travel, and a very wel-
come face
Was that rather previous headland, home-
predicting, dear Cape Race.
For the time was hanging heavy as the line
of heavy smoke;
To the last remaining victim had been told
the final joke;
All the songs were worn to tatters; shuffle-
board was shuffled out;
And the mild, precarious ring-toss could not
raise a single shout;
And the queer, contracted cricket, though the
ladies won the score,
Got the cramps in both its wickets, and it was
a "go" no more.
Yes, the novels all were finished, and the
yarns had all been spun,
And the nautical flirtations were becoming
overdone,
And the spouting of the whales had grown
to be a tiresome tale,
And the thrill had all departed from the ad-
ventitious sail,

And it could not well be doubted, though we
played at gayety,
Not a board in all the vessel was so truly
bored as we.

'Twas at this strategic moment that a seaman
blue and brave
Spied a very curious object bobbing toward
us on a wave;
Half it seemed a human being, half a crea-
ture of the deep,
And the sailor murmured, "Blow me! am I
wiking or asleep?"
But he threw a life-line at it, as the creature
seemed to wish,
And he hauled it on the vessel much as he
would land a fish.
Then we gathered all about it as it lay upon
the deck,
With a trickle of green water running from
its feet and neck,
With a seamoss kind of garment and a sea-
weed sort of hair,
While its hands and feet were flippers, very
wet and very bare,
And one eye was like a ruby and the other
green as grass,
And its oozy, matted whiskers were a most
unpleasant mass,
And we had no time for guessing, and we had
no need to speak,
For the Thing itself addressed us, in a high
and shivery squeak.

"Hee, good people," thus it chattered, "well
for you you don't refuse
To receive me on your vessel. I'm the Nixy
of the News.
In my home upon the Banks there, sixty
fathoms down it is.
I've a transatlantic cable beats the one of
Cyrus's.
For a line I use a million interlooped electric
eels,
And the news of all the continents my in-
strument reveals.
So take me to a cabin, folks, and enter one
by one;
I'll give you each a word from home before
the day is done."

Then shouted that home-hungry crowd, and
with a merry din
They chose the festive smoking-room and bore
the creature in.
They heeded not the slimy rills that down the
sofa ran,
But eagerly the women came, and eager
every man.
And as the purser called the roll, that none
his turn should lose,
Old, young, man, maid, they pressed to hear
the Nixy of the News.

How the prompt interrogations leaped upon
the anxious tongue!
Hopes and fears and joys and sorrows, all
that poet ever sung,
Heart endured or sought or cherished, failure,
triumph, bliss, or doom,
How the whole, weird human medley thrilled
in that inquiry room!
Now the whisper of a lover: "Shall I find
her? find her true?"
Now a merchant asking anxious for his venture
in Peru;
Now a trembling voice that quivered: "My
sick mother? Yet alive?"
Now a speculator's challenge: "Wheat at
ninety?—ninety-five?"
Or a solemn-headed statesman who would
know how China fares,
Or a priest with careful query for his many
parish cares,
Or a criminal that stammered: "Do they
know where I have fled?"
Or a lad would know of Nelly or a lass would
know of Ned.

Old and young and man and maiden, answer
meet they all received,
Answers sealed by truthful tokens they accepted
and believed.
One by one they left the Nixy on his sofa
weird and wet,
And full many a face was smiling and full
many a face was set;
Brows with sudden cares were furrowed,
hearts were tense with sudden woe,
And of all eyes those were saddest where the
tear-drops did not flow;
Till the last pale face had entered, and the
last white face came forth,
And the week's enfranchised vessel touched
once more the groaning earth.
Still we hung about the cabin, and we glowed
at the door,
Half in stupor at the tidings, half in hope of
something more,
Till there grew a sullen murmur in that saddened,
gladdened crowd,
Grew a murmur to a clamor that would not
be disallowed:
"What's the profit, what's the profit, here in
all this waste of sea,—
Where's the gain from this foreknowing of
our joy and misery?
'Twill be madness, very madness, three full
days to journey here
With the erape before our eyes and the dirges
in our ear,
Knowing failure, knowing triumph, having
knowledge without power,
Helpless, idle,—where's the profit of this
mischief-making hour?
Spirit, spirit, baleful spirit, we entreat you,
we command,—

Change your cruel gift to kindness! Bring
us instantly to land!"

With this angry cry imperious sprang we
forward to the door,
And we found the sodden sofa and the slime
upon the floor,
But we found the sofa empty, and the creature
was not there,
And nothing but a mocking laugh that shook
along the air;
Yes, nothing but an empty sneer that mocking
seemed to say:
"You fools, that want to-morrow! *How have
you used to-day?*"

THE TEMPLE.

My body is the temple of my God,
For He has said it! Well or poorly kept,
My glory or disgrace, a fair abode
Or dismal foulness, still my God is there.
And every deed I do or thought I think
Makes record on the temple instantly:
No temperance but clears a window-pane,
No self-denial but wipes up the dust,
No burst of laughter but admits fresh air,
No generous deed but sweeps a cobweb under,
No loving word but fills a vase with flowers!
Better than sceptre and a royal robe
To bear the broom and use the cleaning-cloth,
A janitor within the house of God!

"OUR IMPERIAL POLICY."

Never is man a man,
Though he rage the world around,
Till the soul he should help, in Jehovah's
plan,
He has sought like a man, and found;
And never a nation is more than dirt,
Dirt and a burden of men,
Till it finds a people with deadly hurt,
And back to safety, and back to hope,
And back to freedom's imperial scope
It lifts the people again.

Land of my faith and love!
Though the cynic flout and sneer,
The rebuke or the praise of the Lord above
Shall alone be your boon or fear.
What need has my nation to reach and seize
Burdens of subjects and soil?
Not these, though the slanderous scout, not
these,
But slaves set free, and the hungry fed,
And orphans sheltered and comforted,
Be these our booty and spoil!
Not to be called a Power,
That the cringing world should kneel,

Nor to sit where the masterful nations lower
 In their castles of threatening steel,
 But here where the tyrant has whip in air,
 Yonder where dungeons are red,
 On the serf at toil, the oppressed at prayer,
 To place the crown of a man's desire,
 And establish his throne by a household fire,
 For this may our arms be sped!

Yes, and if power mean peace,
 And the army move for God,
 And if freedom increase as our ships increase,
 And the ground where our troops have trod
 Shall ring, as our armies encompass it,
 With broken fetters and chains.
 Then the rank of war is Jehovah's writ,
 The moving text of the Lord's decree
 Proclaiming clear to the land, to the sea,
 What God enacts and ordains.

FRESH AIR.

Gaily afield, this morning of the skies,
 From earth's wide bowl a blessed draught I
 draw,—
 Air of the hilltops! air the sun first saw
 Dimpling to greet him; air that flits and flies
 From where the pond to where the meadow
 lies;
 Crystalline air, that has no fleck or flaw;
 Runaway air, itself its own best law,
 Wild as the brooks from upland rocks that
 rise.
 Bring me, sweet air, the courage of the hills.
 A weary day 's before me; murmur low
 The meadow-charm that masters frets and
 ills,
 The healthful secret that the woodlands know.
 With all the daring joy of mountain rills
 Into my surly, stagnant living flow!

"THE LORD IS A SHIELD."

Is God the Lord to be your shield?
 Then keep Him aye before you,
 And follow Him to any field,
 His banner ever o'er you.

No shield is He to those who fall
 Fainthearted far behind Him;
 But hold Him firmly over all,
 And to their bosom bind Him.

Nor shield is He to those who tread
 Presumptuously before Him,
 By proud and idle fancy led
 All heedless to ignore Him.

But follow where He leads the way
 And bind Him closely to you;
 And God will be your shield for aye,
 Nor mightiest foe undo you.

DECIPHERED.

Beneath her letter's frigid form,
 For other eyes than mine expressed,
 I read a message dear and warm,
 A palimpsest!

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

Ghosts of dead rainbows dancing through the
 sky,
 All heaven quivering to their noiseless feet,
 Hand held in hand in eager circles fleet,
 Sharp phalanxes that pierce, and darts that
 fly,
 And ranks that shiver up to where on high
 Spirits of light and ghosts of color meet
 In a trembling phantom heart, whose pulses
 beat
 With pallid beauty, palpitate, and die.

Sun of my soul, great Lord of life and light,
 Thy noonday splendor sends me to my task
 And turns my earth-besotted eyes from Thee;
 But here, in this mysterious dream of night,
 Behind a wavering, dim, and spectral mask,
 Worshipful Father, Thy great Self I see.

ALARMS.

Oft as I leave my home for daily duties
 A sudden strange foreboding fills my heart;
 Turning, I gaze upon its homely beauties
 While foolish fancies start:
 Fancies of flaming walls, of mournful embers,
 Of funeral ashes waiting my return,
 And all the sadness of bereft Decembers
 Comes as I pause and yearn.

Oft as I look upon our household darling,
 Or see my wife move gracious through the
 day,
 The one as madly merry as a starling,
 The other calm alway,
 I hear—ah, silly brooding!—but I hear it,
 A tolling bell would tear my very life,
 And see beyond me in the land of spirit
 My baby and my wife.

Mere empty moods! and yet who does not
 know them,
 And shudder while he owns their emptiness;
 And who, in second thinking, does not owe
 them

More than he dares confess?—
 A softened heart, a soul more bent on kind-
 ness,
 A vision that in trusting prospect sees,
 Spite of the thronging world and mortal
 blindness,
 God's glad eternities!

HOME FROM SCHOOL.

The western sun comes softly in
Through hall door open wide,
Young Rover lies with low-stretched chin
Upon the steps outside,
The great hall clock ticks sleepily;
A hint of clucking hen
Comes from the yard uncertainly,
Then all is still again.

But hark! A banging of the gate!
A clatter up the walk!
A tangle of blithe sounds elate
In song and laugh and talk!
Loud strikes the clock, the chickens flee,
Rover 's a frantic fool;
The very sunshine laughs to see
The children home from school!

HOW THEY CONJUGATE "TO HAVE."

I met a man of aspect wise
Engaged in catching butterflies.
"A gorgeous box-full, friend," quoth I.
"Now for what purpose sage and high
Didst catch this lovely company?"
"That I might have them," answered he.

I saw a man with eager eyes
In bookstores hunting for a prize
Hid in the dim and dusty nooks,—
Some rare, forgotten, worthless books.
"What is their use, my friend, to thee?"
"That I may have them," answered he.

I met a weary, haggard elf
Absorbed in reckoning up his pelf;
As, so much gain, and so much cost,
And so much, so much, so much lost.
"What joy from all your golden tide?"
"That I may have it," he replied.

I met a man of busy hands,
With wealth of books and friends and lands.
Yet ever seeking some new task
Or helpful service. "Friend," I ask,
"Why do you toil so ceaselessly?"
"That men may have me," answers he.

THE WORLD WAR.

This—after nineteen centuries of Christ!
Only the primal instincts, bad and good,
The primal heart that primal hate sufficed,
And not the hero-heart of brotherhood.

We murder men in vast and modern ways;
We cram with death the water, earth, and
air;
But still we flounder in primeval baze,
And still our fort is but the caveman's lair.

We say that God is Love—and worship Might.
We flatter Reason—then we spit on her.
Praising the day, we turn to blackest night,
And build our highway to a sepulchre.

We prate of Law, but, lawless-hearted still,
We get our justice through the widow's
moan.

We prate of Mind, and yet our vaunted will
Achieves its way by brutal force alone.

We boast of Progress; hear the orphan's cry,
The walls of mother, sister, lover, wife!
Full nineteen centuries, and still men die
In antique orgies of archaic strife.

The Better Way—how well, how well we
know—

That parts forever from the horrid past.
O brothers, join to end the ancient woe,
And let this worst of warfare be the last!

"OF THEM HE CHOSE TWELVE."

The Twelve He chose; and those He did not
choose—

Ah, did they know their loss?
Did He invite them, and did they refuse
The offered crown and cross?

And now in heaven, all the eons long,
Does that supreme regret
Pierce even through the glory and the song,
And hush their voices yet?

We cannot know; but this we know full well,
That us, our humble selves,
Christ's loving voice, with all its holy spell,
Has counted into Twelves.

"Will you be one?" He asks; "Will you be
one?"

Ah, eager, pleading voice!
On lower levels all our race is run
If we reject His choice.

A MARCH MOTTO.

Month of bluster, ice and sleet,
Silent wood and ugly street,
Winds that roar and flakes that fly,
Frozen earth and gloomy sky,—
Angry March, thy name to me
Like a battle-cry shall be!
"Forward, march!" but leave behind
Stubborn will and stupid mind.

"Forward, march!" and sing a song
As we stoutly march along.
"Forward, march!" away from sin;
"Forward, march!" the goal to win;
"Forward, march!" without a fear;
"Forward, march!" through all the year.



FRIEND SONG-SPARROW.

Blithe little song-sparrow, friendly and
cheery,
Fearlessly, sociably carolling near me,
Varying ever the song that you sing,
Yet always a run in it,
Always the sun in it,
Always good news in the greeting you bring.
Out of what well do you draw your content-
ment,
Buoyant and brotherly, free of resentment?

Where were you taught your exhilarant song,
With always a trill in it,
Nothing of ill in it,
Nothing but happiness trusting and strong?
Modest brown body all barren of splendor,
Heart of all beauty outreaching and tender,
Crowning the thicket with glory of praise,
And always a trill in it,—
That is the thrill in it,—
Teach me the joy of your carolling days!

SUNSHINE.

The air is full of a witchery, silent, unfelt,
and unseen;
Yet it touches the black pine woods, and they
flash to a riot of green;
It breathes on the diffident birches, and lo!
they are dancing in white,
And it paints on the slopes of the barren
fields a picture of delight.
I do not know what the magic is, but I think
I have seen the same
In a quiet life, a transparent life, and the
world knows not her name;

But, herself unnoted, a touch, a breath,
where the sad and the sullen were,
And the dark is light, and the gloom is bright,
at the very thought of her.
I do not know what the magic is that dwells
in her quickening face,
No book have I to the witchery that wraps
her around with grace;
But this I know, be it mirth or woe, where
her blessed feet have trod,
There widens out in the hearts of men the
beautiful peace of God.

FALSE SIGNALS.

In the days of piracy
 What a cursèd knave was he
 Who, to draw his victim near,
 Clothed his ship with garb of fear,—
 Sails in tattered wretchedness,—
 Flying signals of distress.
 Then, as unsuspecting ruth
 Lured a ship to that untruth,
 Sabre stroke and musket shot
 Were the thanks the saviors got.

Thus, O God of eager love,
 Would my prayers Thy pity move;
 This my signal of distress:
 "Save me, Lord, from guiltiness!"
 Thus, my secret heart within
 Cleaving still to deadly sin,
 So do I, a cursèd knave,
 Stab the God who comes to save.

THE GIVER.

Oh, we must thank the Lord for many things;
 And loud for this uplift our hymn of praise,
 That Nature has not learned our human ways.
 Her blessings do not huddle with clipped
 wings,

But every lonely hill and valley sings
 And smiles and grows in the outpouring rays
 Of Nature's eager missionary days,
 And yields as freely as she freely brings.
 Praise God who gave the light no eyes to find
 The highest market, and the flowers no ear
 For human compliments, and birds no mind
 To count what audience their songs may hear;
 And pray that all our happy human kind
 May fold in perfect love one perfect sphere.

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS.

Heart songs and home songs
 In drear and cheery weather,
 And you, love, and I, love,
 Singing them together,
 Tear fall and year fall,
 And time full-handed ever,
 Yet heart songs and home songs,
 And you and I together.

Sweet is the sunlight
 For giving and for getting,
 And sweet is the night, love,
 When holy stars are setting.
 Eye light and heart light,—
 Good-by to fear and fretting;
 For love knows a sunshine
 That never knows a setting.

Heart songs and home songs,
 And you and I to sing them:

Heart joys and home joys,
 And happy years to bring them.
 Doubts come from demons,—
 To deepest ocean fling them;
 For life songs are love songs,
 And you and I must sing them.

THE NEW-YEAR MINE.

Every year 's a hidden mine;
 Stoutly up, and work it!
 What though anxious toil is thine?
 Never think to shirk it.

Half the mine, as I am told,
 Harbors dust and ashes;
 Half the mine is precious gold,—
 Ah, how bright it flashes!

Sink the shaft of Lazy Mind,
 (What a dreadful bore, sir!)
 Dust and ashes you will find,
 That, and nothing more, sir!

Sink the shaft of Earnest Heart,—
 Lo, the treasure glances,
 Gleaming gay in every part
 Where your pick advances!

See, my lad, the New-Year Mine
 Bright with promise-flashes!
 Will you dig for treasure fine,
 Or only dust and ashes?

GETTING TO THE BOTTOM OF THINGS.

I know a little laddie of a very prying mind;
 To make investigations he is wondrously in-
 clined.

He must reach the topmost branches of the
 very highest tree,

Each passing gay procession he is right on
 hand to see,

The deepest inner tangle of the thickest
 swamp he knows

Each pebble of the brook has felt the pres-
 sure of his toes,

He rummages through all the house in spite
 of locks and doors,

The farthest, blackest cavern he most dan-
 tlessly explores,

He mounts upon the house-top, and once he
 even fell

(The result of peering over) to the bottom
 of the well.

But, woe is me! the teachers of this prying
 laddie say

That when he comes to books his passion
 works another way:

For when he cons his text-books, in spite of
 scold and frown,

To get to the bottom of them he turns them
 upside down!

THE LETTERS I HAVE NOT SENT.

I have written them, keen, and sarcastic,
and long,
With righteously wrathful intent,
Not a stroke undeserved nor a censure too
strong;
And some, alas! some of them went!

I have written them, challenging, eager to
fight,
All hot with a merited ire;
And some of them chanced to be kept over-
night,
And mailed, the next day—in the fire!

Ah, blessed the letters that happily go
On errands of kindness bent;
But much of my peace and my fortune I owe
To the letters I never have sent.

THE CHARIOTEER.

O God, take the reins of my life!
I have driven it blindly, to left and to right,
In mock of the rock, in the chasm's despite,
Where the brambles were rife,
In the blaze of the sun and the deadliest
black of the night.

O God, take the reins of my life!

For I am so weary and weak.
My hands are a-quiver and so is my heart,
And my eyes are too tired for the tear-drops
to start,
And the worn horses reek
With the anguishing pull and the hot, heavy
harness's smart,
While I am all weary and weak.

But Thou wilt be peace, wilt be power.
Thy hand on the reins and Thine eye on the
way
Shall be wisdom to guide and controlling to
stay,
And my life, in that hour,
Shall be led into leading, and rest when it
comes to obey;
For Thou wilt be peace and all power.

Now, Lord, without tarrying, now!
While eyes can look up and while reason re-
mains,
And my hand yet has strength to surrender
the reins,
Ere death stamp my brow
And pour coldness and stillness through all
the mad course of my veins—
Come, Lord, without tarrying, now!

I yield Thee my place, which is Thine.
Appoint me to lie on the chariot floor;

Yea, appoint me to lie at Thy feet, and no
more,

While the glad axles shine,
And the happy wheels run on their course to
the heavenly door,—
Now Thou hast my place, which is Thine.

STILL THE SAME.

The same old sin, with sickening return;
The same desires, that burn and burn and
burn;
The same weak yielding and familiar shame;
But oh, thank God! my Saviour is the same.

The same old failure, now for many years
Mocked with a feeble effort, fruitless tears;
The same excuses, impotent and lame;
But oh, praise God! for prayer is still the
same.

The same old sorrow, keen to quicken woe
As when it first assailed me, long ago;
The same old hidden pangs without a name;
But oh, praise God! for heaven is still the
same.

THOSE DICKINS.

I s'pose you think it queer, an' 't *ain't* no
common thing, I know,
To put a set of Dickins in a coffin, in a row;
But folks ha' *got* to think it queer, 'f they
want to, so I say,
For Mirandy, *she* won't think it queer, au'
I'm goin' to have my way.

But what am I a-doin' it for? Well, M'randy,
M'randy 'll know,
And where M'randy's body goes these Dickins
books 'll go.

I guess I know what my own wife 'ud like,
as well as you;
Not that she wouldn't jes' delight in all
these posies, too,
But books, ah! books was what she set most
store by all her life.

An' I guess there ain't no law again' my
buryin' 'em with my wife.

No, I *won't* use her old books; an' she only
had a few,
For she never, all her married life, she never
had none new.

I s'pose I might ha' got 'em for her, but
times has been so bad,
An' farmers can't expect to have jes' every-
thing to be had,
An' books is so expensive, an' my windmills,
an' my bees,
New barns, an' threshers, orchards, ploughs,
an' reapers, things like these

They cost so much, I never could quite see
my way was clear
To waste ten dollars on a set of Dickins,—
yes, this here;
For women folks is cur'ous folks, an' wife,
her mind was sot,
As soon 's she saw 't, to have this set of
Dickins, if or not.

It's been at Brown's an' Co. in town for
twelve year, more or less;
'Twas part of some old bankrupt stock that
Brown he bought, I guess,
An' wife, her eyes was shinin' as soon 's she
saw it there,
Like a hungry tramp that wants to grab
some grub, an' doesn't dare.
An' she began to tease me in that meekin'
sort o' way
That women take when they ain't sure but
it ain't too much to pay;
Yet I kind o' sort o' promised that if crops
was good that year
She might have that set o' Dickins, though
it came most awful dear.

An' wife set too much store on 't, for always
after that.
In all her shoppin', wife she never failed o'
looking at
Those Dickins, sort of anxious-like, as if she
feared 'at they
Might leap out o' the showcase an' get wings
an' fly away.
But o' course there wa'n't no danger, for, as
I told her, Brown
Couldn't sell such costly books as them to
no one in the town.

Well, crops was awful poor that year, an'
livin' awful high,
An' there was Jones' ten-acre field I really
had to buy.
For Jones was movin' West an' sellin' out
things for a song,
An' I wouldn't get another chance like that
for good an' long;
So the Dickins had to wait a while, and wife
began to cry,—
At least her lips began to twitch an' a tear
come in her eye;
But she chirked up when I hinted about
what St. Nick might bring.
For wife she always made the best of every
mortal thing.
An' so it went from year to year, for, neigh-
bor, as you know,
There ain't no harder kind of row than farm-
ers have to hoe;
An' now 'twas this, an' now 'twas that—a
corn-crib, or a horse,—
For the farm had got to be kep' up, whatever
was, of course.

An' wife, she didn't say nothing, but I saw
the wishful looks
She couldn't help a-givin' to that set o' Dick-
ins books.
For I sort o' kind o' noticed that as sure 's
she had to go
To town for *anything*, she always went to
Brown an' Co.
An' after she had sold her eggs an' butter,
she would try
An' edge 'round to that showcase an' ask
some one on the sly
If, seein' they was gettin' old an' ruined,
Mr. Brown
Hadh't just about decided to mark those
Dickins down.

I remember how her eyes shone when one
day she found he had,
An' her voice 'twas sort o' trembly, for all
'twas sort o' glad,
When she told me I could get 'em for eight
dollars an' a half.
But just then, as luck would have it, I had
lost my Jersey calf,
An' crops that year was awful poor, an' so I
had to say
That we really couldn't 'ford it, or, at least,
not right away.

An' M'randy went an' fired up,—yes, right
there in the store,—
An' called me names, an' vowed she'd never
say one morsel more
About that set o' Dickins; an' my wife, she
kep' her word,
So far, at least, as tongue went, an' the
things 'at could be heard;
But she couldn't help a-showin' her longin'
in her eye
Whenever, in her tradin', she passed those
Dickins by.

I meant to get 'em for her, yes, these twelve
years apast,
But some way every year, it seemed, was
harder than the last.
It wa'n't because I didn't want to please
her, for I tried,
An' I jes' was 'bout to buy 'em when M'randy
—M'randy—died.

Oh, M'randy was a good wife, as clever as
could be.
These twenty years she's slaved an' slaved
for the children an' for me.
She'd a better eddication than any I could
boast.
But, choosin' between books an' me, why, she
loved me the most.

An' wife, she had a hard life,—an' so have I,
for that,

For a farmer isn't likely ever to get money-fat;
 Yet I thought that since I meant to get these
 Dickens anyway,
 For M'randy's birthday, or, at' most, before
 come Christmas Day,
 I'd get 'em for her coffin, an' lay 'em long
 the side,
 An' run the risk their gettin' wet by the Jordan's
 rollin' tide.
 An' I wish that I could see her when she
 sees those books in heaven;
 She'll know her husband sent 'em, an' wants—
 to be—forgiven.

DOROTHY'S DIMPLES.

As soft sunbeams plash
 In a lakelet of white,
 So Dorothy's dimples
 Are dimples of light.
 And as little waves run
 From that plashment away,
 So the curve of her smile
 Widens out through the day;
 Widens out to the faces
 That see her the while,
 That move to her dimples
 And smile with her smile.

SERENITY.

Learn patience. Watch the quiet-moving
 hours
 Slowly beneath hard winter form the spring.
 To-day the earth is locked in icy death,
 To-morrow, and to-morrow. Dreary boughs
 Flaunt their dry leaves in mockery of life.
 The ground is adamant; no juices run;
 The world is chained in silent hopelessness.

But patience! By a hair's breadth momentarily
 The whirling globe turns nearer to the sun.
 And patience! By a hair's breadth momentarily
 The iron earth relaxes into life.
 Slow drop by drop the sluggish current starts
 Through nature's myriad veins. The glittering
 sky
 Takes on insensibly a milder light.
 The meadow softens. Through the waiting
 woods
 Delicious thrills anticipate the spring.

For He, the Life, the omnipresent Life,
 The Life that beats at every door of death,
 The Life that broods in every sky, and spreads
 In ceaseless widening waves to every shore,
 Has filled the world too full for any noise
 Or bluster of His working,—nought to do,
 In any corner of His universe.
 But live and love and be the God He is!

So shall I live when I am one with Him.
 So shall I work in all serenity.
 So shall I face the cold or any heat,
 The storm or drought, and live my life
 through all.
 So shall I know the shallowness of sound,
 The majesty of calm; and so at last
 Become co-worker of God's patient years.

THE PATH IN THE SKY.

The woods were dark and the night was
 black.
 And only an owl could see the track;
 Yet the cheery driver made his way
 Through the great pine woods as if it were
 day.

I asked him, "How do you manage to see?
 The road and the forest are one to me."
 "To me as well," he replied, "and I
 Can only drive by the path in the sky."

I looked above, where the treetops tall
 Rose from the road like an ebon wall,
 And lo! a beautiful starry lane
 Wound as the road wound and made it plain.

And since, when the path of my life is drear
 And all is blackness and doubt and fear,
 When the horrors of midnight are here be-
 low
 And I see not a step of the way to go,
 Then, ah! then I can look on high,
 And walk on earth by the path in the sky.

TWICE IN THE YEAR.

Twice in the year
 The heavens are near,
 Closing softly upon the eye,
 Tenderly pressed
 As a mother's breast
 On the hungry mouth and the groping cry.

Once when the slow,
 Hesitant snow
 Spreads a silence on vale and hill,
 And awes the trees
 To their praying knees,
 And draws the curtains and says, "Be still!"

And once again
 When the walks of men
 Are suddenly roofed with a trembling screen,
 In a day, an hour,
 Of sun and shower,
 A laugh of leaves and a burst of green!

And high and far
 The heavens are,
 Twice in the sweep of the swinging year,

The holy sky
Up-leaping high
Above the stain of a doubt or fear.

Once when the snow
Strikes tent to go,
And the shelving crystals no longer cling,
And trees are bare
To the warming air
That touches and whispers of bud and spring;

And once when a hand
Of sharp command
Drives the red leaves the branches through,
And swift in a night
The eye gains flight
From the lower green to the upper blue!

THE CHRISTMAS SPECTRUM.

Seven points hath the Christmas star:
One is the love that shines afar
From God to man; and one is the love
That leaps from the world to the Lord above;
And one is good will on the happy earth;
And one is purity, one is peace,
And two are the joys that never cease,—

God's joy,
Man's joy,—

Aflame in the star of the wonderful Birth.

And the light of God's love is a golden light,
And man's love to man is crimson bright,
And man's love to God is an azure ray,—
Alas, when it flickers and dies away!
And the seven rays through the worshipping
night,

Like the flash of all jewels, exult and play,—
God's joy,
Man's joy,—

Yet they shine as one, and the star is white.

ROOTS.

Brother of toil! what nobler theme
Could Homer, Dante, Milton dream
Than just this homely commonplace
That weaves the substance of our days?

Aloft the stately headed pines
May lift their proud serrated lines
Far to the face of heaven, and mock
The lightning's flash, the tempest's shock.

Unless, deep grubbing in the ground,
The toughly crawling roots were found;
Unless those miners in the dark
Dug food for fibre, leaf, and bark;
Unless those tendrils all unknown
Kept a good grip on soil and stone—
Where would the pompous branches be
That silly poets solely see?

Ours be the grubbing in the dirt,
The strain that wears, the tasks that hurt.
Ours be the part of pallid roots,
While others pose as purple fruits.

Last shall be first, in God's great plan,
O humble working artisan!
In heaven the happy roots behold
Treasured in soil of shining gold;
After the stress and the strain of their strife,
Set in the bank of the River of Life!

THE TIME TO GET READY.

"Jockey, little horse-jockey, riding to the race,
Jaunty is your bearing, confident your face,
Beautiful your goodly steed so powerful and
fleet—

But what, my little jockey, is the matter
with his feet?"

"The shoes are loose, kind stranger. Their
click it is you hear.

But I myself will fasten them securely,
never fear,

Since I have brought my tools along, to
tighten every shoe;

For while the horse is racing, I'll have
nothing else to do!"

"Jaunty little horse-jockey, with your silly
plan,

You are not more foolish than many a fool-
ish man—

Up into the saddle, off for the race of life.
Expecting to get ready in the middle of the
strife."

A KIND HEADED STATUE.

The quiet little Transvaal,
On peaceful profit bent,
Was ruled by wise Paul Kruger,
Its farmer president.

So stoutly had he carried
The burdens on him laid,
The grateful Boers decided
To have his statue made.

Their plans were quite completed,—
A statue big and tall,
So set that all the city
Might see the great "Oom Paul."

But first,—as was a proper
And gracious thing to do,—
They called on Mrs. Kruger,
To get her notions, too.

Then spoke that royal woman,
With simple, kind intent:
"Be sure to put a hat, sir,
Upon the president;
And hollow out the top, please,
That rain may fill it up,

And all the birds may find it
 A useful drinking-cup!"
 So spoke dear Mrs. Kruger,
 And gratefully, I think.
 The birds will sing her praises
 When'er they take a drink.
 Ah, happy is the nation
 Whose ruler cares for men;
 And if his wife takes thought for birds,
 Why, it is blest again!

A SONG OF THE WEATHER.

"The heart of the world beats aloof from our
 lives.

Under a sweet-browed, happy sky
 Saints live sadly and sadly die;
 Our joy with a sullen heaven strives;
 The firmament cannon sound peal on peal
 When nothing but foolish deeds is done,
 Yet a shuddering through men's hearts
 may run

And all the nations in anguish kneel
 Beneath a faultlessly smiling sun."

But the hushed, bare treetops all carol to-
 gether

When the bird in my heart is singing,
 And the dark sky glimmers in cloudy weather
 When up through the parting soul-mists
 springing

My spirit has broken its tether,
 And all things sullen and dumb and drear
 To the listening spirit attuned to hear
 With heaven's still music are ringing.

Lo, I am the lord of my storm and my sun!
 Lo, I am the lord of my sky and my rain!
 My soul is at home in a happy domain
 Vaulted o'er by the smile of the Beautiful One.
 He gave me the sceptre; and shall I not
 reign?

A DISFORESTED GLEN.

The brook that played at hiding with the sky
 Mirrors no green leaves now, laid rudely bare
 For light to point at. Through the sad
 white air

Rings the incredulous birds' home-seeking
 cry.

Wildly the outraged squirrel chatters by
 'Mid the chipped ruin of his dwelling fair,
 And all the girlish fern and maiden-hair
 Hang heads abashed before the day's bold
 eye.

Oh! my dear shrines amid the mossy rock,
 Owned ye no woodland deities to stay
 The axe, greed-goaded to the ugly shock?
 Had all your oracles no voice to say,
 "Spoilers! The wealths you ruin here but
 mock

The mangled profit that you drag away?"

BIRDS AT NIGHT.

Soft little hush songs heard in the night,
 Young birds practising songs in their sleep,
 Old birds dreaming of sunshiny flight,
 Sweep, pe e-p, sweep!

Daintiest fragments of daylight song
 Drift through my window out of the dark,
 Drift through my window all the night long,
 Hark, che-e-e, hark!

Lying I listen and take to my soul
 Fine little lessons of hope and of cheer,
 Darkness and daylight one beautiful whole,
 Hear, swe-e-et, hear!

HEROES OF THE AIR.

Here or There in highest heaven,
 Dead or living, Here or There,
 Evermore shall praise be given
 To our Heroes of the Air.

Through the clouds' portentous portal
 They have turned their daring helmets;
 They are pioneers immortal
 Of the ether's golden realms.

They are masterful explorers
 Of the regions fine and far;
 They are undismayed adorers
 Of the future's gleaming star.

Dead, they lead the nation onward;
 Still in chariots of fire
 Upward, cloudward, ever sunward
 Those heroic hearts aspire.

As we heed them, as we follow
 Through the new and shining deep,
 With the wheelings of the swallow,
 With the eagle's climbing sweep,

Still we hear their voices call us,
 In their spirit still we dare,
 Heedless if their death befall us,—
 Noble Heroes of the Air!

NEWSPAPERS.

The people's mind in daily black and white;
 The crude clear picture of the people's will,
 Confused, distorted, clumsy to fulfil,
 Yet ever blundering onward to the light:
 What history is here for one to write
 Whose eye can read it! As the hidden rill
 Creeps through the marshes timorous and still
 But onward ever to the ocean's might,
 So through the muddy tangle of these lines,
 This daily gorge of gossip, of dispute,
 These floating shadows of obscure designs,
 These raucous cries, these aspirations mute,
 Gleam of a growing purpose softly shines:
 And ye who see it, gladden, and salute!



SKYSCRAPERS.

The sky was glad of the towers of trade,
The massive buildings regally tall;
Festoons of welcome the swinging birds
made,
And the holy air encircled them all.

"Now, at last," said the brooding sky,
"The city has risen above its cares,

Its falsenesses and its dreary sigh,
Its empty pride and its cruel snares."

But the towers of trade kept their sin and
shame

In that fair new region so pure and sweet;
Among the clouds they were still the same,—
Only a gloomily deeper street.

OPTIMIST AND PESSIMIST.

"The right will triumph," Jones declared,
"For God 's against the wrong";
And so serenely on he fared,
Humming a peaceful song.
When others to the battle went
He thought their faith was lax;
He got his cheerful six per cent,
And shunned the income tax.
He would not read what others read
Of hero deeds sublime;
"Just leave the mess alone," he said;
"Twill all come right in time."
He would not join the martial crowd,
Their needless flags unfurled;
"God 's in His heaven," Jones avowed,
"And all 's right with the world."

A very different man is Brown:
He wears an anxious air,
His brow is knitted in a frown,
His body bent with care.
"The world," he says, "is on the brink
Of hideous, endless woe."
Whatever men may do or think,
He knows that this is so.
And yet he had his sons enlist,
And they were in the fight;
And once he downed a pacifist,
And served the fellow right.
Before his house five banners wave
As grimly he desponds,
And every dollar he can save
Goes into Liberty Bonds.

*"Oh, talk is cheap," says Uncle Ez,
 "Is now and always was:
 It isn't what a fellow says,
 It's what a fellow does."*

LOVE'S DAWNING.

Her girlish face leaped into loveliness,
 And all its delicate, sweet modellings
 Glowed with the light of immemorial
 springs,
 The dim felicities that mornings guess.

Through all her veins the primal riot ran
 Vaguely delicious, as a thrush's trill
 Wanders the forest, or enchantments thrill
 Around the fairy isle of Caliban.

The world grew softly luminous; the breeze
 Bore fragrances of unimagined bliss;
 Upon her lips it pressed a laughing kiss,
 Then flew away and told it to the trees.

And all—and all because that roguish Bill,
 Swinging along to some absorbing game,
 Turned his Apollo head and called her
 name,
 Turned and superbly shouted, "Hello, Lil!"

LIKE.

My sins are like an arrow-flight
 That hurtles o'er the field,—
 Like arrows from an ambushade;
 But God is like a shield.

My sins are like a wintry frost,
 And slowly, one by one,
 My joys and powers they seal in death;
 But God is like a sun.

My sins are like a malady
 Increasing through the years;
 But like a good physician, He,
 The healing God, appears.

My sins are like the ocean waves
 That surge with angry shock,—
 The treacherous, inconstant waves;
 But God is like a rock.

My sins are like a parched land
 With thirst and hunger dead;
 But like the living waters, God,
 And like the living bread.

My sins are like a wandering
 In deserts drear and cold;
 But God is like a shepherd kind,
 And God is like a fold.

Like all things hurtful, harsh, and foul,
 Are these my ravening sins;
 But God is like all graciousness
 That helps and heals and wins.

And yet without the loving Christ
 And His compelling rod,
 My heart would leap to follow sin
 And disavow my God.

THE PHYSICIAN.

Thou whose healing reaches far
 Where the seeds of evil are,
 Probe the source of my distress,
 Every secret sinfulness.

Thou whose eye discovers keen
 Both the hidden and the seen,
 Use Thy knife, if so Thou wilt,
 Where I think me free from guilt.

Thou whose mind is wise to see
 What has been and what will be,
 Though no present ill I know,
 Save me from the coming woe.

Human sages ply their art,
 Curing fever, chill, and smart;
 Thou, O Christ, my health shalt be
 Now, and through eternity.

HOW TO SWIM.

'Twas many days with Sam and Jim
 Before they taught me how to swim.
 A swimming collar, fat and wide,
 Around my timid neck was tied;
 I had a life-preserver on,
 And buoyant boards to float upon,
 And ventured out six feet or more
 From safety and the beckoning shore.
 I paddled in the shallows there
 With quite a bold, determined air,
 And got the motions to a T,
 As Jim and Sam did both agree;
 But, some way, spite of Sam and Jim,
 I never managed—quite—to—swim.

One day, worn out with these attempts,
 Discarding my accoutrements,
 I stood there, like the fool I am,
 All goose flesh, watching Jim and Sam;
 When, suddenly, they rushed ashore,
 And, heeding not my panic roar,
 They caught me up and carried me,
 Indignant, fighting to get free,
 Along a rustic bridge, to where
 The deepest, deadliest waters were,
 Then threw me in with warning grim:
 "You booby! Now it's sink or swim!"

And it was swim. A splash! A scream!
A frantic struggle with the stream!
I waxed a demon in my wrath,
But floundered on my watery path,
And gasping, faint, too weak to stand,
And blubbering, I reached the land.
Thus—tardy thanks to Sam and Jim,
I learned at last the way to swim.

And now, as I surrender me
To some ecstatic, leaping sea,
Or cleave the waters dark and cool
Of heron-haunted forest pool,
Or through the shining of some lake
My liquid flashing course I take,
I say, while wrapped in that delight,
"Well, Jim was right, and Sam was right."

And often, in these later days
Of hustling twentieth-century ways,
As from the shore I watch the tide
Of life and labor deep and wide,
Where fierce contentions clash and beat
Along the current of the street,
And in the ocean of the town
I see full many a wreck go down,
As, bound by timorous despair
I stand aloof and idle there,
The thought returns of Sam and Jim
And how they made a coward swim.
"Jump in!" I bid my shrinking soul,
"Nor heed the waves that angry roll,
Nor breakers, fierce howe'er they be;
A man is lighter than the sea,
Trust in your lungs and muscles stout
And in God's ocean. Out! Swim out!"

Then, as I venture to be brave
And hurl my body on the wave,
And pay no heed to my alarms,
But use my feet and use my arms,
I find my body instantly
In liquid oneness with that sea,
And—thanks once more to Sam and Jim—
I learn at last that I can swim.

THE TWO DOCTORS.

Said Dr. Do, "Drink lots of milk;
Eat toast—there's nothing better;
And soon you'll feel as fine as silk,
And sprightly as a setter."

Said Dr. Don't, "Avoid all meat,
And deadly fried potatoes;
No coffee, mind; and *never* eat
Bananas or tomatoes."

And Dr. Don't became a grocer,
His patients were so few.
The sick folks all said: "Don't? Oh, no, sir!
I go to Dr. Do."

NONSENSE SONG.

The Jack and the Jolick and the Jamborie,
They climbed up into the banyan tree.

They climbed to the top,
But they had to stop,
For no more foothold could they see.
The Jack and the Jolick and the Jamborie
To climb still farther did all agree,
So the Jack stood up on the topmost limb,
And then the Jolick climbed over him.
Over the two went the Jamborie,—
He climbed up quickly the world to see.
And then the Jack from the topmost limb,
With grin and chuckle, climbed after him.

To the top climbed he,
The world to see,
And there in the air swung all the three.
The Jolick gleefully followed the Jack,
And quickly reached the topmost back.
And then again went the Jamborie
Up to the top, the world to see.
On they are going, and on and on;
They'll reach the stars before they are done!

THE FISH-OF-WAR.

Have you heard of the wonderful fish-of-war,
The marvellous submarine?
It's a demon, a fighter, a conqueror,
Our most malicious machine.
The man-of-war is a proud affair,
A creature of fire and steel,
And he gives himself a terrible air
As his crashing cannons peal.
But down in the water still and sly
Dark shadows craftily slip,
And—piff!—the vault of the mocking sky
Is filled with the shattered ship.
Ah, men-of-war, did you haughtily say—
The saying born of the wish—
That war is a game for men to play?
It's rather a game for fish!

THE AMBITIOUS KANGAROO.

They held a great meeting a king to select,
And the kangaroo rose in a dignified way,
And said, "I'm the one you should surely
elect,
For I can out-leap every beast here to day."
Said the eagle, "How high can you climb
toward the sky?"
Said the nightingale, "Favor us, please,
with a song!"
Said the hawk, "Let us measure our powers
of eye!"
Said the lion, "Come, wrestle, and prove
you are strong!"
But the kangaroo said, "It would surely be
best,
In our choice of a king, to make leaping the
test!"

THE LETTER.

A letter once came to a foolish wise man,
Who sagely proceeded the missive to scan.

He weighed it, he measured it, thought to
explore
The average slant of the letters it bore.

A bit of the paper he cautiously took
To a microscope lens for a sapient look.

Dissolving the ink, by a chemical feat
He made an analysis finely complete.

Then he turned to the flap, and persistently
sought
To find from what country its gum had been
brought.

As thus he was busy with exigent task,
His brother drew near him and ventured to
ask:

"You've a letter from father! And what
does he say?
I'm eager to hear it! What's in it, I pray?"
Said the foolish wise man: "You are hasty, I
fear.
I shall not get to *that* point for more than
a year!"

"I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU."

I dare not ask a place in heaven's book,
Its covers gold and jewels for its pages,
Where angels with their shining eyes may
look
Upon the names of heroes, saints, and
sages;
But only the assurance, proudly sweet,
That in some lowly spot my name is writ-
ten,
Perhaps upon the pavement of the street,
By angel foot and heavenly chariot smitten.

I dare not ask a mansion in the skies,
With springing towers and widening roofs
extended,
Ten thousand ecstasies for mind and eyes,
A palace and a home superbly blended;
But only for a room, a little room,
In some remotest hiding-place of heaven,
Where I may meditate my rightful doom,
And God's dear grace unearned, so freely
given.

I dare not ask a place at Thy right hand,
O Majesty! O Infinite in glory!
Where John and David, Paul and Peter stand,
And angels and archangels bow before Thee;
But only for a place, the smallest place,
Upon a road where sometimes Thou art go-
ing.

That I may wait for glimpses of Thy face,—
This be my prayer, O God, and Thy be-
stowing!

"BUILDINGS TORN DOWN."

A savage business! Ruin of the past,
The wreck of roofs, the ignominious fall
Of lofty tower and well-knitted wall,
Strength, use, and beauty to oblivion cast.
A dangerous business! Ply the pick too fast,
Press too impatiently the structure tall,
And this your ravage will become your pall,
Destroyed and the destroyer one at last.
And yet a hopeful business! In that place
Waiting and clean another wall will rise,
And other windows flash a morning grace.
And other towers dream into the skies;
And all the years will know a larger joy
Because a sturdy Vandal dared destroy.

PATENT APPLIED FOR.

MY DEAR MR. CARPENTER:

Please call at eight,
All prepared with your tools to mend my
front gate.
The latch has been broken. And pray bring
with you
Not one latch, but though it seem strange,
sir, bring two.
For I have a notion. It's awkward, you
know,
Half the time, when you pass through a gate-
way, to throw
Your arm over the pickets, and fumble around
For the latch, out of sight. And now, sir,
I've found
A remedy for this: *one latch on each side!*
There's a notion worth having! In fact, I've
applied
For a patent upon it. Remember,—at eight,
With your tools, and *two latches*.

Yours,

J. ADDLE PATE.

ONE HUNDRED PER CENT.

"I should like to be rich," said young Tom,
with a sigh;
"There are so many things I am aching to
buy!
Oh, would I had money, and would it were
lent,
To good steady payers, at fifteen per cent!"
Now it chanced a wise man, just in passing,
had heard
Tom's sighs and repining, each covetous
word;

So he took the young fellow astride of his knee,
And taught him to grow just as rich as could be.

And this way 'twas done. Every once in a while
 Tom would lend to some neighbor—a sunshiny smile;
 And every time, for the smile he had lent,
 Tom got two in return. *That's one hundred per cent!*

Bright greetings, warm kisses, kind deeds on the sly,
 All bring him an interest equally high;
 And before many days, I am bold to declare,
 You will find that young Tom is a true millionaire.

THE GHOST OF A FEAR.

Young Willie was bragging—I happened to hear—
 That he never had known the ghost of a fear.
 I hope he was honest and true in his boast,
 For the Ghost of a Fear is a terrible ghost!

I know him, I've seen him—his staring green eyes,
 His octopus arms of remarkable size,
 His trap of a mouth, like the jaws of a shark,
 And his voice, which is just like Peruvian bark!

But turn up the light, boys, the light of your face,
 And whistle and laugh in the gloomiest place;
 For there's nothing will conquer the Ghost of a Fear
 But a glimmer of love and a chuckle of cheer.

MY ALARM CLOCK.

There's a little dumpy sergeant that calls me to the fray,
 Arousing me from slumber at five o'clock each day.
 At five o'clock precisely he hammers at my door,
 And breaks in forty pieces my most delightful snore.

This little dumpy sergeant, so prompt and so precise,
 He calls me once with vigor, but he never calls me twice.
 If I choose not to hear him, and shut my eyes again,
 Why, I may wake myself up—at nine o'clock, or ten.

There's another little sergeant, who hammers on my heart;
 Who pommels me so briskly, he makes me sting and smart.
 While I lie down in darkness and shut my eyes to sin,
 This little sergeant, Conscience, awakes me with his din.

But ah, this little sergeant, so prompt and so precise,
 He also seldom calls me but once or twice or thrice.
 "Wake up!" he cries, "arouse you, or sleep forevermore!"
 Ah, heed the little sergeant while he is at the door!

THE AMERICAN PUZZLE.

I am the Newspaper, vivid and wonderful,
 Solemnly ponderous, gorgeously blunderful,
 Wildly omniscient and sagely Socratic,
 Daring, defiant, progressive, erratic,
 High philosophical, bold metaphysical,
 Jauntily, flippantly, saucily quizzical,
 Coolly unprejudiced, bitterly partisan,
 Flaying the millionaire, petting the artisan,
 Comic, dramatic, domestic, artistic,
 Airily ethical, brutally fistic,
 Slave of the counting-room, foe of hypocrisy,
 Knave of the nabob and boss of democracy,
 Nastily sensual, saintly sermonie,
 Partly in earnest and wholly sardonic,
 Not quite a buzzard, assuredly *not* a lamb,
 I am the Newspaper: pray tell me *what* I am.

GOT.

A Nonsense Song—with a Point.

I have got me a tablet and pen,
 I have got me a bottle of ink,
 And now since I've got to write something at once,
 I've got to be silent and think.

I've got a fair measure of brains,
 I got a good training in school,
 But since I have got to discoursing like this,
 I have got to be much of a fool.

I have got an idea in my head,
 That somehow I've got to extract;
 But what have I got when the sentence is said?
 Have I got a deceit or a fact?

I haven't got all I should get,
 And I've got to remember a lot.
 If I've got what I got, O what shall I get
 For forgetting the thing that I got?

SHADOW.

The shadows lie soft on the grass,
 Floating in sunshine seas.
 From shadow to shadow I pass
 Under the sleeping trees.
 Token of rest and delight,—
 The shadow encircled by light.

Black are the heavens on high,
 Black is the earth below.
 Red lightnings flash through the sky,
 Dread hurricanes blow.
 Ah, a terrible sight,—
 The shadow apart from the light!

A CAPE COD WOOD ROAD.

The silent woodlands bend above
 This ancient highway that they love,
 And seem to guard it jealous-wise
 From alien, unfriendly eyes.
 Along this road in centuries past
 The stage for Boston rattled fast,
 With Pilgrim folk outside and in,
 Austere with serious discipline.
 Here strode the friendly Indian band,
 The hunter with his gun in hand,
 The soldier hastening to join
 The patriot troops against Burgoyne,
 And hither from the north came down
 The Puritan with solemn frown.

Deep-worn by all these years of toil
 The road has sunk into the soil,

While moss and tangled briars hide
 The sharp-cut bank on either side.
 For now the ancient road is left
 Of all its olden fame bereft.
 Only a squirrel now and then
 Attempts this path of antique men,
 And flickering silent shadows hide
 The ways where ghosts may often glide.

From busy highroad strangely near
 The automobile horns we hear,
 And all the rushing modern world
 Along that level stretch is hurled;
 But someway here within the wood
 It seems unutterably good;
 And, bathed in memories true and fair,
 The real is here, it is not there!



GREEN.

Dear Nature's love color, as man's is red,—
 Flushing the bosom of her swelling plains,
 Mirrored in all her limpid flowing veins,
 And on the sweet brows of her hills out-
 spread,—

Your charm to all fair color charms is wed :
 Royal as purple all your oak-green reigns ;
 Like girlish pink and white your birch-green
 lanes,
 And with the sky's true blue your lawns are
 fed.

How does one color body many souls !
 Young cedar-green laughs happy in the sun ;
 The green of elms a sage discourse outrolls ;
 Of hemlock green are plots and poisons spun ;
 A color drama with one actor this,
 Weaving an endless metamorphosis.

WAITING.

I saw them once—the holy, quiet spaces,
 The hills high lifted in the shining air,
 Meadows with morning peace upon their
 faces.

And placid sweeps of woodland freshly fair.
 Oh, it is joy, in these tumultuous places,
 To know it all is waiting, calmly, there !

And once—a day when leaden clouds were
 riven—

I glimpsed the land of spirit clear and pure,
 Where mortal sins for evermore are shriven,
 And glad, white souls forever dwell secure.
 Oh, it is joy, in this mad turmoil driven,
 To know that peace is waiting, near and
 sure.

A HYMN OF THE WILDERNESS.

When temptations throng and press
 Through a lonely wilderness,
 In my doubt and deadly fear,
 Jesus, Saviour, be Thou near :
 Thou hast all temptation known,
 All temptations overthrown.

The First Temptation :

When the sky is brass o'erhead,
 And I fear for daily bread,
 With the fullness of Thy peace
 Bid my fainting folly cease ;
 Though the wilderness is bare,
 Thou wilt spread a table there.

The Second Temptation :

When ambitions bid me stray
 From the strait and narrow way,
 Thou, the Lord of all the earth,

Teach me what is better worth.
 Show the gain of loving loss,
 And the glory of the cross.

The Third Temptation :

When the very work I do
 Brings a subtle danger too,
 And I fain would speed alone
 In a pathway of my own,
 Then, O self-denying Son,
 Not my will, but Thine, be done !

AND WHEN THEY ALL MEET !

"Come to the love feast, Pussie. We want
 you right away."

"I'm busy catching birds, sir. I'll come some
 other day."

"We're going to have a love feast, Sir Toad,
 and wait for you."

"I'm busy catching flies, now ; and won't to-
 morrow do?"

"Come to the love feast, Robin. We need
 your merry song."

"I'm busy catching insects, but I'll be there
 ere long."

"Grave Mistress Owl, a love feast waits your
 wisdom so sublime."

"I'm killing mice at present, sir. I'll come
 another time."

So they postponed the love feast till they
 could find a day

When no one of the guests could find an
 animal to slay !

A STRANGE GARMENT.

O lassies unburdened with cares,
 And boys with your blessings unbought,
 There's a beautiful garment that each of you
 wears,—

The wonderful garment of thought.

It clothes you from head to your feet,
 It wraps you without and within,
 It first is discerned by the people you meet,
 And serves to repel them or win.

Each thought that is true to the right
 Embroiders the garment with gold,
 Or adds to its graces a jewel of light
 That kings would rejoice to behold.

Each thought that is foul with the wrong
 Tears one of the jewels away,
 Or rends the fair garment its beauties along,
 Or stains it forever and aye.

Ah, many a richly dressed lad
 Is ragged and foul in God's sight,
 And many a fellow most wretchedly clad
 Wears really the robe of delight.

So before you select a new shawl,
And before a new bonnet is bought,
Take heed to the garb that envelops it all,
The beautiful garment of thought.

A MORNING WALK.

All hail! my brave, bright world of green
and gold,
My morning, smiling from the kiss of night!
Your other lover greets you. Left and right
The air 's a-twitter in the sunshine bold,
The air is praying in the shadowy wold.
Sole lord am I of all this realm of sight,
These swinging meadow sweeps, this proud
delight
Of ranking hills, these clouds just out of fold.
Stoutly the sturdy road beneath my feet
Rings me a morning welcome. Rise, my soul,
The benediction of the sky to meet.
Sound, color, fragrance, freshness—mine the
whole;
Mine to receive, and haply mine to give:
A kingly day, and kingly must I live.

MY SAFETY RAZOR.

I used to shave in awful fear
Of losing chin or lip or ear;
For well I knew a movement rash
Meant some unconscionable gash.
In steamboats then, and on the cars
I tried to shave between the jars;
But oh, in seas or country rough
What razor, pray, is sharp enough
To know just where the calms begin,
And where the bumps are coming in?
I hastened, after each disaster,
To use the styptic and the plaster,
But seemed, with many a ragged scar,
A hero torn in horrid war,
Yet served the most unholy ends
Of banter even to my friends.

But now my safety razor swings
Swift as a swallow's cleaving wings,
Smooth as the motion of a dream,
Or fishes gliding in a stream.
My mirror fills a useless place;
I do not need to see my face.
I shave me in the waning light
Or in the blackness of the night.
In safety now securely brave,
I even shut my eyes and shave;
And where the bumps the bumpiest are,
I laugh at every jolt and jar.

Now heaven grant me grace to bring
The same good sense to everything!
To guard the cutting edge of care,

Nor leave its mordant sharpness bare;
To curb the raspings of my words,
Nor flourish them like naked swords;
To shield the barbs of anxious doubt
With casings made of courage stout;
And save my soul from worry's wound,
With high serenity fenced around.
So shall I wield my tools, nor harm
The turning hand, the swinging arm;
So shall I do my work in peace,
So shall my fret and turmoil cease,
And all my time's full-freighted flow
Smooth as a safety razor go!

STRUGGLE.

The worlds are at war:
Welter of globe-dust whirling through infinite
space,
Nebulous maelstroms flaming afar,
Meteors beating the sun in the face,
Wrathful star on star
A chaos of angry light and bursting heat
Where primitive passionate forces meet
Barren of mercy, barren of grace,—
A universe all at war.

The war presses near:
Storms lash out at the maddened rage of the
sea,
Bellowing hill and quivering tree
Spit at the lightning's forked spear,
Serpents coil a darting death,
Sullen swamps belch poisonous breath,
And every forest and sunny blossoming lea
Shrills with the cry of fear.
War, even war in the last and the least:
Chemic war of the elements deadly still,
Plague germs working their hidden will,
Microscopic dragon and beast
Tearing at life in a bloody feast,
Minutely potent to kill;
Yes, and the stolid clay and impassive stone
Rocked with the battle-groan,
Torn with a war of atoms, tumultuous, dread,
Heaped with atomic dead.

War! a deeper, more desperate war:
War on the boundless plains of thought,
War with the mightiest weapons fought,
Timeless, ruthless, endless to burn and scar;
And all that a lover's care has heedfully
wrought,
And all that patience has painfully brought,
And all that hope has ardently sought,
Rent with silent, invisible shell,
Sinks to the maw of hell.
Charge of mysterious armies out of the night,
Clash of wrong and right,
Thrust of ideas, formless, dim,
Devils and seraphim,

Raging forward and backward, stubborn to
yield
War's one infinite field.

Where shall I find thee, Peace?
Where in these tumults that never cease,
Where in the eddying swirl of ether, where?
Where in my heart of sin and care?
Where in the little and the large,
Where from my day's diminutive lease
To the faint and farthest marge?

I have sought thee long,
Now with a cry and now with a song,
And now with an ache and a silence that
could not find,
Long I have sought thee through the desert
of mind,
Long through the wilderness woven of thorny
things,
Sought thee on shining wings,
Hunted with fancies fleet,
Through the woods, the cloister, the street,
With vision eager and strong,
Or stumbling and groping the way of the
blind.

Where, O Peace, may I find thee, where?
For I know that thou art fair,
I know there is home with thee, and orbèd
joy,
And pleasures that cannot cloy.
But I see thee not, the glint of thy diadem,
The waft of thy garment's hem,
Nor catch a whispering token faint and fleet,
Thy fragrances dimly sweet.

And yet thou art, O Peace! and knowing
thou art,
Waiting, somewhere, waiting serene and still,
I face all desperate ill
With the dauntless laughter and song of a
conquering heart.
As I seek I shall find, in the seeking fearless
and fast
I shall find thee at last,
Peace in the battle, and Peace of the battle
born
On some candid morn
When the clamor beaten to stillness will die
away,
And Death shall fall on his own red sword,
And Shame shall be of himself abhorred,
And the world shall leap from its night to
the glory of day.

Seeking, I have thee, Peace! in the gallant
quest,
In the struggle that mocks at rest,
In defiance of fear,
Disdain of the craven goods that men hold
dear,
And passionate love of the best.

When I find thee, Peace, when I sink at thy
side
Panting, and proud, and satisfied,
I shall not remain there long.
Another battle, O Peace, thou must ever pro-
vide,
That I may be glad and strong.

AN AUTUMN MOVING.

The Browns are coming back to town;
The Greens are moving away.
'Twill make a striking difference
In our neighborhood, they say;
For the Greens are jolly; cheery folk,
The Browns are rather sad,
A dull and sombre family,
While the Greens are always glad.
I'm very fond of all the Greens,
From little Greens to big;
I like to see them dancing by
As merry as a grig.
And yet I think I'm going to like
The Browns's sober style;
After the riot of the Greens
'Twill rest us for a while.
And I've a notion that some week
Of windy, frosty nights,
The Browns in turn will go away,
And in will move the Whites!

THE NATION'S COURAGE.

[Written in the World War.]

As Thou hast kept our nation, Lord,
From evil fates and sins abhorred,
Preserve it now from all the woe
Of inward shame and outward foe;
From base defeat and baser fear
Keep Thou the nation's annals clear.

Our fathers met embattled wrong;
Let us as well be bold and strong.
Our fathers died to keep us free;
So may we die for liberty.
Our fathers look upon us now,
And Thou, the heavenly Father, Thou!

No fairer land in any clime
Has called its men to deed sublime;
No nobler history has cast
Its high endowments from the past;
May we, our fathers' God, may we
Be true to them and true to Thee!

In holy faith and humble trust
We lift the banner of the just.
In confidence of brotherhood
We seek the universal good.
For Thee, O God, we dare to fight;
Lead Thou the armies of the right!

A CLINGING SNOW.

The world of trees is twinned with a world
of snow,
Like black Othello and his stainless mate;
In parallels as strange as hope and fate
The sweet white follows where the branches
go.
Its feathered heavy arches bending low,
The forest holds itself in crystal state;
All softly scintillant the hushed aisles wait
As for the march of angels to and fro.
The lowliest bush o'ertops the highest art,
And loveliness is flung on log and stone
And wreathed in all recesses of the wood.
Ah, here's a vision of the pure in heart,
So into truth and living beauty grown
That all their least concerns are fair and good.

MOUNTAIN AND PRAIRIE.

Where narrow little valleys snugly lie
In quietness,
Where green New England mountains touch
the sky
With soft caress,
There, chafing in a narrow round of toil,
Rock-hard of face,
A gloomy farmer longs for prairie soil
And prairie space.
Where all the world is empty of a tree
To fleck the sky,
Where far and far as weary sight may see
The levels lie,
There, languishing beneath the wheeling sun,—
So vast, so still,—
An exiled woman longs for one—just one—
New England hill.
Two prayers unanswered! Where exchange
of ill
Were rose for rue;
And that is why I think that heaven has hills,
And prairies too!

THE EXPERIMENT STATION.

Bright squares of grasses, differently green
With different nurture, this for sturdy
strength,
And this for softest texture, silvery sheen,
This for resisting drought, and this for
length.
Stretches of corn, from various chosen seed,
With varying soils, by varying liquids fed;
Confines of noisy fowl diverse in breed,
Orchards of apples, yellow, green, and red.
Queries of nature, patiently minute,
Long questionings of earth and air and
rain,

Long watchings of the blade, the flower, the
fruit,
Slow witness of the hill, the slope, the
plain.

What earnestness of labor lavished here,
That peas may have a little fuller pod,
Or corn bear one more kernel to the ear,
Or grasses form a little firmer sod!

And as I walk along these fruited aisles,
These thoughtful paths and wisely pur-
posed ways,
I think of my life wanderings, miles on miles
Of aimless loitering through barren days.

O God of harvests! lead me to a place,
However small, that I may bravely till,
And make it wear a little fairer face,
And one least corner with new verdure fill!

DAY BY DAY.

There's a beauty of the forest and a beauty
of the hill;
There's a splendor of the marshes, and an-
other of the sea;
In the meadow, on the mountain, there's a
grace, a glory still,
For the artist Lord of artists guideth me.
And I will not chide the marshes in my long-
ing for the wood,
Nor the hill because the rivulet is gone,
For the daily dole of beauty is the day's
supremest good,
And the path is reaching on, is reaching on.

"SOMETHING IN BOOKS."

"Will you have something in books to-day?"
So the young woman prattled away,
Using her salesman lingo free,
Just as if books were pounds of tea.

That is the way the business is run,
Books by the thousand, books by the ton,
Books by the measure of mason or cook,
And the bigger the pile, the bigger the book.

"Something in books?" Yes, Miss Flippancy,
yes;
Something your big store does not possess.
Give me a book that was born of the heart,
Free from the stains of the bank and the
mart.

Give me a book that is known of the trees,
Comrade of clouds and at home with the
bees;
Give me a book I shall have as a friend,
Daytime and nighttime, till living shall end.

"Ye-e-s," says Miss Flippancy, doubtfully bold,

"Here's the best seller that ever we've sold.
Every one's reading it; going like fun.
We'll sell a thousand before the day's done."

"Something in books," and the business is fine;

Let the stores carry "a popular line."
But come, dear old books, well tested and true,

Here's for an hour in a corner with you.

You were never "best sellers," when put to the test,

But you are best readers, which surely is best;

And, though all the clerks should unite to deride,

The "something in books" is the something inside!

THE CLIMAX.

Dear friend, by favoring fortune richly led,
Your life a long experience of peace,
Dread not the day when these delights will cease

And you will rest among the silent dead.

By this glad confidence be comforted,
That life's excellent joy is life's release,
That fortune grows as earthly goods decrease,

And from the bowl of death true life is fed.

By this one loss all gains are stoutly made,

By this adventure certainty is found:

Did ever merchant make a better trade?

Did ever voyager find richer ground?

At death's dark door nor doubting nor dismayed,

Superbly win all profits at a bound!

A WEIGHTY MATTER.

I dreamt the whole thing out as I was sleeping;

May I confide in you?

I spend my days in wailing and in weeping

For fear my dream come true.

I thought that with no kindly word of warning,

No hint of coming trouble,

Some cause mysterious one awful morning

Made gravitation double.

The branches snapped from all the trees around me,

A fierce, terrific sound,

I fain would run away. Alas! I found me

Fast fixed upon the ground.

The birds fell down like feathered stones from heaven;

The sky was all bereft.

Ten houses were before; behind me, seven;

And not a house was left.

It rained, and every little drop down rushing

Cut like a leaden ball.

The air grew denser; pressing, strangling, crushing.

I tottered to my fall,

And then awoke from out my fearful sleeping.

And now, what shall we do?

I spend my days in wailing and in weeping.

Might not my dream come true?

HOW STRONG ARE YOU?

I like a lad of muscles big,

And lungs of shouting size,

Of active feet and figure trig

And brightly beaming eyes;

A lad who well can run a race,

And push a paddle well,

Or breast the waves with fishy grace,

Or raise the schoolboy yell.

But while he's strong for work and fun,

I want him stronger still,—

Yes, strong to help some weaker one,

And strong of righteous will,

And strong to pray, and strong to praise,

And strong to answer No;

And if he's strong in all these ways,

He'll conquer every foe.

A SONG OF SHAME AND HONOR.

[Written in the World War.]

Where's the man who will not hear

When his country's call is clear?

Where's the man who skulks away

From the needful, deadly fray?

God of heroes, blot his name

With the deepest black of shame!

Hail the man whose heart and hand,

Loyal to his native land,

Join her legions in the fight

For eternal truth and right!

God of heroes, write his name

In the light of golden fame!

Where's the man who gives no heed

To his brothers' direful need,

When in bleeding lands afar

Death and doom and anguish are?

God of brothers, let him be

Lonely through eternity!

Hail the man whose ready heart

Gladly takes a brother's part,

Though the cruel, fearful fray

Rages half the earth away!

God of brothers, let him be

Honored through eternity!

BLIND.

Blind! Dear sun, I dreamed that I was blind!
 Dear green of grass and shining blue of sky,
 That ye were one, and nothing! That my eye
 Was dungeoned in with massy black, behind,
 Before; that all my reaching could not find
 With outstretched, sickened nerves one cord
 whereby

To the bright, loving world, so far, so nigh,
 My strange world of blank horror I could
 bind.

And still the terror of it stays with me,
 And in that dread the spirit bids me read
 How closely I am knit to what I see,
 And how the senses tyrannize my need.
 O light, true light of heaven! Can it be
 That my clear-seeing eyes are blind indeed?

SUNRISE.

I watch the glory that brings in the day
 From college towers that look across the glen,
 The eastern heaven spread out to my ken:
 The trees below, bright-tipped with morning's
 ray;

The sky above with livid colors gay,
 Now filled with flaming clouds, with banks of
 fire

Heaped to the zenith, now in dull attire—
 One glowing band below the heaven's gray—
 And now a quiet sea with tint of green,
 And flakes of rosy and of sapphire lights,
 And now a band of purple, dark and deep,
 In lighter skies, and edged with silver sheen;
 Now all one flush of color: wondrous sights
 By angels brought us from the land of sleep.

THE LINCOLN CENT.

Pleasant is the mellow tinkle
 Of the golden eagle grand,
 Pleasant is the kindly jingle
 Of good silver in the hand;
 But the little bit of copper
 On its humble errand bent
 Is the king of all our coins:
 Hats off to the Lincoln cent!

I am glad they put him on it,
 On the lowly copper bit,
 Not upon the lordly eagle
 For a banker's fingers fit;
 For he loved the common people,
 And he wished no other fate
 Than that common folk should love him,
 They, the basis of the state.

But I wish they'd put him on it
 Of full length, the Lincoln size,
 Tall and gaunt as stands a pine-tree,
 Tall and stately for men's eyes.

He was awkward, so they tell me;
 Be it so, and who would care
 When they saw him like a column
 Firm and patient standing there?

So he walks among the people
 Much as when he lived on earth,
 In the ways of homely traffic,
 And of simple, gentle worth.
 Still he walks among the people
 On our common errands bent,
 Copper king of all our coins;
 Hats off to the Lincoln cent!

THE ORACULAR OWL.

The oracular owl
 Is a very wise fowl.
 He sits on a limb
 By night and by day,
 And an eager assembly waits on him
 To listen to what the wise bird may say.
 I heard him discourse in the following way:
 "The sun soon will set in the west."
 "Twill be fair if the sky is not cloudy."
 "If a hundred are good only one can be
 best."
 "No gentleman 's ever a rowdy."
 "Ah! ah!" cry the birds. "What a mar-
 vellous fowl!
 Oh, who could excel this oracular owl?"

STENOGRAPHY.

Our fathers walked around the hill,
 And we pursue their journey still,
 Ah, toilfully we do it!
 Stenography, direct and fleet,
 Has used its brain to save its feet,
 And made a tunnel through it.

With inky lines complexly wrought
 We spin a spider-web for thought,
 And lazily invite it;
 Stenography, of fiercer mold,
 Leaps after thought, with spirit bold,
 As far as it can sight it.

In clumsy coaches dull and slow
 The longhand writers plodding go,—
 Or break down, woe betide it!
 Stenography, a railroad train,
 Speeds on the track as Driver Brain
 Desires to urge and guide it.

For thought is like a maiden gay
 Whom Shorthand takes in dashing way,
 And gladly she receives him;
 But Longhand is the drawling kind,
 Who tries to speak his sluggish mind,
 And while he tries, she—leaves him.

ON DECEMBER 21.

Now let the weather do its worst,
With frost and sleet and blowing,
Rage like a beldam wild and curst,
And have its fill of snowing.
Now let the ice in savage vise
Grip meadow, brook, and branches,

Down from the north pour winter forth
In roaring avalanches.

I turn my collar to the blast
And greet the storm with laughter:
Your day, old Winter! use it fast,
For Spring is coming after.



The world may wear a frigid air,
 But ah! its heart is burning;
 Soon, soon will May dance down this way:
 The year is at the turning.

There's not a sabre-charge of cold
 But brings the blossoms nearer;
 By every frost-flower we shall hold
 The violets the dearer.
 So rage and blow the drifting snow
 And have your fill of sorrow:
 The turning years bring smiles for tears;
 We'll greet the spring to-morrow!

THE MADNESS OF WAR.

Two men in Austria whispered the dread word,
 Then two in France or Germany, and then—
 A world in woe! Like silly flocks of sheep
 Driv'n to the shambles, bleating as they go
 With quavered songs of country and of king.
 Millions of men—at bidding of those four!
 Statesmen, they plunge the state in misery.
 Lawmakers, thus they lead in lawlessness.
 Chosen to guide in happy, prosperous ways,
 They pipe to ruin, they, the fatal four,
 And all the foolish world troops after them!

If these, the men so blindly drawn to death,
 These artisans that will not labor more,
 These farmers that will plough no field again,
 These poets that will sing no song again,
 These builders that will rear no house again,
 These husbands that will never see their wives,
 These sons, these brothers, all these lovers

gay

That march so blithely to the battle-field
 And to a blood-soaked grave—if they could
 know
 The reason for it all, could think it out,
 Debate it in the villages, decide
 As men should reason, not as blundering
 beasts;

If they could fight for some far-shining truth,
 Some pulsing vision of the rights of men,
 Some golden vision of the joys of men,
 Some flaming vision of the love of men,
 For liberty, and peace, and brotherhood—
 If thus they fought—why, war would not be
 war.

Oh, mad contagion of a people's pride!
 Oh, plunging passion of a nation's wrath!
 Oh, mock of reason and democracy!
 Some day, from out this welter of the brute,
 This crudity of anger and of fear,
 This weak submission to the little souls—
 Some day will rise the Brotherhood of Man.
 First, it will grow in one imperial breast:
 Then others, swiftly others, catch the light;
 Then all the hearts of men will burst aflame.
 What barriers will then be burned away!
 What bars of rivers, deserts, mountain, sea!

What Sunderings of language and of creed,
 Of customs and of history! What fence
 Of stupid prejudice—all burned away!

Till then—ah, ye that live the larger life,
 That look above the walls, clasp brother-
 hands!

Cry boldly down the narrowness of fools,
 Hurl reason at the fallacies of hate,
 Meet mock heroics with a hero's rage!
 The world is one! Refuse the lesser goals!
 The world is one! Disdain the trivial calls!
 The world is one! Fling far the great appeal!
 Confront the petty patriots with the fire
 Of worthy country-love, that loves mankind.
 Face horrid war with war's own crushing
 night,
 And hurl it to the chaos of the past!

Then shall we build the Order of the World.
 Then, in a courteous honor each of each,
 Shall frame the lawful fabric of the globe.
 Then shall we love our countries fervently,
 The more for brother-love of other lands.
 Then shall we spend for peace as now for
 war.

Then shall we strive for peace as now for war,
 With passion of heroic energy.
 Then shall we find in peace, as now in war,
 Urging and scope for all of mankind's best.
 Then shall we see the shame of any deed
 That brings a tear to one poor little child,
 Or rends with anguish one poor woman's heart.

EYESERVICE.

Eyeservice let me give
 The while I live;
 In shadow or in light,
 By day or night,
 With all my heart and skill
 Eyeservice still!

Yes, for the eyes I'll serve—
 Nor faint nor swerve—
 Are not the eyes of man
 That lightly scan,
 But God's, that pierce and see
 The whole of me!

Beneath the farthest skies
 Where morning flies,
 In heaven or in hell
 If I should dwell,
 In dark or daylight fair,
 The Eyes are there!

No trembling fugitive,
 Boldly I live,
 If, as in that pure sight,
 I live aright,
 Yielding with hand and will
 Eyeservice still!

THE PRESIDENT WHO DOES IT ALL.

The President Who Does It All,
 A very egotistic elf,
 Is blind to what the rest can do,
 Is muddled upon himself.
 Over the whole committee work
 He manages somehow to sprawl,
 And runs the whole society—
 The President Who Does It All.

The President Who Does It All
 Is very certain, in his pride,
 The whole society would stop
 If he, perchance, were laid aside.
 He meddles with the least details,
 He dictates all things, great and small;
 He's it, he'd have you understand—
 The President Who Does It All.

The President Who Does It All
 Will get mad and resign some day,
 And find, to his intense surprise,
 The other members glad and gay.
 He'll see the brisk society
 Spring up as if released from thrall,
 And go rejoicing on, without
 The President Who Does It All.

NEW YEAR'S BIRDS.

Sun on New Year's morning
 Laughing at the snow;
 Trees hung thick with jewels,
 Icicles aglow.

All the earth in ermine,
 All the air in blue,
 All the bells a-jingle:
 "Ho! the year is new."

Out to greet the new world
 All so white and pure,
 See our household darling,
 Dainty and demure.

"Happy New Year, snowbirds!
 Happy New Year, sun!
 Happy New Year, oak-tree!
 Happy, every one!"

From the blue sky dropping
 To the white earth down,
 Here the New Year's birds come,
 Dressed in white and brown.

"Happy New Year, darling!"
 Thus the gay birds sing.
 "New Year's presents, darling,
 Merrily we bring."

"My gift," said the first bird,
 "Is your mother's love."

"My gift," said the second,
 "Is the sun above."

"Mine is your sweet home, dear."
 "Mine is fire and food."
 "Mine is Jesus' praises
 When His child is good."

"My gift is nice clothing."
 "Mine is play and fun."
 "Mine is rest and slumber
 When the day is done."

Eight birds softly singing
 In the New Year's glow,
 As our happy darling
 Trudges through the snow.

New Year's birds, gift-laden,
 Singing hale and true,—
 Listen softly, children!
 They will sing to you!

THE REASON WHY.

Said lazy Sammy, "Don't you know,
 When grown-up men a-calling go
 They wait till folks are up and dressed,
 House swept and dusted, and the rest?
 Now I should think it quite ill-bred,
 Soon as the sun is out of bed
 To call upon his world, before
 The sun has time to do a chore,
 Or set his house to rights at all
 In preparation for a call.
 Before I'd be so rude," Sam said,
 "I'd tarry half the day in bed!"

COUNTRY, MY COUNTRY.

[Written in the World War.]

Fair with the beauty of heaven on earth,
 Noble with honor's immutable worth,—
 Other lands also are noble and fair,
 Slaughter and ruin are ravaging there:
 Country, my country, give ear to the call,
 Guarding the beauty and honor of all.

Rich with the store of a bountiful soil,
 Laden with fruit of invincible toil,—
 Wealth of the world is in peril to-day,
 Riches of ages are lost in the fray:
 Country, my country, obeying the call,
 Lavish your wealth in the service of all.

Strong with a young and exhilarant power,
 Brave in the dark of a desperate hour,—
 Other lands also heroic and strong
 Pour out their blood in the battle with wrong:
 Country, my country, where myriads fall,
 Venture your life for the lives of them all.

Free with a liberty blessedly bold
 Born of the struggles of centuries old,—
 Justice and liberty, law and the right,
 All are at stake in the resolute fight:
 Country, my country, let nothing appall,
 Dare to be free for the freedom of all.

MORNING WINDOWS.

The brightest thing a house can do,
 When morning fills the skies,
 Is just to catch the sun's first rays,
 And flash the brilliant prize.

No eighty-candle lights within
 Can match the dazzling sight,
 And every window-pane becomes
 A fusillade of light!

Thus, thus it is when households kneel
 In humble morning prayer,
 The very Sun of Righteousness
 Is caught and captured there;

And all the day, in all its ways,
 However dull they be,
 The happy windows of that home
 Are scintillant to see!

CLOTHED UPON.

Within and over and around
 This dancing swirl of human sound
 Are tones that we can never hear
 With our dull range of mortal ear.

Amid, encircling, and above
 The sights we loathe, the scenes we love,
 Sunbeams of dearest beauty die
 In darkness on our sluggish eye.

Into that sound was rapt the Word
 The common people gladly heard;
 Into that light, from mortal view
 The Light of all the world withdrew.

Some day will crash, on land and sea,
 The parting clouds of mystery;
 Some day a mighty light be lit,
 Disclosure of the Infinite.

Then, flashing on new ears and eyes,
 The sights and sounds of paradise
 Will come, exalting in their train
 The Man of Nazareth again.

For that great day we fashion here
 The heart and hand, the eye and ear.
 Within these clay-bound bodies grow
 The bodies heaven or hell shall know.

May I my lasting casement find
 Not halt or crippled, deaf or blind,

But meet for all that heaven is,
 A perfect cup for perfect bliss!

Within these hands, outstretched to aid,
 Be hands of power and beauty made;
 Within these feet that Christ's ways go,
 May feet swift-winged for heaven grow;

Be ears, with loving listening warmed,
 To angel-hearing ears transformed,
 While looks of human sympathy
 Form eyes for all eternity.

THE CHRIST OF PANAMA.

[Hon. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy during the Spanish-American War, at the Boston banquet given to the foreign delegates to the international conference for the celebration of a century of peace among English-speaking nations, aroused much enthusiasm by the following proposal: "The minister of the village meeting-house which I attend referred last Sunday to the monumental statue of Jesus, 1,400 feet above the sea, on the mountain ridge which marks the boundary between Chile and Argentina, erected to commemorate the peace between those two South American republics. One hand holds the cross, the other extends to them the blessing of Him who came to bring peace on earth and good will to men. Would that such a statue had been chosen to stand guard over our Panama Canal! Fortifications there are a challenge to war and an inducement to an armed enemy's destruction of the canal. Such a statue would be a challenge to peace and an ensurance of the preservation of the canal."]

Down in the heart of the world,
 Panama, portal unpriced,
 There let the war-flags be furled!
 Raise there the image of Christ!

There, where the nations will meet,
 Salute, nor tarry nor stay,
 By the pelagian street,
 Set we the Light and the Way.

There, where the navies will go
 Till navy and army shall cease,
 There, for the friend and the foe,
 Place we the Prince of our Peace.

Brotherly welcoming hands,
 Lovery welcoming eyes,
 Christ of the unified lands,
 Christ of the opening skies!

Write on the pedestal forth,
 Write with a gold-flowing pen,
 "Peace on the blossoming earth.
 Peace and good will unto men!"

This be our guns and our fort,
 This has forever sufficed,
 This a resistless resort,
 The presence and power of Christ!

Stronger than granite wall,
Stronger than bursting shell,
Words of brotherhood fall,
Hands of friendship compel.

Christians! Exult in His throne,
Fount of all glory and grace.
Warriors! He is your own,
Chief of the conquerors' race.

Patriots! Born to command,
King of the nations is He,
Lord of the brotherly land,
Lord of the sisterly sea.

South on the Andean height,
Pierced for the passage of trade,
See the imperial sight,
See what two nations have made.

Two, long Sundered in twain,
Bound fraternally now;
Forever the bond shall remain,
Christ of the Andes, Thou!

What for the two is done,
Happily do for all,
Till in the course of the sun
Never the war-notes call!

Then an Atlantis fair
Each of our shores will be,
And ocean everywhere
One vast Pacific sea!

Yes, in the heart of the world,
Panama, portal unpriced,
There, the world-banner unfurled,
Set we the image of Christ!

Peace Sunday, 1913.

NEW SONGS.

Sing unto the Lord a new song.—Isa. 42: 10.
And they sung a new song.—Rev. 5: 9.

How weary must Jehovah be
Of our unchanging minstrelsy,
The dull, repeated monotone
That falters upward to the Throne!

How must Jehovah, though the spheres
Make heavenly music for His ears,
Amid their soulless rhythm long
To hear a new, a human, song!

Our filmy fashions flit and fly
Like drifting clouds across the sky;
Dress, manners, language, customs, range
Through endless, fascinating change.

But still in routine, heartless ways,
The Giver of all life we praise,
And while His varying seasons roll
We offer Him a stolid soul.

Bestir thee, grateful human heart,
And learn thanksgiving's happy art!
Cease the unmeaning, careless song
Thy slothful lips have used so long!

For each new gift of heaven, strive
Some novel praises to contrive.
Some psalm of the life or tongue
As prompt, as personal, as young!

With no stale words of yesterday
Thy formal obligations pay.
But let thy hallelujahs rise
New-fledged to greet the morning skies!

Be all thy life, in word and deed,
A vital hymn, a present creed,
Until, amid the angel throng,
You sing for aye the new New Song!

ADVICE ABOUT YOUR STOCKING.

There are three little creatures that find
their way

Into a Christmas stocking,
And they spoil the whole of Christmas Day
In a manner very shocking.

Those pesky creatures have no wings,
Nor body, nor soul, indeed;
And these are the names of the dreadful
things,—

Self, and Thankless, and Greed.
They often crawl, as well I know,
In the Christmas stocking to spite you,
And if you leave them in heel or toe,
Ah, how they will sting and bite you!
Choose a hole-y stocking, if you would expel
These things without body or soul:
Then ram in your fist, and shake it well,
And drive them out through the hole!

A GOOD SLEEP.

You do not need a bed of down
To give you sleep at night,
A counterpane of pink and brown
And pillow soft and white.

You do not need a pretty room
All dressed in dainty blue,
Where soundest slumber-health may come,
With pleasant dreams, to you.

But fill the day with labor, Ned,
And work with all your might,
For that will fill the hardest bed
With softest down, at night.

And if you want a counterpane
With many colors gay,
Not only work with might and main,
But—add a bit of play!

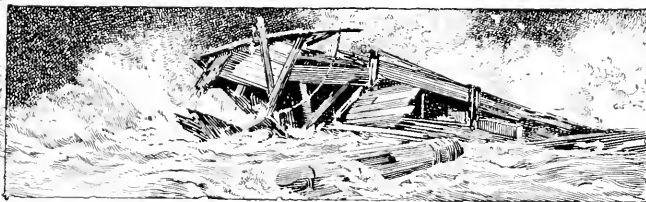


THE CUP OF OCEAN.

What does the cup of ocean hold?
 Glory of purple and glint of gold;
 Tenderest greens and heavenly blue,
 Shot with the sunlight through and through;
 Wayward ripples that idly roam,
 Tumbling breakers with gallant foam;
 Sands and pebbles that chase and slide;
 Mystic currents that softly glide;
 Mighty spell of the ages old,
 This does the cup of ocean hold.

What does the cup of ocean bear
 To the lips of land folk everywhere?
 Danger's ominous, ghostly breath,
 Battered forms of an awful death;
 Howling tempests and bitter sleet,
 Crash of the sea steeds' terrible feet;
 Ships a-quiver with fearful shock,
 Anguish heaped on a savage rock;
 Loss and turmoil and fatal snare,
 This does the cup of ocean bear.

Look ye well to the ocean's cup.
 Ye who gladly on beauty sup.
 Tarry long at the treacherous brink,
 Gaze within e'er ye bend and drink.



THE GOOSE EXPLAINS.

It was a goose who sadly cried,
 "Alas! Alas! The farm is wide,
 And large the barnyard company,
 But no one ever looks at me;
 There really seems to be no use,
 Or praise, or glory, for a goose.
 They pet the dog whose bark and bite
 Scare tramps by day and thieves by night;
 But when I bravely stand on guard,
 And drive intruders from the yard,
 They laugh at me. The kitten plays,
 And all admire her cunning ways;
 But when I venture in the room,
 To play, in turn, some stick or broom
 Soon drives me out. Those birds they call
 Canaries cannot sing at all
 In my sweet fashion; yet their lay
 Is praised—from mine folks turn away.
 They prize the horse who pulls the cart;
 But when I try to do my part,
 And mount the shafts to help him draw,
 They whip me off. Last week I saw
 Two stupid horses pull a plow,
 I watched the work, I learned just how;
 Then, with my bill, I did the same
 In flower-beds, and got only blame.
 It really seems of little use
 To try to help—when one 's a goose!"

THE THREE LAWS.

Love is the golden law,
 Sunnily dear;
 Justice, the silver law,
 Cold, calm, and clear;
 Anger, the iron law,
 Harshly severe.

Anger's an iron lance,
 Mighty to slay;
 Justice, a silver scale,
 Faultless away;
 Love is a golden ring,
 Joining for aye!

THE POET AND THE REST OF CREATION.

Up comes the sun with merry light
 And puts the dark to rout;
 It makes a very pleasant sight
 For me to write about.

The river flowing to the sea
 Slips cheerily along;
 It's quite the proper thing for me
 To celebrate in song.

The mountains rise on either hand
 Majestic to view,

And I shall find them very grand
 To write a sonnet to.

The ocean stretches far and wide,
 It fills a mighty cup;
 Some day I surely shall decide
 To write the ocean up.

The city, with its rapid stream
 Of mortals gay or wan,
 Will make a very jolly theme
 To write an ode upon.

So many pretty things I see
 Within the horizon's hem,
 And all are waiting anxiously
 For me to write of them.

A RECIPE FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Take a cup of thoughtfulness,
 Take a cup of love,
 Take the herbs that cheer and bless,
 Drawn from stores above.

Take a pinch or two of pains,
 And an ounce of wit,
 And of secrecy two grains,
 Just to flavor it.

Cook it at the fire of zest,
 Seeking not your own:
 You will have the merriest
 Christmas ever known.

LYING "MUSTS."

"A baby must cry to develop its lungs,"
 So waggle the foolish, inconsequent tongues,
 Forgetful of babies whose crying is slight,
 Yet, faith! they can prove that their lungs
 are all right.

"A boy must see life," men say with a grin,
 So headlong and heedless they tumble him
 in;
 Let him flounder and gasp in the muck of
 the town;
 It will strengthen him, sure, if he doesn't
 go down.

"The poor we have with us, and must have
 for aye,"
 Thus the misquoters make the New Testa-
 ment say.
 So they dole out their charity, mocking the
 cure
 That might end forever the woes of the poor.

Ah, prophets of sorrow, complacent with
 wrong,

The new age is teaching a worthier song!
The song of a future that betters the past,
The song of a blessedness certain to last.

For the babes need not cry, and the boys
need not sin,
And the poor from their poverty riches may
win,
And when we are stronger and when we are
wise
We will change this old world into paradise!

WHO KILLED THE PLAN?

Who killed the Plan?
"I," said the Critic,
"I knew how to hit it,
I killed the Plan."

Who killed the Plan?
"I," the Bore said,
"I talked it dead,
I killed the Plan."

Who killed the Plan?
"I," said the Sloth,
"I lagged and was loth,
And I killed the Plan."

Who killed the Plan?
"I," said Ambition,
"With my selfish vision
I killed the Plan."

Who killed the Plan?
"I," said the Crank,
"With my nonsense rank
I killed the Plan."

CUT ACROSS.

A Song of the Panama Canal.

Says New York to Yokohama,
To Calcutta and Bombay,
To Peking, Manila, Bangkok,
Sydney, Shanghai, Mandalay:
"I am building you a channel
Safe and easy—I'm the boss!
It's a short and simple journey.
Come and see me: *cut across!*"

This the call of San Francisco
To Berlin and Liverpool,
To Vienna, Cairo, London,
Naples, Paris, and Stamboul:
"I am making you a roadway,
It's a modern, mighty foss;
And the distance now is—nothing.
Come and see me: *cut across!*"

Uncle Sam says to the nations,
Nations big and nations small:
"I am keeping open house now,
And invite you to a call.
For the world is growing narrow,
And an ocean but a toss,
When our ships can pierce an isthmus.
Come and see me: *cut across!*"

And the nations sing in chorus,
Sing a song of happy peace:
"Now we are so close together,
It is time that wars should cease.
Fighting is a wretched business;
Loss, and loss, and only loss.
Let us live as friends and neighbors,—
Visit often,—*cut across!*"

IF.

If every man would do the things the "other
man" should do,
Attack the hoodlum, catch the thief, and
watch the rascal crew,
We'd have a perfect city, and a perfect coun-
try, too,
A sober land, an honest land, where men are
good and true;
There'd be no more misgovernment nor graft
nor mobs to rue,
If every man would do the things the "other
man" should do.

If every man would think himself to be the
"other man,"
Become his own reformer on a self-respecting
plan,
And calmly, boldly, set himself to do the
thing he can,
Nor wait to find some other one to push into
the van,
The world's entire iniquity we'd put beneath
the ban,
If every man would think himself to be the
"other man."

LIBERTY.

Free—free—who are the free?
Those, O God, who are true to Thee;
True to the goal of a noble plan,
True to the need of their fellow man,
True to the call of the inner soul,
True to the good of the mighty whole,
True, O God, to their brothers and Thee,
These—these—these are the free.

Where—where—where are the free,
Where on land or the tossing sea?

There are they where the need is dire,
 There are they in the battle-fire,
 There are they by the bed of pain,
 There they are dragging the prison chain,
 Where the toil and the triumph be,
 There—there—there are the free.

How—how—how will the free
 Win the goal of their liberty?
 Ever daring impossible things,
 Ever trusting the spirit's wings,
 Stoutly meeting the deadliest foe,
 Stoutly dealing the final blow,
 Gladly dying for liberty,
 Free—free—these are the free.

INALIENABLE.

Two things are yours that no man's wealth
 can buy:

The air, and time;

And, having these, all fate you may defy,
 All summits climb.

While you can draw the fresh and vital
 breath,

And own the day.

No enemy, not Hate, nor Fear, nor Death,
 May bring dismay.

Breathe deeply! Use the minutes as they fly!

Trust God in all!

Thus will you live the life that cannot die,
 Nor ever fall.

"HUNT A BUSY MAN."

"If you've a job that you want done,"

So runs a saying grim,

"Just find the busiest man you can,
 And give the task to him."

Of all the wicked schemes devised

By laziness and fat,

The wickedest, the cruellest,
 The shamefulest, is that!

The man who says that wicked thing

Some day will surely go

To most appropriate punishment
 Administered below.

Upon his groaning form bestowed,

A weight of iron shall rest,

And ever with increasing loads
 His body shall be pressed.

"Now here's another little weight,"

The fiends will say with vim;

"And here's an over-loaded man:
 So lay the weight on him."

GOOD, BETTER, BEST.

Lord of workers, endless wise,
 It would be a wondrous prize
 If our work so firmly stood
 Thou couldst praise and call it good.

Lord of workers, whose design
 Finer grows and yet more fine,
 All our work with purpose fill,
 Help us make it better still.

Lord of workers, pointing far
 To ideal's perfect star,
 Leave us no ignoble rest,
 Lift our better up to best.

Lord of workers, joined with Thee
 In endeavor's ecstasy,
 Let Thy words that cheer and bless
 Be our goal and our success.

WHAT IS "A GOOD TRUST"?

"A good trust" holds the goods in trust,
 Not only for itself;
 The common good it will adjust
 Fairly to private self.

"A good trust" may be trusted, then,—
 And such trusts have been known,—
 To guard the good of other men
 As equal with its own.

And since the rules of bank and mart
 Are like a vulture's claw,
 A good trust must be born of heart;
 It is not made by law.

CONSERVATION.

While we're conserving coal and trees,
 And waterfalls and things like these,
 I trust that Congress will observe
 Some other things we might conserve:

Conserve the bliss of those that wed;
 Conserve the hair upon my head;
 Conserve the spinster's fading face;
 Conserve the kitten's sprightly grace.

Conserve our stomachs, now the prey
 Of some new diet fad each day;
 Conserve our lassies and our lads
 From these new education fads.

Conserve the faith in Santa Claus;
 Conserve the reverence for laws;
 Conserve the freshness of our youth,
 Its faith in man, its love of truth.

Conserve the money spent on style,
The optimist's confiding smile,
The paragrapher's stock of jokes,
The patience of a lot of folks!

And while this conservation fit
Is on, some statesmen might admit
The suitability of Shelves,
And prudently conserve—themselves.

THE EMBARRASSING QUESTION.

"Do you like my new hat?" says your wife,
Appearing in awful disguise,
A fabric whose towering strife
Shrieks up to the horrified skies.

"Do you like my new hat?" and she smiles,
Her dimples with diffidence blent,
And all the dear, timorous wiles
That seek a delighted assent.

And what is a fellow of wit,
And honest, moreover, to do,
But say, as he shudders from it,
"At any rate, dear, I like *you*!"

WHAT MARCHES?

Memorial Day, 1911.

What marches when the veterans march
On the thirtieth day of May,
That limping, glorious line of men
Over a flower-strewn way?

Why, Gettysburg is marching there,
And frightful Malvern Hill,
The shame and terror of Bull Run,
The loss of Chancellorsville.

Fort Sumter marches, Donelson,
And Sherman's "to the sea,"
The Monitor, the Hartford,
Duels of Grant and Lee.

There goes the ghost of Andersonville,
And Libby's spectre grim;
There marches Lookout Mountain,
There strides the Battle Hymn.

There passes the Proclamation,
End of a curse abhorred;
And there goes Appomattox,
The sheathing of the sword.

All this goes by when the veterans march
On the thirtieth day of May;
And what can those that see it do
But lift the hat, and pray?

THE SERIAL INTEREST.

We thread the serial's magic maze
Of mingled joy and woe,
Each turn and trap and tangled phase
Assiduously we know:
And through it all we little care
Though gold is lost or found,
Though hearts are torn and swords are bare
And gory is the ground.
The saints may live, the villain die,
The prince may sink or swim;
But "Does it turn out well?" we cry,
"And did she marry him?"

Nor are we changed when we peruse
Life's long, fantastic tale:
We little reck what heroes choose,
That knaves succeed or fail;
Come health or sickness, power or pain,
Let kingdoms rise or fall,
The proud may rule, the greedy gain,
We little heed it all.
For love we live, for love we die,
Whatever fates may be:
"Ah, will it turn out well?" we cry,
"And will she marry me?"

FORTY CENTS A YEAR.

(The average gift to foreign missions of the Protestant Christians of the world—at the time when this poem was written. It is a little larger now, but still disgracefully small.)

When our ever-living Saviour passed away
From earthly eyes,
Sounded forth this great commandment
From the eager, opening skies:
"Go ye, go ye, teach all nations, boldly teach
them and baptize."

So they went, those men anointed with a
power from on high;
So they went, to sneers and hunger, to the
mob's vindictive cry;
Went to suffer racking tortures and triumphantly to die.

All their life was but one purpose, that the
life of Christ should be
Spread abroad among earth's millions as
the waters fill the sea.
So the heroes died, and, dying, left their
task for you and me.

Children of the saints and martyrs, with all
peace and plenty blest,
What obedience are we giving to the Sav-
iour's last behest?
What desire, what self-denial, thought, and
prayer, and eager zest?

In the stead of what the martyrs bore
through many a conflict drear,
In the stead of homeless wanderings, bitter
fightings, cruel fear,—
Ah, the shame!—we modern Christians give
—*just forty cents a year!*

Forty cents a year to open all the eyes of
all the blind!
Forty cents a year to gather all the lost
whom Christ would find!
Forty cents a year to carry hope and joy to
all mankind!

Worthy followers of the prophets, we who
hold our gold so dear!
True descendants of the martyrs, Christ
held far and coin held near!
Bold co-workers with the Almighty,—with
our forty cents a year!

See amid the darkened nations what the
signs of promise are,
Fires of love and truth enkindled, burning
feebly, sundered far;
Here a gleam and there a glimmer of that
holy Christmas star.

See the few, our saints, our heroes, battling
bravely, hand to hand,
Where the myriad-headed horrors of the pit
possess the land,
Striving, one against a million, to obey our
Lord's command!

Mighty is the host infernal, richly stored
its ranging tents,
Strong its age-encrusted armor and its
fortresses immense,
And to meet that regnant evil we are send-
ing—*forty cents!*

Christians, have you heard the story, how
the basest man of men
Flung his foul, accursed silver in abhor-
rence back again?
"Thirty pieces" was the purchase of the
world's Redeemer—then.

Now—it's *forty cents, in copper*, for the
Saviour has grown cheap.
Now—to sell our Lord and Master we need
only stay asleep.
Now—the cursed Judas money is the money
that we keep.

But behold! I see the dawning of a large
and generous day;
See the coming of a legion; read its ban-
ners: "Pray, and Pay";
And I see the palm of triumph springing up
along its way.

These are they of open vision, open purses,
open heart,
Free from mammon's heavy bondage and the
serfdom of the mart,
Where the woe is, where the sin is, come to
bear a hero's part.

They have beaten out their coin into weap-
ons for the fight;
Glow the gold and gleams the silver in this
legion of the light;
Selfishness and sloth behind them, onward
now for God and right!

Lift your banners, loyal legion; swell your
ranks from every clime!
All the powers and thrones in heaven
strengthen your resolves sublime!
Build the kingdom of your Captain on these
latest shores of time!

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE CLOTHES.

Mother called, and I called, and Father
called, and Kate:
"Johnny! Johnny!" "Get up, Johnny!"
"John, get up! It's late!"
Not a ripple, all our shouting, on the cur-
rent of his dreams.
Others, though, were lighter sleepers. Some-
thing else was roused, it seems.

First a rustle, then a whisper, then a queer
and muffled cry
From the nook where Johnny's jacket
chanced in tumbled state to lie:
"Fie upon this lazy Johnny! Brother
Clothes, observe the sun!"
Two full hours ago, believe me, was this
glorious day begun!"

Piped the cap from off the washstand, "Oh,
the sky is blue and red!"
"What a joy to look up at it from the top of
Johnny's head!"
Groaned the shoes beneath the bureau, "Ah,
the grass is cool and sweet!"
What a frolic with the clover were we once
on Johnny's feet!"
Socks and shirt and tie and trousers in in-
dignant chorus cried,
"It's a shame to make us lie here when the
world 's so fine outside!"

"Friends," the socks cried, "let us punish
this great sleepy, lazy lout.
We, at least, when he does want us, will be
found turned inside out!"
Instantly the shirt assented, muttering with
sarcastic cough,
"I've a button, Master Johnny, which I fear
is coming off!"

And the shoestrings from the bureau added themselves to the plot:

"When Sir Johnny goes to tie us he will find an ugly knot."

Said the cap, "I'll run and hide me." The suspenders, old and thin,

Threatened breaking, and the necktie innocently lost its pin.

Thus they schemed and thus they plotted, till at length persistent Kate

Woke up lazy Master Johnny at precisely half-past eight—

And the school at nine! Young Johnny, half-shut eyes and sleepy face,

Falls to dressing in a panic, at a most alarming pace.

But the shirt sticks to his elbows as he tries to draw it on,

And, in all his lifetime, never were the socks so hard to don.

The suspenders break. A button impolitely takes its leave.

Johnny's left arm gets acquainted with the right-arm jacket sleeve.

The shoestrings knot and tangle, and unseasonably snap.

And "Oh, mother, where's my Reader?" and "Oh, mother, where's my cap?"

There's a hurry and a worry and a grumble and a fret,

And a very scanty breakfast is the best that he can get.

"I do wonder," thought young Johnny, stumbling, tardy, to his place

In the midst of tittering schoolmates, with a very sheepish face,

"What's the reason all goes wrong when a chap has overslept?"

But he never understood it, for the clothes their secret kept.

THE SECRET OF IT.

"Where does the clerk of the weather store The days that are sunny and fair?"

"In your heart is a room with a close-shut door,

And all of those days are there."

"Where does the clerk of the weather keep The days that are dreary and blue?"

"In a second room in your heart they sleep, And you have the keys of the two."

"And why are my days so often, I pray, Filled full of clouds and of gloom?"

"Because you go at the break of day And open the wrong heart-room."

FAGGED OUT.

A POEM WITHOUT ENERGY ENOUGH TO FIND RHYMES, OR REASON, FOR THAT MATTER.

(This poem is an imitation of Paul Kester's "I Want to Go Home." Too tired to originate.)

I want to let go,
To drop the whole thing,
The worries, the frets,
The sorrows, the sins,
Just to let myself down
On the bed or the ground—
Anywhere, so it's down—
And let myself go.

And the folks? I don't care.
And my business? The same.
Hell and heaven? Too tired.

I want to forget,
And I don't want to say
What I want to forget.
And I don't want to think.
Just to let down my nerves,
Just to smooth out my brain,
Just to sleep. And that's all.

Please leave me alone
With your pillows and things;
'Tisn't that that I want,
Nor a doctor, nor folks.
I just want to let go.
Oh, I want to let go.

THE SERVANT'S REWARD.

Falls a benediction from the loving skies?
Laughs the merry sunshine to thy happy eyes?
Floats a peace from starlight, mountain,
cloud, and tree?
Thou art serving nature, since nature serveth thee.

Comes a strength, a beauty, from the wise of yore?
Do they guide thy footsteps who have lived before?
Out of books upspringeth power of mastery?
Thou art serving wisdom, since wisdom serveth thee.

Are thy friends and neighbors an abiding cheer?
Does affection's glory clothe thy golden year?
Praisers, helpers, comrades, everywhere dost see?
Thou art serving friendship, since friendship serveth thee.



THE GULLS.

I watched the gulls in shimmering changeful flight,
 Darting and wheeling on incessant wing,
 And each a buoyant and impulsive thing,
 Kin to the smiling sea and sunny light;
 Until, down swooping from his azure height,
 One broke his air-play into plundering,
 Snatched out his victim from a wave a-swing,
 And spoiled that paradise with murderous blight.
 Thus, thus," I thought, "the blessed angels know
 Our mortal sportings in diviner air,
 How happily our fancies come and go
 On wings of sweet ideals high and fair;
 And how, alas! we often plunge below
 On brutal errands in the waves of care."

TO A LADY SMOKING.

The slopes of famed Vesuvius are fair
 With golden beauty in the golden air,
 In terraced loveliness they softly rise,
 Sweet blandishments that melt in sweetest
 skies.

But lo! upon the summit what is this,
 What horrid apex of a mount of bliss,
 What fuming, black, bar sinister of grace?
 Such, lady, is a picture of your face.

A PUPPY.

What a shame to call a man a puppy!
 What a shame to take a stupid, vacuous,
 Empty-headed, idiotic ninny,
 Egotistic, insolent, and idle,
 Over-dressed and awkward and disgusting,
 Vain, extravagant, and false, and sneaking,
 And entitle such a man a puppy!

Rather choose, if you can ever find him,
 Some one brisk, and bright, and energetic,
 Always ready, gay, enthusiastic,
 Friendly, loving, honest as the sunshine,
 Self-ignoring, simple, unaffected,
 Bubbling with a thousand merry fancies,—
 Better far call such a man a puppy!

JOHN ALDEN'S DREAM.

[Read at the "Colony Day," Sagamore Beach, Mass. The woodland hollow referred to is the natural amphitheatre in which the festival was held. Priscilla's girlhood home at Barnstable is mythical, to say the least; but John and Priscilla may have walked from Plymouth to Sagamore!]

Down through the dewy woods from Plymouth,
 The town of the Pilgrims,
 Sturdily came John Alden, and close at his
 side Priscilla.
 Still were they fair, for time had rested
 gently upon them.
 Still were they young at heart, the more
 for the rearing of children.
 Brave were their eyes and true, taught courage
 in many a trial.
 Down by the Howland farm John Alden
 came with Priscilla,
 Over the toilsome ridge they climbed with
 resolute footsteps,
 On by the winding pathway the Indians followed
 for ages,
 Glimpsing the blue of the bay and startling
 the partridge before them.
 Joyful the face of Priscilla, and glad some
 the long, hard journey,
 For at the end was home, the Barnstable
 home of her girlhood,
 All of the Mullins kin, and the scenes so
 fondly remembered;
 Yes, and the very room where Alden had
 pleaded for Standish,
 Pleading with words for his chief but pleading
 with eyes for another,
 Till at the last she had ventured, "Why
 don't you speak for yourself, John?"
 Still was a smile on her lips, the smile of
 merriest daring.

Brightly she looked at John Alden who
 trudged so stoutly beside her.
 "Men are a stupid lot"—thus to herself said
 Priscilla,
 "But like the trunks of the trees, the forests
 were empty without them."

Down by the ponds they came, Long Pond
 and Bloody and Herring.
 Pausing to feed on the berries, or watch a
 deer in a hollow,
 Or see two neighboring trees that had grown
 securely together,
 Rubbed and bruised by the storms till branch
 to branch was cemented.
 "Thus by the storms of life, Priscilla," said
 Alden the thoughtful.
 "We have been bound together, made one in
 our lives and our spirits."
 So as the summer sun sank late in the
 westerling heaven
 And silence fell on the woodland with only
 a whippoorwill singing,
 Lighted the two on the brink of this fairy-
 like bowl in the forest.
 Saw this basin of beauty, filled full of pine-
 trees and birches,
 Hung with garlands of grapevines, cushioned
 with pine-leaves and mosses.
 "Here will we rest, Priscilla," said Alden,
 "for long is the journey.
 Here will we sleep till the morrow, secure
 in this sheltering hollow."

So with a murmur of prayer the Pilgrim
 husband and matron
 Laid them quietly down on a couch a monarch
 might envy,
 Soft with the weary miles, the stars for
 their bedroom tapers.
 Through the short summer night the wandering
 winds from the ocean
 Whispered a song of peace, and scattered
 fragrance around them.
 Over the hill came the murmur of waves as
 they broke and receded,
 Eagerly wooing the shore, and ever repulsed
 in their wooing.
 Through the short summer night the heavens
 watchfully bending
 Canopied in the hollow and made it a place
 of safety,
 Sheltered the sleeping Pilgrims from all the
 foes of the darkness,
 Guarded their slumber until the bay showed
 hints of the daybreak.
 Then as the pearly dawn gleamed tenderly
 in through the treetops,
 And the tentative twitters of birds grew
 bold in their morning chorus,
 Brightly Priscilla arose and smoothed her
 clustering tresses;

But Alden sat on the bank and gazed in a stupor around him,
Gazed like one in a trance, with eyes unseeing and vacant.

"What is the matter, John Alden?" Priscilla challenged him gayly.

"Are you in Plymouth still? Did you leave your senses behind you?"

Slowly, as one in a dream, John Alden answered Priscilla.

"Verily, wife, the night has been a marvel of strangeness.

Spirits are in this hollow, I know not of good or of evil.

Wife, I have seen such things since I laid my head on this blanket,

Mind and heart are confounded, I know not if I am still living."

Archly Priscilla pinched him. "What say you to that, John Alden?"

You do not feel like a ghost, but like a muscular mortal."

Never a smile from Alden, but still with aspect unseeing,

Quite as a sleeper still, the Pilgrim spoke in the dawnlight.

"Wife, if it be a dream or strangest of truth, I know not.

Much have I seen this night that passes human believing,

Marvels that never were and wonders that never will be.

Much do I fear that a witch has cast her influence on me."

"Heaven forefend!" cried Priscilla, but Alden continued, unheeding:

"I was upon a road. It was black. It was broad. It was shining.

Down out of Plymouth it stretched along the way we have travelled.

Hard it seemed to my feet, yet soft where the sun lay on it.

There as I walked, behold! with howl and scream of a demon,

Splitting the shuddering air with whirl of a thousand windmills,

Rushed on that long black path an indescribable monster.

Half it seemed a machine, and half a horrible dragon.

Hollow it seemed, a shell, and in it were hapless mortals,

Men and women and children, captured, the prey of the monster.

On it rushed, and its legs were wheels, and it shone like a beetle.

Glittered in armor of steel, and it screamed like a demon.

Then, as the beetle monster was whirling and dashing past me,

Sudden the air was cleft with a burst like the blast of a musket,

Bang! like the mighty blast of the musket of Captain Miles Standish.

Bang! and the monster stopped, most righteously shot in the vitals.

Then were its captives freed, and swarmed exulting around it,

Struck it revengeful blows, and tore a limb from its body,

Round, and much like a wheel, with a coil all helpless and flabby.

Yet as I watched, confused by a myriad meaningless motions,

Lo! the demon was whole! the monster snorted in anger,

Trembled in quivering life, drew back its captives within it,

Shrieked with a fiendish yell, and flew on northward to Plymouth.

Others hastened, pursuing, long lines of glittering dragons,

All with men in their bodies, and others flew in their faces,

Screamed in defiance, and veered, and madly rushed to the southward.

Ah! 'twas a fearful sight, and still I tremble within me."

"Calm yourself, John," said Priscilla; "remember our journeying hither.

Peaceful and quiet, and blest with the gentle balm of the forest.

Here is no hard, black stretch horrible with man-eating monsters,

No, nor ever will be, but beauty serene and enduring."

"That was not all, Priscilla; yea, that was but the beginning.

Speedily next I saw a narrow path rimmed with iron,

And on it a row of houses came rushing, crazily rocking,

Houses long, low, and narrow, and only the first had a chimney,

Houses full of great windows, and all of the windows held faces,

Men and women and children, and all of the faces were frowning.

Place all the houses of Plymouth arow in a frantic procession,

Hurtle them through the air with a torrent of smoke from the chimney,

Rumbling, and clanging, and screaming a warwhoop worse than the Indians"—

That was the sound that I heard and the sight that I saw in my terror.

Then as I watched them they stopped, and some of the pitiful people

Left them weary and hot, while others entered the houses;

Then with a jerk and a groan the strange
processional village
Rumbled and clattered away and swiftly
was lost in the distance."

"Have you a fever, John?" Priscilla anxiously
asked him.

"Rank unreason is this, to rave of houses in
motion."

Alden made never an answer, but hurried on
with his story,

Eyes still staring ahead as seeing invisible
horrors.

"Hard by the moving houses, Priscilla, I
saw a great river

Flooding down to the ocean, as if our neigh-
bors of Sandwich

Hadly had finished at length the big canal
they are digging.

Over it leaped a bridge, and while I was
gazing it parted,

Halves of it slowly rising, and all of itself
it lifted,

Living and moving and breathing, a new
and terrible creature

Standing stiff in the air. But little I pon-
dered the marvel,

For rounding a bend of the river another
monster rushed at me,

Silent and vast and dread like the sweep of
an awful destruction.

Boat-like, it was not a boat, for it had no
masts and no canvas,

Yes, and a hundred boats would scarcely
equal the creature.

Stately it swam along with fins that were
under the water.

Flat was its back, and on it were thronging
beves of people,

More than the people of Plymouth, and
Sandwich and Barnstable added.

Boldly the creature bore them, and steadily
swimming onward

Carried them out of sight, to plunge with
them into the ocean.

Ah! 'twas a horrible scene, so many doomed
to destruction,

Hurried resistless away by a mighty and
merciless monster!"

"Was it a whale?" cried Priscilla. "Far
larger than whales," answered Alden.

"Surely," the dreamer continued, "I had a
surfeit of wonders,

Yet they were only beginning, for far in the
air above me

Came a dull thudding and tremble, and
looking I saw to the southward,

Rapidly drawing nigh, a bird with majestic
pinions,

Glimmering bright in the blue and soaring
with never a wing-beat.

Steadily, swiftly on it came, unswerving,
portentous,

Large as a thousand eagles and making an
angry rattle,

Seeking its prey; and lo! as it swooped in
a swing from the heavens,

I saw that it had a man, two men, and
looking for others.

Fearful, I ran and hid, but those around me
were bolder,

Gazed at the bird unabashed, and said it
was going to Boston.

Never a pitying thought had they for the
people of Boston,

Soon to be snatched away by that bird's
irresistible talons."

"Did no one try to shoot it?" Priscilla asked
him, and shuddered.

"No one. They waved and shouted and
sought to frighten the creature,

Drive it away from themselves and let it
prey upon Boston."

"Heartless wretches!" Priscilla cried angrily,
"heartless and selfish!"

"Next," John Alden continued, "I found my-
self in a palace,

Lordly and very spacious, with windows of
sheeted crystal,

Walls of glistening wood well smoothed and
painted and polished,

Carpets and tables and chairs like the regal
houses of England,

All not far from this hollow. And there in
the heart of the palace

Found I a man at his worship, idolatrous,
impious worship,

Bending his head in prayer before the crud-
est of idols,

Only a box on the wall, and his prayer was
bold and ambitious:

'Boston!' he cried, 'Give me Boston!' and
greedily raised the petition:

'Boston!' he urged, 'I want Boston!' and
long he bowed to the idol,

Thumping the box in his ravings, and mut-
tering wild imprecations.

Then at the last with a sigh he turned from
his fruitless implorings.

'I can't get Boston!' he groaned." "'Tis so
with all worship of idols,"

Murmured Priscilla the pious; but Alden,
unheeding, continued:

"In another room of the palace I found an-
other box idol.

Over it hovered a maiden attired in most
marvellous garments,

Dainty and soft and fine and dyed with the
hues of the rainbow,

Such as no loom ever fashioned; and she too
bent at her idol,

Silent, but swaying her body and beating
her foot on the carpet,
While from the box, the idol, burst forth
an astounding clamor,
Singing and shouting and trumpets and
viols and ear-splitting music,
Snarling the senses with sound and lashing
the soul to confusion.
Thus the poor, silly maiden beat time to the
chant of her idol.
Still in another room I saw another box
idol
Drawn by a pole on a carpet. A woman
worshipper drew it,
Drew it and pushed it uneasing, and out
of the box came a humming
Like to a myriad bees, and wearily still the
woman
Plodded up and down, and pushed the box
idol before her."

"Thus forever with woman," Priscilla the
sage interjected,
"Wearily plodding through life, and pushing
some idol before her."

"One more marvel, Priscilla," said Alden, "I
saw in the palace.
Bright and shining, complex with wheel and
shuttle and needle,
Guided yet by a woman, I saw a skilful
contrivance.
Two were the pieces of cloth the woman fed
to the marvel,
Drawing them swiftly from it, and lo! they
were sewed together."

"That I should like, John Alden," Priscilla
owned with a dimple.
"Pray you, procure me one when next you
travel to dreamland."

"Crowded the night has been, Priscilla, with
wonders of magic.
Hazily now they lie in a jumble of curious
fancies,—
Pictures that seemed to move as if they
were living and breathing,
Tenuous towers that pulsed keen messages
into the darkness,
Stoves that cooked without fuel, a light that
lived in a bottle,
Rows upon rows of books, and printed pa-
per so common
Piles of the priceless sheets were wastefully
tossed to a bonfire."

"Yes, but, John, were the people you saw in
this wonderful dreamland
Mortals like you and me, or were they a
race of angels?"

"That is the puzzle, Priscilla. They lived in
their mansions of splendor,

Girdled with power and glory and wrapped
in the garments of beauty,
Yet were their faces worn and yet were they
sadly harried,
Masters not of their marvels, but slaves and
servitors of them."

"Then," Priscilla responded, "pray, what is
the good of your dreaming?
What is the good of these wonders, impossi-
ble, wild, and fantastic?
Better we made our way, with no more
fairyland nonsense,
Straight to Barnstable town, where people
are peaceful and happy."

So Priscilla and Alden, climbing out of the
hollow,
Took up their journey to Barnstable, through
the awakening woodland,
Passing the Sandwich folk and bringing the
news out of Plymouth,
Skirting the wide-flung marshes, and glimps-
ing the sea from the highlands,
She with a smile demure and jests well
aimed at the dreamer,
He as in wonderland still, his eyes yet
vacant with slumber,
Till at the end of the day John Alden and
merry Priscilla
Came to the Mullins farm and found the
greeting of kindred.

CHAIN PRAYERS.

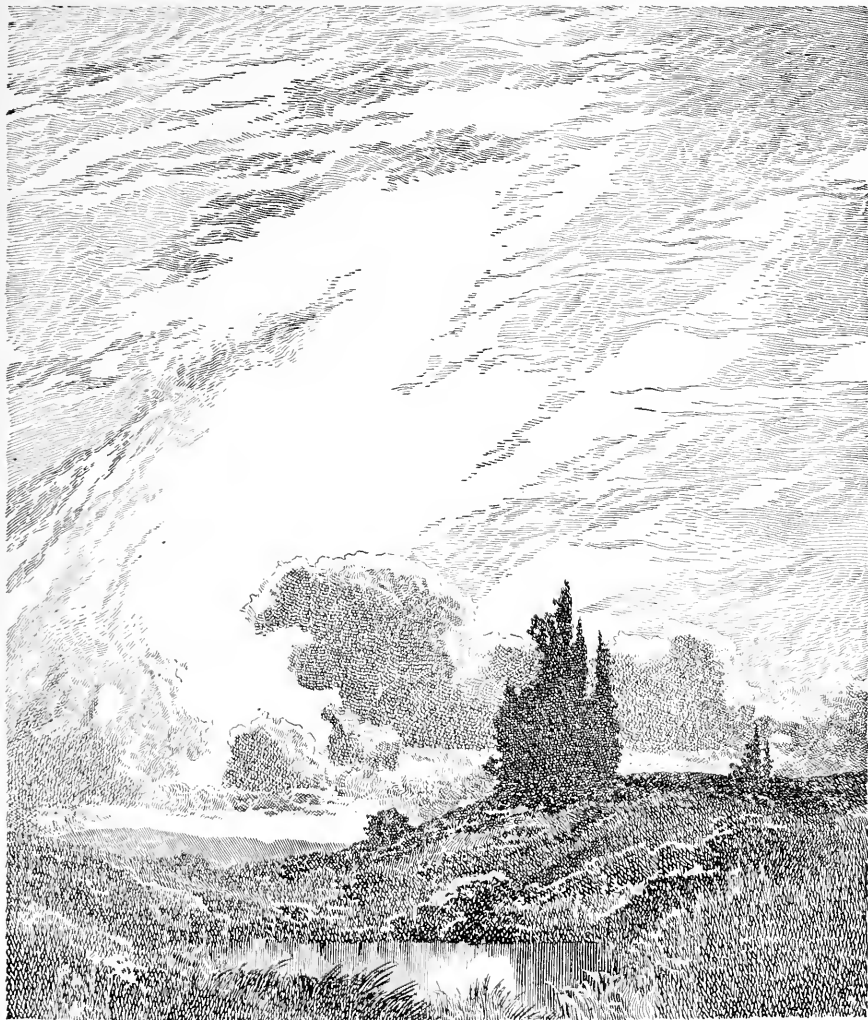
As our faith burns brighter, longer,
When a friend's true faith is near,
So our uttered prayer grows stronger
When an added prayer we hear.

Links of grateful adoration,
Links of promise, true and plain,
Links of eager supplication.—
Lengthen out the glorious chain!

"Least that's said, the soonest mended,"—
So the fretful worldlings call;
"Iron chains, too far extended,
Break beneath their weight, and fall."

Add the links, and do not heed them!
With each link the weight is less.
Winged are all true prayers, and speed them
Upward to God's tenderness.

Lengthen out the long petition!—
Words that tremble, words that shrink,
Praises, sorrows, joy, contrition;—
For a chain needs every link.



SKY BLOOMS.

From the lips of Morning,
Where the blossoms lie,
Petulantly scorning,
Breathed a little sigh :
"Sunrise flowers wither,
Quickly turn to gray :

Whither fly they? Whither
Pass from light away?"
From the sunset splendor,
Glowing soft and clear,
Came a whisper tender :
"Morning, we are here!"

A WOMAN'S HAND.

Soft and tender, smooth and white,
 Formed for winning and delight,
 Nature has no lovelier sight,—
 A woman's hand.

Wrinkled, worn with much to do,
 Many a task for me and you,
 In all trials good and true,—
 A woman's hand.

Clasping ours through life and death,
 Lovingly to latest breath,
 Sweetest thing that comforteth,—
 A woman's hand.

COINCIDENCES.

"Isn't it very lucky," I once heard a youngster say,
 "That it never snows in summer, when the snow would melt away?
 And wouldn't it be dreadful if the sun rose in the night
 When the people all were gone to bed, their eyes shut tight?
 And how do you account for this, that when our teacher 's crusty
 Our behavior 's always dreadful and our knowledge always rusty?
 And isn't it very fortunate that when her temper 's jolly
 We somehow never spoil it by poor lessons or by folly?"

"PERSONAL LIBERTY."

Said the Man to the Saloon-Keeper, "You work malevolent
 Increases all my taxes full seventy-five per cent."

And the Rummy answered, "Personal liberty!"

Said the Man to the Saloon-Keeper, "Your execrable trade
 Is teaching all my rulers their own laws to evade."

And the Rummy answered, "Personal liberty!"

Said the Man to the Saloon-Keeper, "My heart is full of woe,
 For I see your wretched victims whatever way I go."

And the Rummy answered, "Personal liberty!"

Said the Man to the Saloon-Keeper, "Your pestilent decoy

Is capturing and maddening and ruining my boy."
 And the Rummy answered, "Personal liberty!"

Said the Man to the Saloon-Keeper, "I'll exercise right soon

My 'personal liberty' to smash your vile saloon."

And the Rummy answered, "Personal fiddlesticks!"

WILLIAM E. JOHNSON.

[The Prohibition lecturer whose eye was put out by a missile thrown at him by an English mob.]

He gave an eye that other men might see;
 He faced the howling ruffians with a smile,
 He turned the other cheek and did not flee,
 And gladly went with them the second mile.

He came to free the slaves of passion's thrall,
 And did not wonder that he found them slaves;

He reached far down and did not fear to fall,
 Nor marvelled that the friends of rum were knaves.

His Master came to break the bonds of sin,
 Broken Himself by those He came to bless.
 Where Jesus went, he dared to enter in;
 What Christ endures, the servant bears no less.

A ROUTE FOR THE PROCESSION.

Memorial Day, 1911.

Where shall the veterans march to-day,
 With drum and fife and with banners gay,
 Where shall they take their memorial way?

Let them march by the city hall,
 Let them shout to its echoing wall,
 "Live for your country the first of all."

Let them march by the great church door,
 There will they cry, "Hear the weak implore,
 Free the oppressed and the wronged restore."

Let them march by the public school,
 Shouting, "Children, be no man's fool;
 Ever stand for the righteous rule."

Let them march by the marts of trade,
 Singing, "Rich men, be not afraid;
 Of manhood only is true wealth made."

Let them march by the grimy mill,
 There let them cry, "In the present ill
 Work for a better, and better still."

Let them march by the playhouse fair,
Shouting, "Pleasure-debonair,
Do not forget the world of care."

Let them march to the graveyard near,
Saying, "Heroes, our brothers dear,
Soon we too shall be lying here."

PLAYING DOMINOES.

Mistress Morning—well she knows
How to play at dominoes
With the children blithe and gay
Wide awake at break of day.
Down she throws her bluest skies,
Matched by Mary with her eyes.
Next she plays her breezes light,
Matched with Lucy's laughter bright.
Then she throws her sunshine true,
Matched with smiles by merry Lu.
Flowers come now, sweet white and red,
Matched by Josie's flower-like head.
For each charm the morning throws
In this game of dominoes,
Something sweet the children bring,
Matching her in everything.
If the game goes thus all day,
Who will be the victor, pray?

A MOHAMMEDAN LESSON.

Garbed as a Mussulman one day,
A Paris student joked and laughed,
And, just to finish off the play,
He had the costume photographed.

Then, still in Moslem garments dressed,
A sidewalk restaurant he sought,
And drank with many a clumsy jest
The wine the grinning waiters brought.

He drank, till haply came along
A genuine Mohammedan,
Keen-eyed, and bold, and quick, and strong,
A ready and a righteous man.

"Is 't thus, you renegade," he cried,
"You break the holy Prophet's law,
Running that wine, a filthy tide,
Into your beastly Moslem maw?"

With that he struck the student's hand,
The glasses smashed, the bottle broke,
And curtly bade him understand
That wine was not for Moslem folk!

Ah, there's a lesson loud and clear,
Worthy of mightiest voice and pen!
Let all dishonoring tipplers hear
That wine is not for *Christian* men!

THE INN THAT MISSED ITS CHANCE.

(The Landlord speaks, A. D. 28.)

What could be done? The inn was full of folks!

His honor, Marcus Lucius, and his scribes
Who made the census; honorable men
From farthest Galilee, come hitherward
To be enrolled; high ladies and their lords;
The rich, the rabbis, such a noble throng
As Bethlehem had never seen before,
And may not see again. And there they were,
Close herded with their servants, till the inn
Was like a hive at swarming-time, and I
Was fairly crazed among them.

Could I know

That *they* were so important? Just the two,
No servants, just a workman sort of man,
Leading a donkey, and his wife thereon,
Drooping and pale,—I saw them not myself,
My servants must have driven them away;
But had I seen them, how was I to know?
Were inns to welcome stragglers, up and down
In all our towns from Beersheba to Dan,
Till He should come? And how were men to
know?

There was a sign, they say, a heavenly light
Resplendent; but I had no time for stars.
And there were songs of angels in the air
Out on the hills; but how was I to hear
Amid the thousand clamors of an inn?

Of course, if I had known them, who they
were,
And who was He that should be born that
night,—
For now I learn that they will make Him
King,

A second David, who will ransom us
From these Philistine Romans,—who but He
That feeds an army with a loaf of bread,
And if a soldier falls, He touches him
And up he leaps, uninjured? Had I known,
I would have turned the whole inn upside
down,
His honor, Marcus Lucius, and the rest,
And sent them all to stables, had I known.

So you have seen Him, stranger, and perhaps
Again will see Him. Prithee say for me,
I did not know; and if He comes again
As He will surely come, with retinue,
And banners, and an army, tell my Lord
That all my inn is His, to make amends.

Alas! Alas! To miss a chance like that!
This inn that might be chief among them all,
The birthplace of Messiah,—had I known!

WHAT IF?

What if we hadn't women's clothes to laugh at?

What if the ladies all wore coats and derbies, And all wore trousers of the self-same pattern,

And sheet-iron shirts and collars coldly formal,

And looked all just alike, the way we men do?

What if? It wouldn't be an hour, a minute, Before the women would do something to them,

Poke in the derby, give the shirt a ruffle, Discover new alignments for the collar,

Invert the trousers and create them graceful!

Because, you know, it's not with clothes we're dealing,

Not fashion-plates nor fabrics nor cosmetics, But, back of all, and just the same without them,

Mysterious, adorable, perplexing,

Absurd, divine, kaleidoscopic Woman!

THE CASTLE OF TWENTY YEARS HENCE.

I'm a common young fellow, I don't own a mine,

And I needs must look after the pence, Yet, my lad, I am lord of a castle divine, The castle of Twenty Years Hence.

I have worries and flurries and trial and doubt,

I have trouble of body and brain, Just like all the creatures that travel about — These highways of joy and of pain.

But a leap of the mind, lad, and lo! I'm secure

From those sorrows of soul and of sense, For I've entered a fortress where solace is sure,

The castle of Twenty Years Hence.

What matters it, pray, though some scoffers may say

That there is no such castle at all? Or in life or in death they must enter, some day,

Its open and opulent hall!

And what matters it, pray, that my body must stay

Firmly bound by the stern present tense, Since my spirit is free, and has fled far away To the castle of Twenty Years Hence?

Oh, the walls of that castle are built of delight,

And its floors have a carpet of peace.

As I pass the wide portal my sorrows take flight,
And all my sad worriments cease.

The fumes of to-day, and the frets of to-day, They are nothing, when looked at from thence;

Yes, a mount to a molehill may dwindle away When gazed at from Twenty Years Hence.

For its windows, my lad, have a marvellous skill,

As I view all the path I have trod; They can soften its hardness, and blot out its ill,

And show me the goodness of God.

When the world is awry, lad, and fortune unkind,

And the storm-clouds are angry and dense, Take a leap in your mind and I think you will find

Your castle of Twenty Years Hence.

THE WOLF IN THE THEATRE.

It was a thrilling Western play Shown in New York the other day.
A snarling wolf broke from his cage And leaped across the lighted stage.
Down to the startled crowd he sprang; With sudden shrieks the building rang,
And many a bleeding wound he gave Before a "bobby," swift and brave,
Grappled his throat, and with a grim And steady courage conquered him.

But oftentimes with no demurs Do wolves attack our theatres,—
Wolves of the foulest shame and sin, That boldly, unopposed, leap in.
Unseen, unheard, their savage jaws; Unseen, unfelt, their tearing claws;
But oh, what surgeon can make whole Their havoc in the human soul?

THE PEN.

Within my pen what words are pent,
What mystery, what merriment!

It hath a door, my pen, somewhere,
And what a throng is waiting there!

Bright thoughts are standing all about,
And quivering to be let out.

O could I find the golden key,
Open the door and set them free!

THE SCITUATE BIRD.

[The Maryland Yellowthroat, whose song to many is "witchery, witchery, witchery, witch!" to me calls the name of the Massachusetts seaside village of Scituate.]

Where is your "Scituate, Scituate, Scituate,"
Bright little warbler up in the tree?

I know a Scituate, Scituate, Scituate,
I know a Scituate hard by the sea,
New England Scituate, plain little Scituate,
Dear little Scituate, quaint as can be.

Is that your "Scituate, Scituate, Scituate"?
Is that the theme of your whistling song?
Or some mysterious Scituate, Scituate,
Far in the land where the fairies belong?
Other quite misty, impalpable Scituate,
Whither the fairies and singing birds
throng?

Gold-breasted chanter of "Scituate, Scituate,"
Whence came the gold? It was surely
from there!

Bright-throated lover of "Scituate, Scituate,"
Warm is the glow of your Scituate fair!
Vigorous praiser of "Scituate, Scituate,"
Surely that region surpasses compare!

Lead me, gay warbler, to Scituate, Scituate;
Close will I follow wherever you fly.
I would see Scituate, Scituate, Scituate,
Vocal with carols and bright to the eye;
Yes, I would live in your Scituate, Scituate,
Live there and sing there till singing I die.

GARLANDS.

Memorial Day, 1911.

What are the garlands we lay on the graves?
Heapings of blossoms that loveliest are?
Beauty supreme for the bravest of braves?
Yes, and an offering holier far.

Here are the garlands of memories clear,
Thoughts of the partings, the desperate
frays,
Marches and prisons and hospitals drear.
Triumphs and woes of those terrible days.

Garlands of gratitude fadeless and fair
Lie on the graves of our glorious dead,—
Grateful for freedom that breathes in the air,
Grateful for union that floats overhead.

Garlands of love from the children and wives,
Garlands of hope for the nation to-day,
Garlands of offered and consecrate lives,
These on the graves of our heroes we lay.

Roses and lilies and violets blue,
Daffodils, tulips, and all of the rest,—

Ah, dear departed, brave patriots true,
We know what garlands will please you the
best!

THE RIFT.

We spoke no word and we gave no look,
But we quarrelled, my love and I;
And our hearts ran dead as an empty brook,
Though neither of us knew why.

And many a time in the later years,
With reason enough, God wot,
We have come to reproaches and wrath and
tears,

That soon were gone and forgot;

But still we remember the hour malign,
And must till the day we die,—
The hour when we quarrelled and made no
sign.

And neither of us knew why.

"TREASURE IN HEAVEN."

Treasures of sound! Kind words, and words
of love,

And helpful words, and merry songs of earth,
Yes, all your tender vocal ministries
Living forever on the upper air,
Borne to you on the winds of heaven's May,
And whispered to you deep in heaven's woods,
And gratefully repeated here and there
By unforgetting spirits—ah, the store
Of golden sounds from earth sent heaven-
ward,

Echoed in happy tones for evermore!

Treasures of thought! Decisions firmly true,
Still meditations blossoming serene,
The gleam of high ideals followed far,
Bold aspirations, plans of perfectness
Outreaching brother arms to all the world,—
These, written in the libraries of heaven,
And printed deeply on celestial minds,
Are authorship indeed! a catalogue
That Shakespeare well might covet for his
own.

Treasures of courage! Wealth of love and
faith,

Of trust when trust becomes an agony,
Of hope when hope's last ray has fallen dead,
Of courage in the chasm of despair!
These are the pillars of the heavenly homes,
These are their statues, these their paintings
proud,

The rich adornings of their palaces!
These are the treasures heaven cannot buy,
Or God create. The millionaires in these—
Some gentle mother spending all for love,
Some patient workman toiling manfully,

Some large-lived hero living for mankind—
Will walk in affluence eternally,
And none will grudge them, but the countless
host
Will glory and rejoice to see them rich.

THE LONELY LION.

The lion was lonely;
Said he, "There is only
One way of driving this gloom from me:
I must enter into society!"
So he asked the beasts in a manner quite
hearty,
To come to his cave for a little party.
On the appointed day,
In a frightened way,
A parrot flew over his head to say
That the beasts would be happy the lion to
greet,
But they very much feared he was out of
meat!
"Alas!" the lion cried with a groan,
"And must I then live forever alone?"

TOM'S TOOTH.

The word went forth in Fairyland,
(From ugly fays, in sooth!)
"Young Tom's had too much candy;
He needs an aching tooth!"
So Fever hurried from the south,
And from the west came Grumps,
And from the east came Puffy Face,
And from the north came Thumps.
They quickly spied a hollow tooth
(Where Tom had failed to brush);
They clapped their little, impish hands,
And made a silent rush.
They thumped the tooth, they banged the
tooth,
The mocking, cruel crew;
They rasped the nerve, they ground the
nerve,
They pierced it through and through.
From nine o'clock till twelve o'clock
They racked the groaning child,
Till Tom was "almost crazy,"
His mother, "fairly wild."
At length between his moans and cries
Young Tom was heard to say,
"I'll give my teeth less candy,
And brush them twice a day."
Bang, bang! The impish fairy four
Each dealt a parting thwack,
Then off they flew, east, west, north, south,
And nevermore came back.

HOW BIG?

The cities now are waiting,
The villages as well,
To see what tale the census
Has to tell.
Chicago wants two million,
And Podunk wants ten score,
And each, whate'er the fact is,
Will want more.
And yet for all the counting
Of statisticians wise,
Our cities are not rated
By their size.
There's Beverly, a hamlet
Right delicate in girth,
But where's a bigger city
On the earth?
And Lincoln, in Nebraska,
A modest little town,
To New York or Chicago
Won't back down.

And after all the cities
Have had their say,
We hear and heed the word from
Oyster Bay.

THE GIFTS.

In the grass lay little Elsie on a fairy holi-
day,
And she got a fairy blessing from whatever
came that way.
For a spider brought her patience, and the
house dog brought her love,
And the wise birds brought her music from
the heavens up above.
And a brown bee gave her sweetness, and the
elm-tree gave her grace,
And a butterfly brought beauty to her dainty
baby face.
And the sunshine gave her gladness, and the
blue sky gave her peace,
And the oak-tree up above her gave her
health and strength's increase.
So we lifted little Elsie from her hiding in
the grass,
And the blessed years soon told us what the
fairies brought to pass.

"I WAITED PATIENTLY FOR THE LORD."

Why should I not be patient? Thou hast been
So patient, endless patient, with my sin;
Hast waited long, hast kept Thy lamp alight,

Piercing with love my reckless, wandering
 night;
 Hast pitied me, forgiven me, forborne,
 With not a word and not a look of scorn;
 So eager hast Thou been to come to me,
 And I have fled in folly far from Thee.

Why should I not be patient? Why not wait
 However long Thy coming, slow and late?
 So long was I in turning, late and slow
 In calling to Thee from my depth of woe,
 So did I try Thy patience, surely now
 I must await Thee with a peaceful brow,
 Must bide Thy coming with a heart serene,
 And know the Father whom I have not seen.

Nay, in my patient waiting for Thy grace,
 I see, my God, the smiling of Thy face,
 I hear Thy voice, I feel Thy loving arm
 Enfolding me protectingly from harm;
 The silences are vocal with delight,
 The empty air reveals a radiant sight,
 And earth and heaven are in one accord
 As I am waiting, patient, for the Lord.

THE SEA MIST.

It crept—crept—crept—
 Into the rooms where people slept,
 And breathed on the mirrors till they wept.
 In hungry mood
 It stole to the pantry crammed with food
 And left the taste of its saltness there.
 It sat in my chair
 And molded the leather. It filled the air
 With a great gray ghostly horror that was
 not light
 Nor dark, but a pall and a blight.
 It crawled through the trees,
 And changed the woods into islanded seas.
 It prowled—prowled—prowled,
 And all that it touched it fouled.
 It was not the sea,
 My splendid, brave, and glittering sea,
 But it held the ocean as it held me,
 And hushed its waves with its mystery.

It was not the sea, for out of the sea there
 came,
 With a cheery burst of jubilant flame,
 My comrade the sun that put it to shame,
 And thrust it away
 With its trailings gray,
 And its shattered horror that had to obey,
 When, lo, a crystalline day!
 But still, in the midst of the warmth and glow,
 The clearness and fairness, I know, I know,
 That out somewhere, beneath the horizon's
 rim,
 Lurks the spectre grim.
 And soon, if I turn to sleep,

It will creep—creep—creep—
 With its empty mysterious dole
 Back into the world and back into my soul.

BURGLAR TIME.

Time 's a burglar. On his toes
 Noiselessly the rascal goes;
 Steals my hair, and in its place
 Drops long wrinkles on my face;
 Steals my vigor, and instead
 With experience crams my head;
 Steals the trustfulness of youth,
 Changing it for bitter truth;
 Steals my friends by slow degrees,
 Leaving only memories;
 Steals my hope, my daring bold,
 Leaving nought but yellow gold.
 Making these exchanges, he
 Deems it is no robbery;
 Yes, and truly; for his stealth
 Of my dear departed wealth
 Yet has left the Joy of Life,
 You, my daughter and my wife!

A BELATED MEMORIAL.

Forty years of varied weather
 (How the impish decades fly!)
 Since we lived our lives together,
 My dog and I.

Forty years of thought and action,
 Failure, struggle, pain, success,
 Play and passion, friendship, faction,
 Curse me, and bless.

Back through all the mess of living,—
 Time's commingled sun and fog,—
 Merry, faithful, fond, forgiving,
 I see my dog.

He was one who knew no meanness,
 Nor the shadow of a lie;
 Lived we two in spirit-cleanness,
 My dog and I.

He was one who, always sunny,
 Never knew an anxious thought;
 Counted glory, counted money,
 As less than nought.

He was one who knew no other
 Praise or blame than I might bring;
 I was father, I was brother,
 His judge and king!

How we frolicked, single-hearted.
 Over meadows, through the wood!
 How my frots and fears departed,
 And all was good!

Not a word, yet that dear creature,
By his bearing and his looks,
Said in each expressive feature
Far more than books.

Forty years of varied going,
Highway, byway, steady jog;
Few men better worth the knowing
Than that old dog.

Few have been so loyal to me,
Few have I so truly served,
Few to hearts unflinching drew me,
And never swerved.

This memorial belated,
Let it stand for men to see,
Till in heaven, recreated,
He bounds to me.

THE ANACHRONISM OF WAR.

Dead men, cripples, women's tears,
Blight and waste of years on years,
Debt and want and hunger's pangs,
Cruelty's rapacious fangs,
Wounds and lingering disease,
These, and even worse than these—

Sages, statesmen, Christian hearts,
Where are all your boasted arts,
Where your reason, where your laws,
Where the love that binds and draws,
What is all your vaunting worth,
If such things can be on earth?

THE SUITOR.

My automobile loves the saintly wood;
But his hot heart, his wild and throbbing
heart,
Enamored of her quiet, better good,
Knows well that in it all he has no part.

He plunges boldly through her gentle ways,
He seeks to please, to flatter and cajole,

But evermore, in shrinking, sad amaze,
She turns from him the secrets of her soul.

How shall he learn the sunlight's calm caress,
The birds' dear notes, the grace of tree
and vine?

Must he forever vainly pray and press
Against the woodland's closed, inviolate
shrine?



BIRD EGOTISM.

A vireo sings in the top of the tree
The whole of the livelong day.
He sings: "See me! Look at me! See me!"
And that is all he can say.

He is well worth looking at, natty and trim
In his garments of olive green;
He is hard at work on his leafy limb,
And he wears the friendliest mien.

But he sings: "Here, *here!* Look at me!
Look, look!"

See me! Look at me! Do, *do!*"
And that is the whole of his wisest book,
Declaining it through and through.

I like his grit, and I like his cheer,
And surely he's good to see;
But I own it is tiresome forever to hear:
"See me! Look at me! See me!"

A CHANCE MEETING.

I had a moment's talk with him
And saw that he was good,—
A spirit candid to the brim,
Breathing of brotherhood.

A fleeting face, a stranger face
I shall not meet again,
Yet earth is now a friendlier place,
And full of better men.

If such a whiff of soul transforms
So blessedly and far,
What of that world beyond the storms,
Where none but true men are?

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

(Written while he was President.)

The sturdy mountain sides have dowered him;
The prairie and the forest and the stream
Have been a second college. Nature knows
To build uncounted forms, but chiefly knows
To build the crowning majesty of man.
From east to west, through many ranging
years,

He learned to ken his country,—suddenly,
At fearful phase, that country called to serve.
With woodland swing that parts the under-
growth

He hastens to the dread, imperious task.
Comrade of hills, good-fellow with the trees,
Well can he blaze a path, or follow well
Another's footprints. To its hidden lair
He knows to track a panther—or a thief.
The cool, dark stream, familiar with his line,
Has taught him how to fish with many baits,
And tactfully. The facile, swift canoe

Has bound its Indian fibre to his brain,
As swift, direct, and sure. He could not
learn,

Sweeping across the prairies wild and free
With men as free and wild, the quibbler's art,
And so he never learned it. In the woods
One turns to many a craft, as men have need;
So he, in wood or city. Where the stars
Gleam through the reverent branches of the
pines,

He learned the littleness of little men,
The majesty of great ones, and was taught
How one man—with the stars—can front
the world.

Those stars direct our woodland President,
Steady his course with quiet influence;
Lead him right onward where the triumph is,
Draw him right upward where the blessing is,
And ever through the crowding cares of state
Pour the serenity of hills and trees.

WHAT THE FLAGS SAID.

The great gay flag that ran on the jubilant
breeze

Shouted such words as these:
"O far is the reach of the beautiful, master-
ful land,

From eastern to western sand.
O fair in the sun, green mile upon golden
mile.

Its woodland and cornland smile.
On hill or vale, by gulf or the mountain gates,
The spacious splendor of States,
And lifted high, as the flash of a purpose
high,

Its arch of imperial sky!"

The proud old flag that lay on the listening
breeze

Murmured such words as these:
"They came from afar, dear sons of the land
below,

From realms of the fire, the snow;
Yet solely for one queen country their pulses
stir,

Their hands and their hearts for her!
At the beck of her finger, the lightest com-
mand she cried,

How many have gladly died!
For the joy they may give her, the glory and
grace they may give,
How many devoted live!"

The swelling flag, full-blown with the rever-
ent breeze,

Rejoiced in such words as these:
"For leagues of manhood, resolute, gentle,
brave,

Their symbol and sign I wave;
For leagues of womanhood, heroine-true and
fair,

I curve to the gracious air;
 For leagues of childhood, blossoming tall and
 white,
 And pure in the angels' sight;
 For leagues of churches and schools and the
 homes between,
 I fly in the blue serene!"

Then a tattered flag, its hands outstretched
 on the breeze,
 Flung forth such petitions as these:
 "O God of the universe, far to its uttermost
 strand
 Be Thou the God of this land!
 When foes from without or in wrath or in
 madness assail,
 Be Thou its inviolate pale!
 When foes from within their poisonous sor-
 ceries urge,
 Be Thou its besoming scourge!
 Heart-red, thought-white, heaven-blue to Thy
 heavens fair,
 Lo, I am the nation's prayer!"

THE PEARL.

In mart and mine of many a long-leagued
 land
 I sought my jewels and I built my crown:
 The circle shone with gems of bright renown,
 Fiercely coruscant, shimmeringly bland;
 But dark amid the light on either hand
 The central point stood empty, dully brown.
 Waiting a stone of splendor that should drown
 The lesser fires with flame supremely grand.
 I tried a ruby's hot, imperial ball.
 A golden sapphire's bright benignancy,
 A lordly diamond, a topaz tall,
 But none could rule that glittering company;
 Till last I found it!—queenliest gem of all,
 One soft, sweet pearl; its name, Serenity.

WHERE LOVE HAS BEEN.

With happy heart I tread the ways
 Of this world of hate and sin.
 And everywhere I whisper praise
 That there true lovers have been.

Not only in some dim retreat,
 Where the branches that bend above,
 And the mossy banks, for lovers meet,
 Seem Cupid's palace of love,

But sometimes on the brick-paved walk
 Of a city's seething street,
 The air yet thrills with lovers' talk,
 And the brick with lovers' feet.

For where our thronging human race
 Most ceaselessly comes and goes,

Most sure am I that blessed place
 Some touch of a lover knows.

And humdrum shops, and factories,
 And the bustling market square,
 And railroad stations,—spots like these,
 All vulgar, and hot, and bare,—

Some lovers, I have faith to hold,
 Have hallowed each homely place,
 And changed its pewter all to gold,
 And its homeliness all to grace.

And thus I walk with listening ear,
 Wherever I chance to be,
 If some sweet echo I may hear,
 Or some lingering love-light see.
 And so God bless the lovers dear,
 As they bless this world for me!

THE DISCOURSE.

He "cleared the way" remorselessly,
 This conscientious bore,
 Removing misconceptions—
 Which were not there before.

He met objections skilfully—
 That no one ever made;
 He waged a war with men of straw,
 And did not seem afraid.

And thus he led, by crafty steps,
 To one triumphant burst,
 Convincingly demonstrating—
 What all believed at first.

THE ATTACK ON THE PRESIDENT.

A land of freedom! Who is free?
 The kindly heart, the trusty brain?
 Or lawless fiends of anarchy,
 Low-browed, black-hearted, and insane?

A land of boasted liberty!
 But liberty for doing—what?
 For righteousness, or infamy,
 For manly toil, or beastly plot?

Free speech! that loosens from their cage
 A thousand passions of the pit.
 Free press! with license to enrage
 By lying slanders foully writ.

A refuge for the world's oppressed!
 And for the world's oppressors, too.
 Its white and red that bleeding breast,
 A darting adder for its blue.

And when, ah, stupid patriots, when
 Shall empty phrases find their graves,
 And we, vain-fancied freedom's men,
 No longer wear the yoke of slaves?

By every form of lawlessness
That stalks unfettered through the land,
Our freedom dwindles, less to less,
Our bondage wins a stronger hand.

For flaming words of blinded hate
Run swift and sure to fiery deed.
Dost fear the serpent? Do not wait,
But go, destroy the serpent's seed.

By brave McKinley's martyr moan
Be taught, O sorrowing citizen,
That freedom rests on law alone,
And law alone—on manly men.

"ALL ON ACCOUNT OF THE BABY."

An ache in the back and an ache in the arms,
All on account of the baby.
A fear and a fright and a thousand alarms,
All on account of the baby.
And bottles and rattles and whistles and rings,
From cellar to attic a clutter of things,
From morning to night and to morning again
More fuss and more fume than an army of men,
And a head that is stupid for lack of its sleep,
And a heart where a flood of anxieties leap—
All on account of the baby.

A joy in the heart and a light in the eyes,
All on account of the baby.
A growing content and a growing surprise
All on account of the baby.
And patience that conquers a myriad frets,
And a sunshiny song that another begets,
And pureness of soul as a baby is pure,
And sureness of faith as the children are sure,
And a glory of love between husband and wife,
And a saner and happier outlook on life,
All on account of the baby.

BEGIN AT HOME.

No home so unwise as the teacher's
That teaches only abroad;
No home so accursed as the preacher's
That tells only strangers of God.

Ah, there's many a world's care-taker
Whose house lacks neatness and grace,
And there's many a merry-maker
Whose home is the saddest place.

And I wonder if up in heaven,
Where homes are of priceless worth,
Christ's "many mansions" are given
To the home-neglecters of earth.

THE CHILDREN'S KING.

There once was a merry old monarch
Who ruled in a frolicsome way.
He cut up high jinks with the children,
And played with them all through the day.

"A king always gets into trouble
When trying to govern," he said.
"So nothing but marbles and leap-frog
And tennis shall bother my head."

Ah, well! The wise people deposed him.
"You may govern the children," said they.
"Why, that is exactly what suits me,"
He replied, and went on with his play.

But it wasn't a year till the people
All wanted the king back again;
They had learned that a ruler of children
Makes a pretty good ruler of men.

MY LITTLE GIRL'S HAND.

By every bruise upon this little hand
I heal with balm and kiss away the grief,
Better the Father's love I understand,
Better my own torn spirit finds relief.

By all those hours the little hand grew white
And ah! so sadly frail upon the bed,
My darkened soul drew forth into the light,
My wandering feet to heaven's gates were led.

Yea, by the very times this little hand
Is snatched in wilfulness away from mine,
Better my own revolts I understand,
And lay, O God! more trustful hands in Thine.

"I'LL STRETCH IT A LITTLE."

The wintry blast was fierce and cold,
And the lassie's coat was thin and old.
Her little brother by her side
Shivered and pitifully cried.
"Come underneath my coat," said she,
"And see how snug and warm you'll be."
The brother answered, nothing loth,
"But is it big enough for both?"
"Yes," said the girl, with cheery wit;
"I'll stretch it out a little bit."

Ah, brothers, sisters, where the mind
Is bent upon an action kind,
What though the means are sparely spun,
And hardly seem to serve for one?
Stretch them with love, and straightway you
Will find them amply wide for two!

JUST A LITTLE BIT OF BABY.

Just a little bit of baby,
 Twenty pounds and nothing more,—
 See him floor his giant daddy,
 Weight two hundred, six feet four.

Just a little bit of baby;
 Any beauty? not a trace,—
 See him stealing all the roses
 From his lovely mother's face.

Just a little bit of baby;
 Ignorant as he can be,—
 See him puzzle all the sages
 Of his learned family.

Just a little bit of baby;
 Walking? no; nor crawling, even,—
 See him lead a dozen grown-ups
 To the very gate of heaven!

HIGH TIDE.

Scarlet frock and golden curl—
 Such a very little girl—
 Bessie wanders up and down
 Where the seaweed lies are brown,
 Something plainly on her mind.
 Something she would like to find.
 Now, whatever can it be
 Bessie 's seeking in the sea?
 So I ask the little maid,
 And she answers, half afraid:
 "Sir, high tide has come and gone;
 Where were all the strings tied on?"

THE MEN OF THE MAINE.

Alas for the men of the Maine!
 Alas for the hell-burst that made of that
 harbor of peace
 A chaos of death and of pain!
 Still shudders upon the air a cry that will
 never cease,
 And the water is red with the slain.
 Ah me, for the mothers that weep and the fa-
 thers that moan,
 And the wives that are waiting alone,
 And the gallant great ship that is shattered
 there, riven in twain,
 And alas for the men of the Maine!

Yet joy for the men of the Maine!
 Yes, joy for the reaping of death that is har-
 vest of life,
 The loss that is highest of gain!
 What matter the time or place, and if it were
 peace or strife,
 Or of chance or of malice insane?

Long years had each man offered freely his
 life for his land,
 Held it forth in a resolute hand.
 Yes, joy for the patriot's death that is never
 in vain!
Who will follow the men of the Maine?

LOUIS PRANG.

He holds a title deed to fame
 Who paints in hues of Nature's own
 A portrait of that glorious dame
 In but one phase of beauty shown.

But he to all our hearts is dear,
 Fair Nature's friendly worshipper,
 Who flings about our grateful sphere
 A million photographs of her!

TO C. D. GIBSON.

Some construct cathedrals,
 Empires, sonnets, jokes;
 You, ingenious Gibson,
 Manufacture—folks.

Through your pencil's magic
 Girls are growing tall,
 Modelled on your drawings,
 Haughty looks and all.

Faithfully their lovers
 Follow copy too—
 Tall, blasé, athletic,
 Best the lads can do.

Haughtiness and ennui,
 Gibson, I'll forgive:
 Keep on drawing giants,
 Giants that will live!

Guerdon of your labors
 Amply worth the while,
 This: that strength 's in fashion,
 And good health the style!

SHADOWS.

Gloomy the earth on the shadowless days,
 Sad and monotonous, ghostly with haze.
 Gloomy the sky by the clouds overrun,
 Days without shadow are days without sun.

Bright is the earth where the dark shadows
 lie,
 Cast by the beams of a glittering sky.
 Praise for the shadows when earth days are
 done;
 For the darker the shadows, the brighter the
 sun.

A CHEERLESS DAWN.

Prone in the prison of a lonely night,
At last the darkness quivers to my sight;
The Sheriff Sun has come to give release,
And far before him throws a crawling light.

Ah, were it not the Sheriff pacing slow,
Grimly to offer me the lesser woe
Of barren toil, and back to jail at night,—
But Mother, as in days of long ago!

In heaven, O God! I want no joy but this:
Once more to have the child's unconscious
bliss.

The perfect sleep unvexed by any pain,
And Mother to awake me with a kiss.

THE SWEEP OF OCEAN.

Imperially free,
The bay slow-widens out into the sea,
Subdues its lordly headlands, cramps its shore,
Hushes its breakers to a silent gleam,
And yields itself entire for evermore
To ocean's incommunicable dream.

Who follows? What far-winged flight of soul
Spurns the near dancing wave,

And set and brave
Beats out and out beyond all tame control
Into the age-long sweep,
The dim and dread horizons of the deep?
Look not behind

At waning cottage and the friendly wood,
Things warm and bright and fondly under-
stood,

Hearts dearly good.

Be desperately deaf, be sternly blind,
Fling yourself out into forgetfulness,
And press, press, press
Through the austere, untrodden wastes of air,
Seeking what thing is there.

Yours not to say
What you shall meet on this mysterious way,
Red lightnings crashing through demonic
night.

Delicate seas that laugh into the light,
The gaping mouths of monsters waiting grim,
Sweet islands wreathed and dim,
Or only barren wastes of mocking spray
Ever rebuffing whom they still invite.
Nor dare you feel

Here in this welter of the infinite
That you are less than it.
Though purpose falter and though spirit reel
With vastness of the waters and the dread
Of nothingness, and though your soul is dead,
And all is dead above you and below
And in the fog-filled void to which you go,
Still must you go invincible, serene,
Still must you proudly know



You are but traversing your own demesne.
And must we seek forever through the air?
Must we forever bear
This awful weight of loneliness, nor turn
Back to the homely bay for which we yearn,
Back to the cottage comforts fondly fair?
Yes, comrade, yes!
Whoever takes this path.
At peril of hot shame and branding wrath
Must not turn back,
But press, press, press
Upon the vague, unending, glorious track,
Whate'er the ocean hath.
Who once has felt the sea-sweep, nevermore
May dare to know the confines of the shore.

BESSIE'S BONNET.

Bessie hath a dimpled chin,
Mouth with smile upon it,
Eyes of blue to glory in,
But—she hath a bonnet.

That's the only thing I see
When she dares to don it;
Climax of all witchery
Lies in Bessie's bonnet.

Yet, though I have sung the spell
Oft in many a sonnet,
To this day I cannot tell
One thing that is on it.

Were it off her dainty head,
Who would care to con it?
She's the charm, when all is said,
Of her dainty bonnet.

A PROSPECTUS.

Mr. Ananias Bounce
Has the honor to announce
The first issue of *The Day*,
Number Naughty-Naught, Broadway.
Nothing ever seen as yet
Touches it; *videlicet*:
Its supreme desire shall be
Not for size, but brevity.
All the news, with sober sense,
It will test, assort, condense,
Throw the straw and husks away,
Give the kernel in *The Day*.
When it does not chance to know,
It will dare to tell you so.
When a thing should not be told,
Though editions might be sold,
Though its readers' optics itch,
It will scorn to handle pitch.
What it honestly believes,
It will wear upon its sleeves,
Though the whole two-cented town
Shall unite to "call it down."
As to parties, it will dare
Get its truth from everywhere.
As to news, it will report
More the church and less the court,
More the good that men have done
Than the sin beneath the sun.
It will not attempt to be
A diurnal library:
Comic Weekly, Art Review,
Fashion Journal, Sporting, too,
Literary Magazine,
Scientific Bulletin,
Children's Paper, Kitchen Guide,
Sermon Digest, Poet's Pride!
Thus it will have time to be
Quite a Newspaper, you see!
As for its advertisements,

(Listen, O ye men of sense!)
Fake or honest, large or small,
It will print no "ad" at all.
Now that it may meet with ease
Probable emergencies—
Not a buyer in the crowd—
It is suitably *endowed*.
Thus its virtue will endure;
Thus its courage we insure;
For if buyers, in the end,
Fail, for foe or lack of friend,
We're prepared on any day
Just to give the sheet away!
Knowing how success succeeds,
When a man no friendship needs,
On immediate favor counts
MR. ANANIAS BOUNCE.

A LITERARY CRISIS.

There is nothing so hollow as pens,
There is nothing so gloomy as ink.
When a man is obliged to think of something,
And doesn't know what to think.

There is nothing so blank as paper,
There is nothing so void as a brain,
When a man has an hour to think up a
thought
And has thought for an hour in vain.

I know how a ghost must feel
As he tries with his fingers of air
To convey a mouthful of good beefsteak
To the mouth that isn't there.

THE SNAIL'S PACE.

Said the Snake to the Snail: "How absurdly
you crawl!
I scarcely can see you are moving at all."

Said the Hen to the Snake, "With no leg and
no wing,
No wonder you travel so slowly, poor thing!"

Said the Fox to the Hen, "You have wings,
that is true;
But what are your wings when I get after
you?"

Said the Wren to the Fox: "Don't you think
you are spry!
But what are your legs to a bird that can
fly?"

Said the Hawk to the Wren, "In my master-
ful flight
Your fluttering pace is a leisurely sight!"

Said the Snail to them all: "This big world
is my steed,

And I travel upon it as fast as I need—
Yes, daily upon it, in spite of your smiles,
No less than three-fourths of a million of
miles.

You think you excel in your hurrying race:
Can any one beat me in traversing space?"

THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE.

Tall was my camel and laden high,
And small the gate as a needle's eye.

The city within was very fair,
And I and my camel would enter there.

"You must lower your load," the porter cried,
"You must throw away that bundle of pride."

This I did, but the load was great,
Far too wide for the narrow gate.

"Now," said the porter, "to make it less,
Discard that hamper of selfishness."

I obeyed, though with much ado,
Yet still nor camel nor I got through.

"Ah," said the porter, "your load must hold
Some little package of trust-in-gold."

The merest handful was all I had,
Yet, "Throw it away," the porter bade.

Then, lo, a marvel! the camel tall
Shrank to the size of the portal small,

And all my riches, a vast estate,
Easily passed through the narrow gate!

MY QUIET HOURS.

Evening, and morning, and at noon will I
pray.—*Ps. 55: 17.*

At evening, the labor done,
The frets departed with the sun,
The long night reaching out before,
I find in prayer an open door,
And entering where none intrude,
Rejoice in God's kind solitude.

At morning, in the eager gray
Aquiver with the coming day,
Strong from the bath of calm repose
To toil with friends or fight with foes,
I pause upon the threshold there,
And win a Helper with a prayer.

At noon, amid the jostling crowd,
The snarling clamor shrill and loud,

Within the throng I find again
That spot undesecrated of men,
And on the ground by thousands trod
Am blessedly alone with God!

THE WITHERED HAND—WHOLE.

Praise God! Praise God! Give me my tools
again!

Oh, let me grasp a hammer and a saw!
Bring me a nail, and any piece of wood.
Come, see me shut my hand and open it,
And watch my nimble fingers twirl a ring.
How good are solids!—oak, and stone, and
iron,

And rough and smooth, and straight and
curved and round!

Here, Hannah: for these long and weary
years

My hand has ached to smooth your shining
hair

And touch your dimpled cheek. Come, wife,
and see:

I am a man again, a man for work,
A man for earning bread and clothes and
home;

A man, and not a useless hold-the-hand;
A man, no more a bandaged cumberer.
Oh, blessed Sabbath of all Sabbath days!

And did you hear them muttering at Him?
And did you see them looking sour at me?
They'll cast me from the synagogue, per-
chance;

But let them: I've a hand, a hand, a hand!
And ah, dear wife, to think He goes about
So quietly, and does such things as this,
Making poor half-men whole, in hand and
foot,

In eye and ear and witless maniac mind,
To get such praise as that! Well, here's a
hand,

A strong, true hand that now is wholly His,
To work or fight for Him, or what He will;
For He has been the Hand of God to me.

MY ORATOR.

I'll give my orator great store of words,
Then add forgetfulness of words; give tact,
But add forgetfulness that one must please;
Give self-willed power, then add forgetfulness
Of self, and power, in love for other men.
I'll make my orator of fire and snow:
Fire that a sullen audience cannot quench,
Snow that the flame of passion cannot fire.
Let him lose fear of men in love of truth.
Let him become a purpose, not a man;
Nay, rather, twice a man. And let him live
Not in men's meeting hands, but in their lives

That meet his purpose. As for chatterers
 Whose goal each hour is that poor hour's
 applause,
 Who would not gladly die to speech, if so
 Their theme might live,—no orators are they.
 Though smooth their words and proud their
 sentences,
 Adorned with all the pomp of golden mouths,
 There's not a mocking-bird but beats the air
 More orator than they. O godlike men,
 That dare to utter God's words after Him,
 By self-denial and glad suffering
 Making those words your own, these gabber-
 ing times
 Have need of you. O teach our magpie race
 The living art of fruitful utterance.
 Speak words that are events. The tongue-
 tied horde,
 Their manliness in Mammon's gyves or
 Fear's,—
 Teach them how men should talk. Rebuke
 the wrong
 And praise the right with heartiness, and know
 The whole wide universe is ear to you.

THE ROCK.

Encircled by the sea, a stony ledge
 Lies at the breaker's edge.
 The ebbing and the flowing of the tide
 Disclose the rock, and hide.
 Now like a granite lion crouching there
 Its head is black in air,
 And now the whelming waters in a night
 Have stolen it from sight.

Still to the nether deep its rocky root
 And stone foundations shoot;
 Far down, far down, its granite pillar goes
 Where tide nor ebbs nor flows,
 Unseen or seen, beneath the surges' roar,
 Based on earth's central core.

What cares the rock, though now its head is
 high,
 Now hidden from the sky,—
 A little more, perchance a little less,
 For human eyes to guess?
 What matter where the fickle waters run?
 The rock and Earth are one!

And thus, poor friends, who mourn, uncom-
 forced,
 Your loved, untimely dead,
 What though the murky and relentless sea
 Rose unexpectedly,
 And that dear form your life were given to
 save
 Lies underneath the wave?

Look with the leaping eye of conquering faith
 The gloomy flood beneath:

Well do you know to what unending ends
 That vanished life extends;
 Well do you know what vast Foundation Stone
 Its hope was fixed upon,
 Based on the quiet, peaceful, ocean floor,—
 The life for evermore!

*Death's tide some day will set its captives
 free:
 There shall be no more sea!*

THE TIME TABLE.

The railroad has a table
 Where many daily meet,
 And may you like the viands
 It furnishes to eat!

Imprimis, the substantial
 For all the motley crew
 It hastily commingles,
 And jumbles in a *stew*.

Then, though you paid a dollar,
 A quarter or a nickel,
 Impartially it serves you
 A most tremendous *pickle*.

And finally, to make you
 As quiet as a lamb,
 It saccharinely offers
 A highly seasoned *jam*!

MY BURDEN.

God laid upon my back a grievous load,
 A heavy cross to bear along the road.

I staggered on, and lo! one weary day,
 An angry lion sprang across my way.

I prayed to God, and swift at His command
 The cross became a weapon in my hand.

It slew my raging enemy, and then
 Became a cross upon my back again.

I faltered many a league, until at length,
 Groaning, I fell, and had no further strength.

"O God," I cried, "I am so weak and lame!"
 Then straight my cross a winged staff be-
 came.

It swept me on till I regained the loss,
 Then leaped upon my back, again a cross.

I reached a desert. O'er the burning track
 I persevered, the cross upon my back.

No shade was there, and in the cruel sun
 I sank at last, and thought my days were
 done.

But lo! the Lord works many a blest surprise—
The cross became a tree before my eyes!

I slept; I woke, to feel the strength of ten.
I found the cross upon my back again.

And thus through all my days, from that to this,
The cross, my burden, has become my bliss;

Nor ever shall I lay the burden down,
For God some day will make the cross a crown!

A STREET FACE.

A glimpse of red eyes in the street
As I hurry along;
A face too pale to be sweet,
Too sad to be strong;

A face that will nevermore know,
Though it die in its pride,
That last sad solace of woe—
The power to hide.

Ah, sister, we seem not to care,
Nor know what to do;
But the street has become one long prayer
In pity of you.

I PACK MY TRUNK.

What shall I pack up to carry
From the old year to the new?
I'll leave out the frets that harry,
Thoughts unjust and doubts untrue.

Angry words—ah, how I rue them!
Selfish deeds and choices blind—
Any one is welcome to them!
I shall leave them all behind.

Plans? the trunk would need be double.
Hopes? they'd burst the stoutest lid.
Sharp ambitions? last year's stubble!
Take them, old year! Keep them hid!

All my fears shall be forsaken,
All my failures manifold;
Nothing gloomy shall be taken
To the new year from the old.

But I'll pack the sweet remembrance
Of dear friendship's least delight;
All my jokes—I'll carry them hence;
All my store of fancies bright;

My contentment—would 'twere greater!
All the courage I possess;

All my trust—there's not much weight there!
All my faith, or more or less;

All my tasks! I'll not abandon
One of these, my pride, my health;
Every trivial or grand one
Is a noble mine of wealth.

And I'll pack my choicest treasure,
Smiles I've seen, and praises heard,
Memories of unselfish pleasure,
Cheery looks, the kindly word.

Ah, my riches silence cavil!
To my rags I bid adieu!
Like a Cræsus I shall travel
From the old year to the new.

A TRUST OF BUYERS.

Robed with might on seas and lands,
Lo, the conquering merchant-bands!
Not a commerce so august
But is mastered by a trust.
Not a traffic second-rate
But a trust has made it great.
Whiskey, matches, ships, and meat,
Things to wear and things to eat,
Schoolbooks, ice, molasses, screws,
Things to play with and to use,
Common things and superfine,
Each is in some vast combine.
We shall make them, if we must,
At the wages of the trust.
We shall buy them, fall or rise,
At the trust's imperial price.
We may swallow for our food
What the trust considers good,
And obediently wear
Just the clothes the trust can spare.
This—until the buyers learn
To amalgamate in turn:
This—until we boldly choose
To confederate those that *use*.

Once, in Boston, men were free
For a certain sport with food.
Better cereal coffee, then,
And retain the rights of men!
Naught is a "necessity,"
Bought with price of liberty.
Men whose wills and hearts are stout
Gladly learn—to *do without*.

Let us, mediocre folk,
Break the chain and smash the yoke.
Trusts and corners, low and high,
All are naught—unless we *buy*.
Let us match their money-just
With a monster anti-trust.
Let us quietly declare:
"If the seller is unfair,
If his workmen, underfed,

Cry for justice and for bread,
 If his prices he shall fix
 Not by nature but by tricks—
 Till his heart or courage melts,
 We will live on *something else!*
 And the money thus we save,
 His poor laborers shall have."
 Thus the rich whose wealth is made
 Worthily by worthy trade,
 Thus the toiling poor that lie
 In a hopeless slavery,
 Brothers, made of common dust,
 Both shall prosper from one trust!

Crude? quixotic? juvenile?
 Call the notion what you will,
 Only know that not for aye
 Shall the few the many sway;
 Only know that brotherhood
 Is omnipotent for good,
 And that men may safely—trust—
 In the triumph of the just!

WHAT IS A REVIVAL?

Revival? When the atmosphere
 Grows tense, like air around a bier?
 When deacons pray in awful tones,
 And not a hymn but ends with groans?
 When children go to church in fright?
 When meetings last through half the night?
 When wild sensations overlap,
 And no one knows what next may hap?
 Revival? No! Such signs as these
 Have vanished with dead centuries.

But this is a revival now:
 When Christian hearts in longing bow;
 When Christian voices boldly dare
 The frank appeal, the fervent prayer;
 When Christian hands are quick to greet
 The first non-Christian man they meet;
 When songs in earnest pleading rise,
 And hope is shining in our eyes;
 When thoughtful spirits look within
 And cleanse their hearts from secret sin;
 When love is eager to relieve
 The souls that tremble, doubt, or grieve;
 When homes, with happiness aglow,
 Are like a bit of heaven below;
 When business men deal honestly,
 And lives are lived in purity;
 'Tis then, O Christ of God! 'tis then
 Thy Spirit moves the souls of men;
 'Tis then revivals come, and bless
 The sin-sick world with righteousness.

For not in angry thunder-blast,
 Or crashing wave that bends the mast,
 Or earthquake shock that rends the ground
 Are nature's mightiest forces found;
 But where the sunshine pours its grace,

And rain makes glad some thirsty place,
 And little seeds all silently
 Expand to grass and flower and tree.

LIQUID AIR.

Mistress Science, strong and fair,
 Now can seize the nimble air,
 Press it, crush it, torture it,
 With her wild, titanic wit,
 To a liquid blue and cold,
 Tamely by the gallon sold.

All the graces of the sky
 In that deadly fluid die.
 Bathe in it a swallow's wing:
 He no more will fly or sing.
 Dip a rose therein: alas!
 It becomes a rose of glass.

Such a transformation dread
 Into coldness dull and dead
 They create who force and press
 Dear religion's kindliness
 To a cold and formal thing,
 Shorn of fragrance, bare of wing.

Let religion range on high
 Through the reaches of the sky;
 Let the fruitful dews expand
 Till they brighten every land;
 Flowers and birds and sunny cheer
 Grace religion's atmosphere!

A THANKSGIVING LITANY.

(Suggested by a poem by W. D. Howells.)

Lord, all my litany
 Mingled with praise must be;
 All my thanksgivings rise
 Joined with remorseful cries,—
 My sin so mocks Thy name,
 Thy grace so mends my shame.

Lord, for the angry word
 (That only Thou hast heard);
 Lord, for the wish to sin
 (That wish alone has been),—
 I pray Thee, pardon me;
 (*I offer thanks to Thee!*)

Lord, for the baneful creed
 (That has not passed to deed);
 Lord, for the acted wrong
 (Fought by a conscience strong),—
 I pray Thee, pardon me;
 (*I offer thanks to Thee!*)

Lord, for the stinging hiss
 (That shamed itself to a kiss);
 Lord, for the tasks undone
 (That spur Thy workman on),—

I pray Thee, pardon me;
(*I offer thanks to Thee!*)

Yes, for my heart of sin
Thy grace is strong to win;
Yes, Lord, for all the woe
Wherein Thy mercies glow,—
I offer thanks to Thee,
And pray Thee, pardon me!

RETRIBUTION.

Whence came this load that bends me to the ground?

"It is the weights you have on others bound."

What are these pains that through my being
crash?

"The backward stings of your own scorpion
lash."

What is this hissing that affrights my ear?
"The echo of your own harsh words you hear."

And what this woe that o'er my spirit rolls?
"The sadness you have brought to other souls."

THE TIME WILL COME.

The time will come

When, though the hottest fire on earth should
leap

To warm the currents through thy veins that
creep,

No August flame or mild September glow
Thy wintry heart and ice-bound blood shall
know.

Hast thou the fire of love, devotion's heat,
An eager, flaming soul wherewith to meet
That chilling time?

The time will come

When, though the sweetest bells on earth
should ring,

The noblest organ peal and chorus sing,
Men shout thy praise and love's wild plead-
ing call,

Thou shalt be deaf and distant from it all.
Thou hymn hast thou in store, what words
of cheer,

What spirit voices for thy spirit ear
In that still time?

The time will come

When, though the landscape roll its beauty
far,

Though fair the skies and woods and rivers
are,

Though dearest loving faces look on thee,
No gleam of all shall thy strained vision see.
Hast thou prepared some prospect of delight,
Some opening vistas for thy trembling sight
In that dark time?

Ah, if that time
Follow a lifetime filled with work and love,
Then, while the old world dies, the heavens
above
Shall burst to warmth and fragrance, sight
and sound,
While glad remembered faces flock around,
And strength comes back and more, and joy,
far more,
Skill, beauty, music, o'er and o'er and o'er,
Through endless time!

THE WINDOW.

A dear old pallid face, night after night,
So patient! at the window. Now 'tis dead—
The window, not the face. What fires were fed
In those long waitings till I came in sight,
And then how flashed dear love's dear beacon
light

Glad in that glad old face! I should have sped
Winged to my waiting lover, but, instead,
I met her warmth with chill, her love with
slight.

And yet I know it is my lover's joy
To sit in heaven, somewhere along the way
That I shall take, and wait there for her boy.
May all the years, dear Lord, be but a day;
Peaceful the window where she makes her
home;

Wait with her, happy angels, till I come!

A RECIPE FOR A DAY.

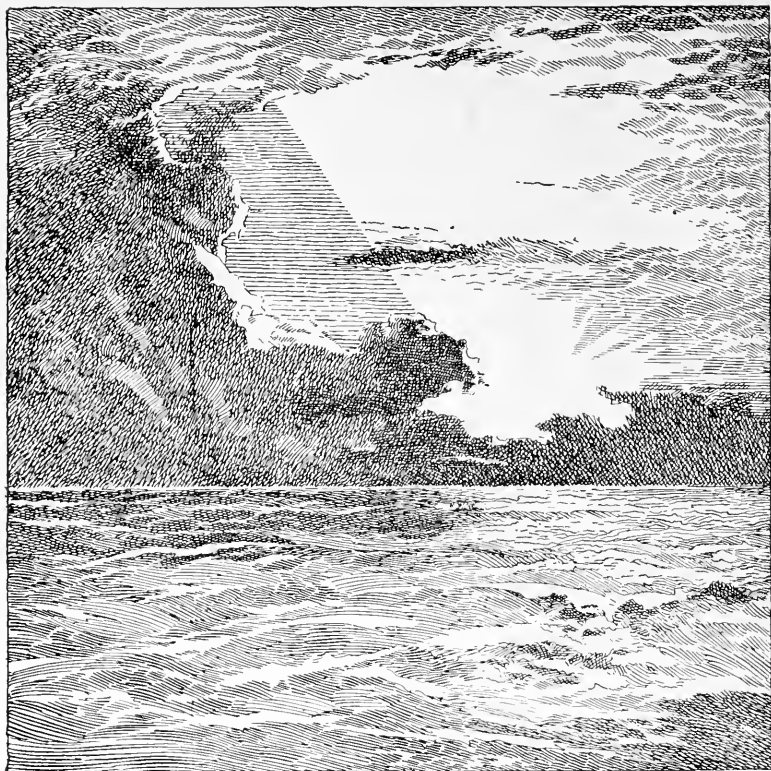
Take a little dash of water cold,
And a little leaven of prayer,
And a little bit of morning gold
Dissolved in the morning air.

Add to your meal some merriment,
And a thought for kith and kin;
And then, as your prime ingredient,
A plenty of work throw in.

But spice it all with the essence of love
And a little whiff of play;
Let a wise old Book and a glance above
Complete the well-made day.

NEARER.

Closer is the Lord's protection
Than a near investing wall;
Closer than a moat around me;
Closer than a tower tall;
Closer than a suit of armor,
Or my hands and feet can be;
For against my own assailing
His protection keepeth me!



SUNRISE THROUGH THE TREES.

Where ocean reaches vast and wonderful
 Its ever-changing leagues of liquid light,
 Beating against the shore, but leading on
 The ardent vision, on and ever on,
 Beyond the circled margin of the sky,
 To fabled islands and to thoughts of God,
 There with what radiance of majesty
 The sun approaches, all the heavens lit
 With torches of his couriers, all the sea
 Laid with resplendent carpets for his feet!
 And how the flaming arches blare and ring
 With color salvos as my lord the sun
 Steps from the invisible chariot of the night,
 And lifts his golden sceptre o'er the world!
 Beholding, man becomes imperial,
 And bears himself with finer confidence,
 For he, yes, he, and haply who but he,
 Sits on a throne co-sovereign of the day,
 And smiles at fear and toil and destiny.

But dearer is the breaking of the dawn,
 And nearer is the coming of the sun,

When, far from ocean or the level sweep
 Of broad savannas, through the friendly
 trees,
 The many-branching, close, and friendly trees,
 We see the sun approaching neighborly.
 Each waiting leaf is shining with the joy
 He flings before him; crossed and inter-
 crossed

With woodland mysteries of dark design,
 The softly happy sky pours gladness down,
 Till all the shadows twinkle with a smile,
 And all the blacknesses dissolve away.
 There's not a twig upon a lowly bush,
 Or bit of moss that gems a hidden stone,
 Or tiniest ant that creeps along the ground,
 But knows his neighbor Sun, and, knowing,
 loves.

The slender brook that winds through ferny
 clefts

Talks of him to the pebbles; butterflies
 Carry the word of him, and reverent thrush
 Sings in his praise the anthem of the woods.



Thus came the Christ: not clothed in sov-
ereign state,

Flashing with jewels, girt with steely pride,
An empire-founder, builder of a throne,
Uplifted high above the mass of men,
And glittering on a million dazzled eyes;
But taking little children on His knee,
And pointing weary fishers to a catch,
And lingering beside a village well
To help a harlot into purity,
And trudging up and down the flinty ways
Of common life with homely, common men,
Just to give here a smile, a warning there,
Or glorify a meal by sharing it.
And so He brought the heavens very near,
For men to touch, and love, and rest upon,
And wrap their shivering bodies in its glow.
Thus to the hidden darkness of the world,
The lurking fears, the festering secret sins,
He brought the medicine of light; and thus
To lonely souls despairing of a friend,
And empty souls despairing of a good,
And bitter souls despairing of a God,

He brought a friendliness that never fails,
The treasure-key of all and endless wealth,
And showed them God low-knocking at their
doors.

O Sun of righteousness, Thou glorious One,
Thou Majesty of majesties, Thou Might,
Thou Wisdom, Thou Supreme of vastnesses,
How good to know Thee in our woodland ways,
And greet Thee through the parting of the
trees!

REQUITALS.

Hast a present? Be not swift
To return a gift for gift.
Thus the shallow mirror's face
Backward flings the approaching grace.

Rather ape that magic plate
Where the eager fluids wait
Some appeal of joy, to laugh
In a lasting photograph!

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

The dear Lord will provide, friend,
 The things that are best.
 Have you prayed for more work?
 He may send you more rest.
 Is joy your petition,
 And is it denied?
 Then be grateful that sorrow
 The Lord will provide!

Does God answer with sickness
 Your prayer for more health?
 Does He answer with poverty
 When you ask Him for wealth?
 Is your prayer for successes
 With failures supplied?
 Thank the Lord, then, that failures
 The Lord will provide!

When you pray, do you think
 The Lord *needs* to be told?
 Ah, He knows what is best
 Both to give and withhold.
 'Tis the Lord is the sender,
 Whatever betide;
 Praise the Lord, then, whatever
 The Lord will provide!

SCIENCE, HELP!

Science, Science, quickly speed!
 Save us in our bitter need!
 See us, see the pallid folk
 Bent beneath a groaning yoke,
 Body, mind, and spirit bent
 Under woes malevolent.
 Hot consumption slays us here
 With alternate hope and fear;
 Gnawing cancers slowly eat,
 Racking gout enchains our feet,
 Fevers light their funeral fire,
 Palsies shake and never tire,
 Fierce neuralgias shoot their pains,
 Madness leaps upon our brains,
 Epilepsy faints and foams,
 Typhoid lurks within our homes,
 Thick diphtheria chokes our breath,
 Cold pneumonia beckons death,
 And a thousand ills beside
 Whelm us in a murky tide.
 Science, Science, quickly speed!
 Save us in our bitter need!
 For the world is very fair,
 And our work is waiting there,
 And our dear ones, oh, so white
 Are their faces in the night!
 And we're waiting eagerly,
 Science, for the remedy.
 Oh, are half the marvels true,
 Hopeful, we have heard from you,
 That unconquered brain of yours

Soon will find a thousand cures,
 Stop the carnage, raise the weak,
 Bring the rose to every cheek!
 Oh, in *our* time do it all!
 It is we that moan and call.
 What to us are pestilence,
 Fevers, death, a decade hence?
 It is we that faint and fear,
 We, and those that hold us dear.
 In our day avert the doom;
 Science, Science, quickly come!

THANKSGIVING DEFERRED.

I bless Thee, Lord, who hast restored my sight;
 Where were my thanks through all my years
 of light?

Thou liftest me again; Thy praise I tell;
 Where was my gratitude before I fell?

Thou healest me; glad thanks to Thee belong;
 Alas, my thankless heart when I was strong!

My fetters Thou dost loose; all praise to Thee!

And yet I praised Thee not when I was free.

I bless Thee, who dost all my ills remove;
 But ah, when all was well, where was my love?

WHY NOT TO-DAY?

There's a happy time a-coming when your worries will be over.

When your blues will all be golden and your frowns all smoothed away,
 When your soul will be in merriment, your fortune be in clover;

Why not to-day?

There's a happy time a-coming when you'll count the gold of heaven

As you balance up your ledger,—what you get and what you pay;

When you'll raise your human spirits with the angels' happy leaven;

Why not to-day?

There's a happy time a-coming when your hatreds will be buried,—

In the sea of love be buried, and be anchored down to stay;

Brother-love will come to bless you, o'er those charmed waters ferried;

Why not to-day?

There's a happy time a-coming when your eyes will see with wonder

All the beauties and the graces of the friends about your way;

And you'll hasten then to praise them e'er
your lives be torn asunder;
Why not to-day?

There's a happy time a-coming when the sin
so long your master
Will be grappled with and wrestled with
in fierce, determined fray,—
When God's grace will drive it from you and
your hate will drive it faster;
Why not to-day?

There's a happy time a-coming when the task
so long neglected
Will be manfully attempted with no instant
of delay,
And your noble resolutions into high result
erected;
Why not to-day?

There's a happy time a-coming when all good
in earth and heaven,
When all power and all promise will be
yours for aye and aye;
You are eager, God is eager,—for the asking
all is given;
Why not to-day?

MY BED.

It is a narrow inn, shall I confess?
But amply broad enough for weariness.

No lights flare out a welcome; but what cheer,
What flowing sweet tranquillity is here!

All silent is the caravansery,
And no obsequious landlord welcomes me.

A-weary from the ways of toil and sin,
Through one half-open door I stumble in.

Soft on the yielding floor I sink and fall,
The only guest in that mysterious hall.

Unseen, unheard, the servants come and go,
And weave a weird bewitchment to and fro.

A noiseless butler pours a shadowy wine,
And witless, prone upon my back, I dine.

Smooth hands caress me, reached I know not
whence,
And lay a subtle charm on every sense.

Kind porters come a-tiptoe, grave and gray,
And bear my heavy burdens all away.

What passes there I never rightly ken,
So strange the place from all the modes of
men.

But whether more or little understood,
I hereby testify the inn is good.

And if, as gossip rumors all agree,
This landlord keeps another hostelry,

Where, at the end of my last journey, I
A little longer while am like to lie,

I'll know that second inn is kind as this,
And greet its narrow doorway with a kiss.

NO ESCAPE.

I threw my mantle over my head,
But my sin had dyed the mantle red,
So I hid my face in my hands instead.

But my hands with sin's leprosy were white,
So I closed my eyes; and that inward sight
Showed the sin enthroned in my spirit's night!

WHEN NERVES ARE DEAD.

When the nerve is alive, and the dentist cuts
and grinds,

There are fully fifty pains he invariably finds.
There are pains that are hot, there are pains
that are cold,

There are big and swelling pains that the
mouth can hardly hold,

There are pains like a needle, there are pains
like a saw,

There are pains that explode and other pains
that gnaw—

When the nerve of the tooth is alive.

When the nerve is dead, let the dentist grind
away,

You can sit and smile, quite at ease and even
gay;

He can do his worst, and he doesn't hurt a
bit,

He can chisel and bore and you hardly think
of it.

But the tooth, alas! needs the nerve to keep
it well,

And it soon decays and becomes a brittle
shell

When the nerve of the tooth is dead.

When the nerve of the soul is alive to sin
and woe,

How we groan at wrongs, and we will not
have them so,

How we sigh and weep at the weary lot of
man,

How we tug and pull just to help the best we
can,

How we heal the sick, how we bolster up the
weak,

How we range afar as the wretched lost we
seek,

When the nerve of the soul is alive.

When the nerve of the soul is dead we live
at ease.
Sin, woe, and want,—let them ravage as they
please.
Let the wicked rule, let the weary faint and
fall,
We are deaf and blind to the sorrow of it all.
But alas! for the soul as it slowly shrinks
away,
As it rots and fades in an ugly, swift decay,
When the nerve of the soul is dead.

GETTERS AND GIVERS.

Know yourself not of the light, if you bide at
home;
Know yourself not of the heat, if aught
can hold you;
Know yourself not of God, if the widest dome
That ever a hermit soul built up for itself
enfold you.
There are only two kinds of men among all
that live,—
The men that live to get, and the men that
get to give.

THANKSGIVING FOR THANKSGIVING.

I thank Thee, Father, once again
For many blessings gladly known,
And many more beyond my ken
That Thou dost see and Thou alone;
But most of all my heart I raise
To praise Thee for the power to praise.

Thy bounty, it is wondrous kind;
But oh, the smiling of Thy face!
My life is all in love designed,
But Thou Thyself art grace of grace,—
Thyself, oh, infinitely more
Than all Thy bounty's golden store.

That I can feel Thy Fatherhood,
That I can press my hand in Thine,
That I can know that Thou art good,
And all Thy power is love divine,—
This knowledge every bliss outranks;
I thank Thee for the gift of thanks.

"CROSSING THE BAR."

Before the moaning bar,
The tumult of the sea;
Behind it, quiet waters and a star,
The harbor light—for me.

Long, long our broken boat
Has wandered in the waves,
Battling for life amid the wrecks afloat
Over the ocean graves.

But now impulsions strong
In sea and air combine
Mysteriously to hurry us along
Swift to the breaker line.

What heed of hidden rock
Where lurking demons are,
What memory of tempest's angry shock
When we have crossed the bar?

Oh, dear ones soon to meet!
Oh, heaven's tranquillity!
We shall fall down and kiss our Captain's feet,
Returning safe from sea.

BUT YOU WILL STAY.

Some rascals hurt a smaller boy
In rough and brutal play.
"Don't mind such things," an old man said,
"They go, but you will stay."

Stout words are those for all that walk
The weary ways of men;
The woe, the fret we once have met
Will not return again;

They vanish like the skulking mist
The morning drives away,
To-morrow they will be forgot,
While we—ah, we shall stay!

Above the shallow clouds of time
Our radiant souls will rise,
And what will be a nettle's prick
When we are in the skies?

And what will be earth's longest night
In heaven's endless day?
Forget the fears, the stings, the tears;
They go, but you will stay!

COMIN' THROUGH THE TOWN.

If an auto meet an auto
Scorching to the train,
If an auto smash an auto,
Will a cop complain?
Of all the Force there's none, of course,
I canna' handle well;
But how I play that little game
I dinna' care to tell.

I've a purse well stocked wi' siller,
I've a temper gay;
Money saves a peck o' trouble,
Money finds a way.
Many a chauffeur gets a "record,"
Nane, they say, ha'e I;
And all the cops they smile on me
As I go, scorching by.

THE MISTAKEN ANEMOMETER.

A little anemometer

On the weather-bureau high
Was set to measure off the wind
That whistled through the sky.
As the wind blew hard or the wind blew soft,
So swift he turned or slow,
And just the number of miles an hour
His dial-plate would show.

But the little anemometer
On the weather-bureau tall
Decided, very innocent,
'Twas *he* that did it all.

So when the wind blew a hurricane—
"I'm a terrible fellow!" he cried;
And when the wind was a zephyr mild—
"I'm too tired to blow," he sighed.

Until one melancholy day
A little breeze, in fun,
Twisted the anemometer
So that it couldn't run;
And thus it learned that the heavens work
On an independent plan,
And it grew to be a modest machine
And ceased to be like a man.

HERMIT-THRUSH SEXTONS.

In the hushed and reverent woodland
Where the twilight shadows dwell
All the birds are going to meeting,
And the hermit rings the bell.

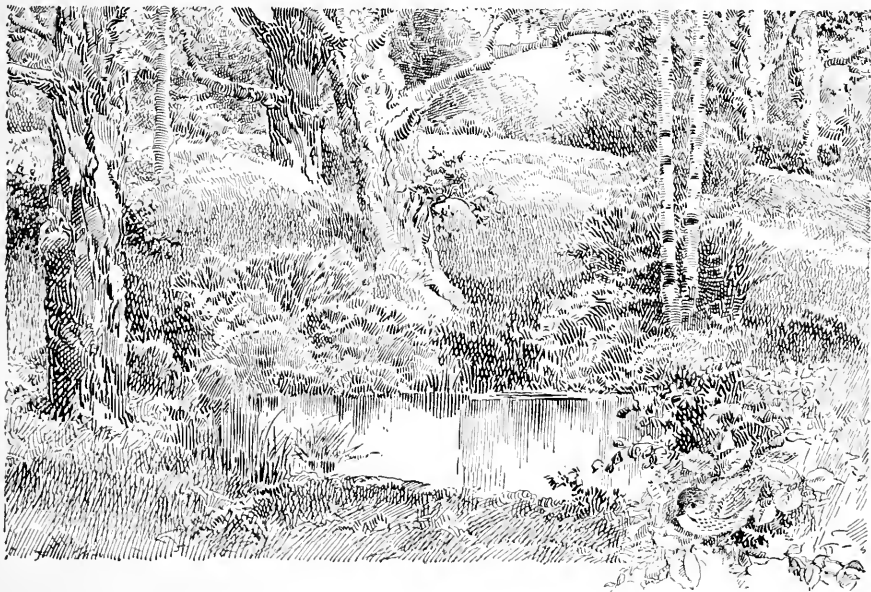
"Co-o-ome, come to church this evening,"
So the little sexton sings;
"Co-o-ome, come to prayer and praises,"
Through the woods the summon rings.

Then another hermit answers
From a belfry green and high;
"Co-o-ome, yes, we'll come and gladly,"
Is the musical reply.

Soon across the woodland spaces
Other sextons ply their bells,
Till the forest is a-quiver
Deep in all its hidden dells.

And the wistful mortal straying
Underneath the brooding trees,
Captured by the mood of worship,
Sinks his soul on bended knees.

Spoken words and ritual order?
Stately spire and arched hall?
Nay, the world is a cathedral
When we hear the hermit's call.



A RAINBOW FOUNDATION.

Once a spider built a cobweb on a rainbow
bright and gay.

For she thought its brilliant colors would
entice her lawful prey.

But, alas! the sun descended, and the
bright bow was no more.

And the weeping, webless spider was left
homeless as before.

"After this," I heard her mutter to herself,
"I'll be content

With foundations not so showy, but more
firm and permanent!"

A SERMON FROM THE PEW IN FRONT.

There's a lesson you may learn
When the little children turn
Squarely, fairly, in their pew,
And as squarely gaze at you.

Sweet their eyes are, sweet and pure,
Modest also and demure,
Happy, innocent, sincere,
Gazing with no thought of fear.

Should the older people thus
Turn about and look at us,
Would their gaze as steady be,
Truthful, brave, and folly free?

STRIKES.

Who is struck when the workmen strike?
Butchers and bakers and the like?

The wives and the children everywhere,
Purses empty and cupboards bare?

Yes, these are struck when the workmen
strike.

When the workmen strike, just what is
struck?

The rich man's hoard and the gambler's luck?
The stock exchange and its crazy crowd?

The corpulent bank and the palace proud?

Yes, these, when the workmen strike, are
struck.

When the workmen strike, what is struck,
ah, what?

The common weal of the common lot?

The average purse, just yours and mine,

And the average home, neither poor nor fine?
Yes, these are struck when the workmen
strike.

It's a bungling way, this striking way,
And the world should have passed it many a
day.

It's a strike in the dark, and no one knows

Just who are struck, whether friends or foes,
And who struck worst, when the workmen
strike.

Yet the workman, brave and strong and true,
When the cupboard is bare what can he do?

When the children cry and the wage is wrong,
And the courts are closed and his hands are
strong,

Then what, but strike, can the workman do?

'Tis the age of mind, 'tis the science age,
And the world is beyond the fusty stage.

The workman knows how to manage machines,
And he gladly will use a more civilized means:
If you give him the law, with the law he
will strike.

ON CERTAIN ADJECTIVES.

A "generous" liquor! Ah, if generous
Let it return, of what it steals from us,
At least one-tenth!—one soul for every ten
In mercy let it render back again;
One-tenth of all the homes, the land, the
gold,

The peace, the joy, its close-mouthed coffers
hold!

You sneer, you generous liquor. Well you
know

All things to get and nothing to let go.

"Generous," forsooth!

"A royal bumper"! "Royal"? Yes, a king
Whose reign means serfdom. There's no
sacred thing

This "royal" liquor fails to override,
And whelm in fiendish lust and hateful pride.
His regnant sceptre bends, and at the sign
Men yield themselves the crawling slaves of
wine.

His throne is built of broken hearts, his
crown

Gleams red with stars from heaven fallen
down.

"Royal," indeed!

"A sparkling goblet"! Yes, yes!—all ablaze
With horrid hell's most haggard, ghastly
rays,

The light of happy eyes turned to despair,
The flash of hate, the eating flame of care,
The glitter of a madman's awful eyes,

The dying light that stabs one as it dies,—
Hence does the "sparkling goblet" get the
glow

And radiant glances that delight men so.

"Sparkling," forsooth!

"Strong" drink, "strong" drink! Well may
we call it strong

That drags so many myriad men headlong
Down woe's most awful path to dreadful
death,

That shatters happy households at a breath,
And fastens with its hot and crooked hands
On temple roof and spire that loftiest stands,
While marts and studios and statesmen's
halls

It levels to the slime wherein it crawls.
"Strong" drink, indeed!

And "rare old spirits"! Ah, how many a
prayer

Beseeches God that they become more rare!
Rare—till the widow's tears less common
are;

Rare—till dismantled homes are fewer far;
Rare—till the children's sobs, the wives'
despair,

The drunkard's dreadful anguish, grow more
rare!

Brothers, to work! to work with hand and
will,

And make these "rare old spirits" rarer
still!

God for the right!

THE LITTLE DOG BARKED AT THE BUGGY.

Mr. Downey O'Gloom, with pardonable pride
In his horse and his buggy, went out for a
ride.

The road was all level, his horse it was gay,
Great arches of greenness o'ershadowed the
way.

There was joy in his heart and a light in his
eye,

And he gave a brisk nod to the folks he flew
by,

And his lips were just framing themselves
to a song,

So merrily, cheerily bowled he along,

When—a little dog barked at the buggy;

O dear!

A terrier barked at the buggy.

The horse did not mind it, but Downey got
mad,

And he—*thought*—an expression decidedly
bad;

And he whipped at the dog, but he missed
him, of course;

And he scowled at the sidewalks, and jerked
at the horse,

While the terrier, plainly quite dogged in
mind,

With barking obstreperous, followed behind,
And Downey O'Gloom, in a mood far from
sweet,

Went whirling along the sedate village street,
While the little dog barked at the buggy;
O dear!

The terrier barked at the buggy.

And Downey no more had a song in his throat,
For his heart was attuned to the terrier's
note;

And Downey no more had a light in his eye,
For that one little cur overshadowed the sky;
And the road grew uneven with many a jolt,
And the new buggy rattled in linchpin and
bolt,

And the trees gave no shade, and the friends
he passed by

All flung him a bantering cast of the eye,

For—the little dog barked at the buggy;

O dear!

The terrier barked at the buggy.

Fellow drivers that speed on life's road to
death's doom,

Let us see our own image in Downey O'Gloom!
How often we travel with laughter and song,
Till some cross little worry comes barking
along,

And then, like a flash, all the sunshine is dead,
And bare are the boughs of the trees over-
head,

And the road is all ruts, and the birds fly
away,

And the peace is all gone from the heart of
the day.

While the little dog barks at our buggy;

O dear!

The terrier barks at our buggy.

WORRY.

Worry—a petty madness, weak and crude;

A treason to the universal love;

A passion for the nethermost; a rude,

Sullen defiance of the God above!

A torturing woe that is not worth a name;

A bitter grief that never wins a tear;

A misery that hides behind a shame;

A blasphemy that calls itself a fear!

A passion more intense than all but hate;

A sin uncensured in our clumsy creeds;

A dread disease forlorn and desolate

That sorely some benign physician needs.

How shall we conquer thee, thou empty shape?

With what austere weapon on thee fall

And pierce thy filmy folds of horrid crape,

And find thy life, that hast no heart at all?

Father of Love and Light, to Thee we turn!

Beset by powers of gloom, we turn to Thee!

With souls that faint, with souls that weakly
yearn,
With souls that drag their chains and
would be free!

Yea, Father, we are like a frightened child
Waked in the night and groping for a hand ;
So lay Thy touch upon our terrors wild,
And, in all darkness, we shall understand.

HEADACHES FULLY EXPLAINED.

When curious Pandora, luckless lass,
Brought all our pains to pass,
Releasing from that Box those wingèd foes,
The Troubles and all Woes,
They flew about on impish mischief bent,
And everywhere they went,
Until at last, grown homesick, they would find
The Box for them designed ;
And, lighting on a hollow human head,
They made it serve instead.
Thus, ever since, when skulls begin to throb,
'Tis that unholy mob
Bold-beating on our heads with silent din,
Intent to be let in ;
And in at last with stamping feet they come
To make our heads their home.
Oh, could I find Pandora's lock and key
Before they come to me !

MY GOODS.

My all I carry with me everywhere :
The presence of the Lord on land and sea,
The love of dear ones close enfolding me,—
My patrimony, these ; and, blest, I bear
For pictures, eyes to which the world is fair ;
For book, the nearest thing, whate'er it be ;
For gold, the mind that scorns its sover-
eignty ;
For bed of ease, a soul God-freed from care.
For work, I have the task that next me lies ;
For tools, I have my hands, my tongue, my
brain ;
For comrades in my toil, the trees, the skies ;
And wide eternity is my domain !
I'll not exchange the very least of these
For all the wealth in all the lands and seas !

THE GOOD GIRL.

She's a good little girl,—“Good for what?”
did you say ?
Why, good as a kitten to purr and to play ;
And good as a brooklet to sing on its way ;
And good as the sunshine to brighten the day.
To what shall I liken the dear little elf ?
She's as good as—as good as—as good as—
herself !

THE BARKEEPER.

(A poem happily out of date.)

The barkeeper—what fearful heap
Contains the things that he will keep !
He'll keep your money, all of it ;
He'll keep your memory and wit ;
He'll keep the beauty of your face ;
He'll keep your wages and your place ;
He'll keep your honor and good name ;
He'll keep the strength with which you came ;
He'll keep your talents and your skill ;
He'll keep your firm and steady will ;
He'll keep your smile, your peace, your joy ;
He'll keep the future of your boy ;
He'll keep the carols of your wife ;
He'll keep your spirit and your life ;
And he will bind you at the last
To other keepers hard and fast—
The keeper of the prison cell,
And him that keeps the door of hell !

UNITED STATES.

United—together in brotherly love ;
United—in aim with our Father above ;
United—in honor unsullied and white ;
United—with justice, with truth, and with
right ;
United—with freedom of body and mind ;
United—with ail of aspiring mankind !

A DISCOVERY.

While hero-fools of vaguely valiant mind
Were struggling manfully the Pole to find,
Right here at home I found the very Pole
In Miser Skinfint's crabbed, arctic soul,
His icy heart all heavy with his pelf,
While all his world revolved around himself.

MEMORY.

Memory hath feet,
They are desire :
Goal-ward they travel, sure and fleet,
Nor ever tire.
Memory hath hands,
They are the will :
Boldly they seize what she demands,
And hold it still.
Memory hath eyes,
The insight they :
True to her steady aim she flies,
And knows the way.
Memory hath lips,
And they are love :
Nothing from her caresses slips—
Below, above.

SYMPATHY.

When her little baby frets and cries,
The tender-hearted Mrs. Rue
Just wrings her hands, and heaves great sighs,
"Boo-hoo-hoo-o-o!"

And—*she* cries, too!
There they sit and cry together,
And oh! there's a spell of rainy weather!

When *her* little baby frets and cries,
The tender-hearted Mrs. True
Just laughs with her mouth, and smiles with
her eyes,—

"Cock-a-doo-doo-o-o!"
And—*baby* laughs, too!
There they sit and crow together,
And oh! there's a spell of sunny weather!

A HELPER.

"Dear me!" wailed all the household—
A Monday morning chorus—
"How can we ever finish
The work that lies before us?"

But midway in the wailing
Our groans to laughter shifted,
For Babe was in the corner,
His hands devoutly lifted.

"Why, Babe! This isn't bedtime!"
We cry when we discover.
"I fought I'd thray my pwayers
And det just that much over."

A SONG OF YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

With a scoff for the old and a shout for the
new,—

It is thus that the young serve God;
Reaching out for the bold, reaching up for
the true,

With an eager, "Lord, what wilt Thou have
me to do?"

With the shallower view and the broader
view;

And the eye that sees roses but never sees
rue;—

It is thus that the young serve God.

With a zeal that is more for the start than
the close,—

It is thus that the young serve God;
With courage that counts not the number of
foes,

Looking more to the blows than the purpose
of blows,

Lance equally tilting for substance and shows,
And head that aye "knows somewhat more
than it knows";—

It is thus that the young serve God.

But their prudence, God bless them! will
grow with their years,
As the young grow old, serving God;
Soon enough will they seek the sad ambush of
fears,

Their vision look deep through the well of
their tears

And cynicwise back of the form that appears,
While Failure derides and Misanthropy leers,
As the young grow old, serving God.

Oh, young Man of Galilee, aye a young man,
That never grew old, serving God;—

Not the young with their follies are under
Thy ban,

But the hearts that are scared, and the timid,
whose plan

Weakly tries to do only the things that it can!
Their feet Thou wilt guide, and their zeal

Thou wilt fan,

As the young grow old, serving God.

THE CHEERY COAL.

I like the coal,

Because, through ages long,
In loneliness of subterranean shades,
It bears in heartsome memory the song,
The joy and beauty of primeval glades.

I like the coal,

Because, though hard oppressed
With crushing strata piled upon its back,
It yields to any asking of its best,
And warms the world that put it to the
rack.

I like the coal,

Because, though little prized,
Though black—as coal, and dirty as—the
same,
It robes in light its body so despised,
And glorifies its foulness into flame.

I like the coal,

Because, though lied about,
And overweighed,—half shale, as I insist,—
It keeps its faith in man with courage stout,
And never, *never* is a Pessimist!

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Spirit of warmth and light!
Spirit of grace and good!
Queen of our land by deepest right,
Her regal womanhood!

Rich is the after-world,
Poor is the earth to-day,
Yet, with her memory imperaled,
A wealthier world for aye;

Happy because we knew
The quaintness of her smile,
Through her white life, so dauntless true,
Freer ourselves from guile.

Eager we write her name
Upon the temple dome,—
None have more nobly garnered fame,—
High priestess of the home!

Gazing from happy skies
Back to these earth-bound tents,
We know what tribute she will prize
Above all monuments;

Beside her bier we stand
And reverently bow,
"To God and home and every land"
New-consecrated now!

"WALK IN LOVE."

"Walk in love,"—the little midget,
On that happy Children's Day,
Short of memory, long of fidget,
Had but this wee verse to say.
And she said it! Shrilling highly
All the children's hum above,
Her sweet face averted shyly,
Thus she said it: "Walk in, Love!"

Ah, my dainty little maiden,
Though the roomful laughed at you,
Yet that rendering is laden
With a meaning wise and true.
Teach us, dear, to throw wide open
Doors where waits the heavenly Dove;
Ever be that glad word spoken,
Morning, evening: "Walk in, Love!"

GLADSTONE.

A sturdy bulwark for a sturdy spirit,
Sinews and thews compacted to inherit
An English heart and English-wise to bear it,—
Gladstone the Woodman.

Serene explorer of the morning ages,
Afoot with Homer, pacing with the sages,
Keen to find present truth in antique pages,—
Gladstone the Bookman.

Stronger than any king, our Faith's Defender!
Atheist-conqueror and quibble-render,
Armored in iron words and reason's splendor,—
Gladstone the Penman.

Majestic marshaller of moving phrases
Into such tide as seizes men and raises
Mind, heart, and will up to its own high
places,—
Gladstone the Spokesman.

Uncrowned, untitled, latent lord of nations,
Deep-rooted rock amid their perturbations,
Prime servant,—oh, supreme of exaltations!—
Gladstone the Statesman.

And last, and best, in lowliness supernal,
Courage all confident and faith all vernal.
In days ascending to the life eternal,—
Gladstone the Christ's man!

A TIP TO POETS.

Though Shakespeare and calm Wordsworth
loved it well,
Avoid the sonnet, follower of the muse!—
Though Milton joyed its supple grace to use,
And Petrarch formed it in a golden bell.
If coon-song or a limerick,—'tis well;
Nor ballads will the editor refuse;
But classic fair refinements he eschews.
Avoid the sonnet, for it will not sell!
Forget its ordered passion, and forget
The stately measured cadence of the lyre.
Assume the cap and bells, and learn to fret
Some banjo's crudely titillating wire.
What's art, what's beauty, when a man 's in
debt?
Fie! here's another sonnet for the fire!

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

(At 4 A. M. of June 3, 1898, Lieutenant
Hobson and seven men ran the collier Merri-
mac into the ships' channel at Santiago de
Cuba in the face of a fierce fire from the
forts, exploded an internal torpedo, and sunk
the vessel, seeking thus to pen the Spanish
fleet in the harbor. Almost by a miracle, all
eight escaped, and became honored prisoners
of war. When call was made for volunteers
to perform this daring and hazardous feat,
these men were selected from the many that
offered themselves.)

Darkness and the midnight sea,
Blackest heart of jeopardy:
Forts that flame an angry death,
And the surer doom beneath;
Risk of life's long happiness
And the safe world's sure success;
Bellow from the mouth of hell,
Heaven—or a Spanish cell;
This, and more—he knew it well—
This was Hobson's choice.

Yes, and more, unstinted, more:
Honor waiting on the shore.
Honor even from the foe,
And where'er the word shall go,
And a wreath within the hand
Of his grateful fatherland:
Lauding lips and shining eyes,

Men's hurrahs that rend the skies,
Yes, the fame that never dies—
This was Hobson's choice.

Now no more that ancient phrase
Chattering down from Charles's days,—
"Hobson's choice" of "that or none";
He had two, and chose the one:
Safety, danger; deck or wave;
Life or death; the sun, the grave.
Let the phrase new meaning wear
Now, henceforth, and everywhere;
Gallant choice to do and dare
Shall be "Hobson's choice."

MYOPTIC ESCHATOLOGY.

Laying aside my glasses clear,
Kind squires to halt, myoptic eyes,
Blundering among blurred stars, I peer
Into the dim, dull-twinkling skies.

Some day, 'mid those faint lights adrift,
Wandering past all fancy far,
My spirit shall its journey shift
From half-seen star to half-seen star.

And this daft fear fantastic starts:
"In those blurred worlds what shall I do,
Lacking the firm material parts
To hang my wonted glasses to?"

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Friend of the boys! Though Time has many
a crown
For your benignant head,—among the rest
The poet's and the novelist's renown.—
This is the chief, the happiest and best.

Yes, and for you the proudest; for you know,
When other souls by specious lures are
caught,
The hearts of boys are candid as the snow,
Untricked, unterrified, unbent, unbought.

Who writes for boys must see the things that
are,
And write the things he sees with buoyant
truth;
Ever his soul must know the morning star,
The glad, good secret of eternal youth.

"Write him as one that loves his fellow
men,"—

What higher praise the tongue of man em-
ploys?

Ah, this, with softer voice, with mellow
pen:

Write him as one that loves his fellow boys!

HEALTH'S EXILES.

O diamond isle upon a diamond sea,
Wherein our Stevenson—and Scotland's—
died,
Loathing thy loveliness, and weary-eyed
Turning from all thy softening sorcery
As the romance-maker of the Odyssey
Spurned Circe's coils, and day long sat beside
The cruel beauteous waves whose further tide
Touched home and friends and proud Penel-
ope.—
Full many a sister scene as vainly fair
Holds guests as anguished with their per-
fumed chains,
Strong souls that sick and swooning bodies
bear,
Exiles for health's sake from their native
plains;
Ah, heavy task, when half their health is
there,
Back in the home-land where their heart re-
mains!

THE CHRISTMAS TINGLE.

As a final glow and sparkle
Fill the year's decaying ember,
And the wintry forces gather
On the snowfields of December,
With a beating of the sleighbells
In a more exultant jingle,
Comes a quiver of our pulses,
Comes the merry Christmas tingle.

Now a gay, mysterious meaning
Lies upon the happy faces,
And the atmosphere of giving
Quickens all the kindly graces.
With the sordid and the prosy
Sudden gleams of beauty mingle,
And the inner haunts of mammon
Feel the blessed Christmas tingle.

Unexpected bits of laughter
Bubble up from hidden corners,
Plums of jolly cheer are waiting
For a myriad Jack Horners.
In the shop and on the highway
And around the happy ingle
Not a shade of black moroseness,
Everywhere the Christmas tingle.

Soon, too soon, the season passes,
And the fogs of living cover
With a gray of dull existence
Wife and husband, friend and lover.
Let us find a merrier fashion,
Some perpetual Kriss Kringle,
Teaching Time's despondent pulses
An unending Christmas tingle!

THE PARADE OF BOOKS.

I love the parade of books :

The long, fair lines of comrades, disciplined,
orderly,

Waiting the summons to give of their best,
their all ;

The varied colors blending demurely,

The shining verticals where the light rests
on them,

The parallel shadows where each meets the
other.

I love the differing texture of cloth, the
rounded backs,

The gold of the lettering, all the
thoughtful adornings,

The elegant richness of smooth and gar-
nished leather.

I love the dust that is on them, and envy
its contact,

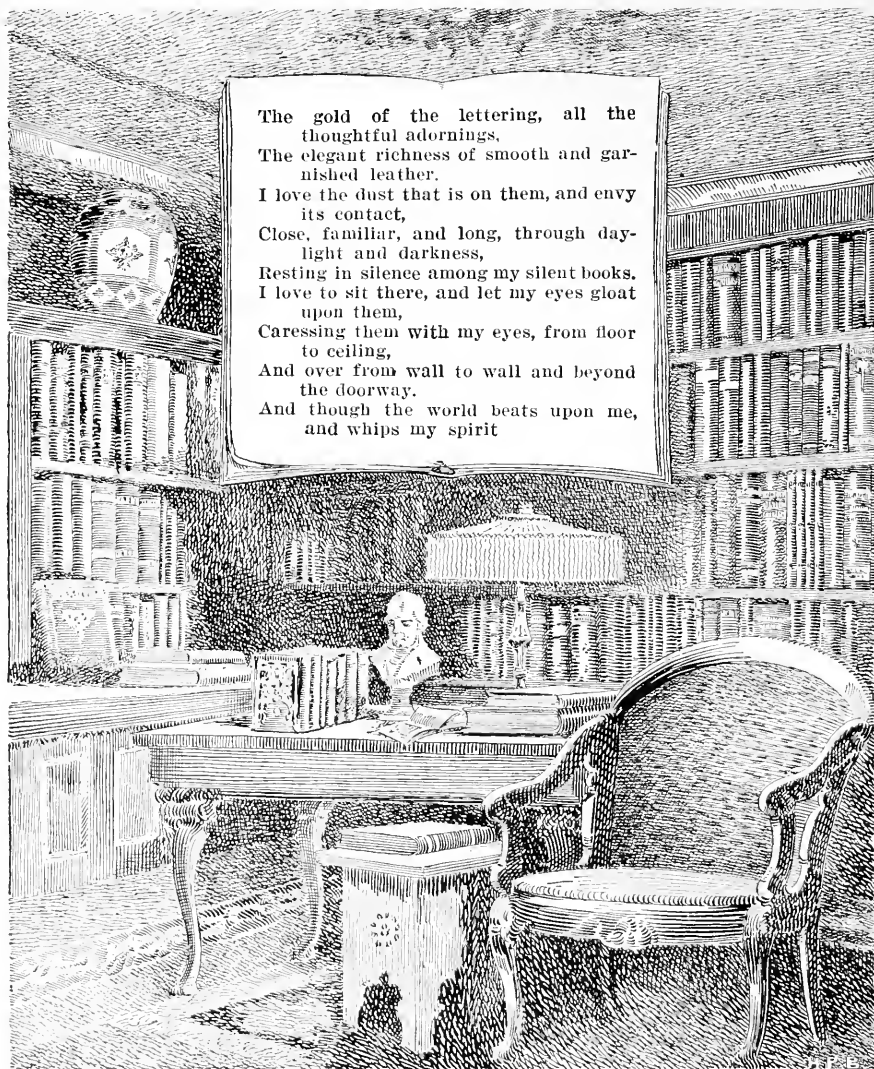
Close, familiar, and long, through day-
light and darkness,

Resting in silence among my silent books,
I love to sit there, and let my eyes gloat
upon them,

Caressing them with my eyes, from floor
to ceiling,

And over from wall to wall and beyond
the doorway.

And though the world beats upon me,
and whips my spirit



Weary from task to task, with no time for
reading,
I love to come and rest for a moment among
them,
And bathe my soul in the cloistered stillness,
And rejoice my soul in the friendly glance of
comrades,
The lovely, quiet, reserved parade of books.

MISAPPLIED.

Fie! what a sinful waste it is to use
Fine calf-skin or morocco—making shoes!
Be it the daintiest foot-gear of them all,
That Flora twinkles gayly at the ball,
'Twere far more finely, fittingly applied
To bind my Hazlitt, Keats, or Akenside.

And what a shame that gold, fair gilding gold,
As sordid, silly coin should be told!
For greasy greenbacks would as well suffice
To glut the miser or to pay the price,
While gold for this was evidently made—
To letter and embellish Pope and Praed.

And further: 'tis a sin, and nothing less,
To squander flax upon a woman's dress.
Aye, though a maiden flash upon my sight
Her snowy form with snowy linen dight,
Swift to the mill that fabric fair should go;
We need fine paper for Racine and Poe!

BOOKS POST MORTEM.

I care not that some other man,
When I am dead and gone,
Will play my part upon the stage
That I have trod upon;
Will lord it in my very house,
Will tend my bit of ground,
Will do my work in just the same
Perpetual pleasant round.
I'll let him use my desk, my pen,
And all my household nooks;
But I shall haunt him if he dares
Lay hands upon my books!

To think that some unheeding boor
May soil my Aldrich fair,
Or break my Chaucer's back, or mar
My Hazlitt debonair!
To think that some unhallowed thumb
May dog's-ear all my Lamb,—
My soul will shiver in dismay,
No matter where I am!

I see them in their piteous plight.
Their pages torn and frayed,
Their binding loose, their covers bent,
I see, and cannot aid.
I even see them—at the sight
My heavenly harp will fall—

Exposed among the "second-hands"
Upon a sidewalk stall.
I see them marked a paltry dime,
I see the careless throng
Pause casually to tumble them,
And sneering pass along.

Ah me! Ah me! I do not mind
That shrouds are pocketless;
My little gold, my bank account,
I leave with willingness;
But oh, that some celestial van,
Some spacious van were given,
That I might put my books therein,
And pack them off to heaven!

THE DOLLAR-A-YEAR MEN.

[As the Government is not allowed to re-
ceive service without paying for it, hundreds
of able men who were engaged in important
work during the World War accepted salaries
of one dollar a year.]

Now a hearty and vigorous cheer, men,
For the patriot dollar-a-year men!

At a million, indeed,
In this time of need,
They wouldn't be costly or dear men.

These third-of-a-cent-a-day men
Have forgotten the meaning of play, men;
With all of their might
They are deep in the fight,
At work like an army of draymen.

They are brainy men, famous men, rich men,
Inventors and bankers' and sich men;
They tug and they toil
In the sweat and the soil
Like desperate, valorous ditchmen.

They are leaders, the bosses, the key men,
At work without glory or fee, men,
Obscurely at work,
No slacker, no shirk,
That you and that I may be free men.

So a hearty, unanimous cheer, men,
For these generous, big volunteer men.
With grace and with grit
They are doing their bit,
The patriot dollar-a-year men!

THE POEM TO FILL UP A PAGE.

I am the poem the editor uses
Just to fill up a page.
'Tis in this measure men honor the Muses,
Crowding them off of the stage.
I must be wise, and pathetic, and witty,
All in eight lines at the most.
Mine's the one Pegasus brooked in a city,—
Pegasus tied to a post!

A RECIPE FOR A GOOD YEAR.

Take a month of praise, and a month of prayer,

And a month of earnest thought,
And a month of labor free from care,
At the Upper Market bought.

Repeat the measure once and again,
And over the flame of love
Set the savory dish until angels and men
Its odor of grace approve.

And while it is winning the heart of the fire,
Toss in a morsel of mirth,
And a cordial made of a high desire
Grown sweet from the sky and earth.

And stir it and stir it with vigor amain,
Nor mind the fall of a tear,
For out of the joy and the toil and the pain
Will come a glorious year.

"ONE THING I DO."

[Read at the celebration of Dr. Francis E. Clark's sixtieth birthday anniversary.]

When Nehemiah built his wall,
And even friends would flee,
Sanballat raised a threatening call,
And said, "Come down to me."
"I have a task I cannot shirk,"
He answered with a frown,
"I am about a mighty work,
And I cannot come down."

When Paul, the many-geniused man,
Philosopher and sage,
The traveller, the artisan,
Lord of the burning page,
Was lured by goals of rainbow hue,
By fair Ambition's bid,
He answered, "This One Thing I do,"
And that One Thing he did.

So this, our Nehemiah bold,
Our Paul of steady flame,
With purpose firm as theirs of old,
Has one unshifting aim;
One aim, in whose compelling sphere
All others are imperiled;
One goal, one task, one passion dear:
The Young Hearts of the World!

When glittering charms of golden wealth
Would turn his feet aside,
When crafty visions brought by stealth
The garlandings of pride,
He thrust away the tempting crown,
The promises untrue,
And answered, "I cannot come down,
For this One Thing I do."

When Ease enticed his weariness
And bade him rest awhile;
When Doubt, the quaking sorceress,
Beset him with her guile;
When Slander, hid behind a mask,
Attacked with venom'd sting,
He answered, "I've a glorious task,
And I must do This Thing."

When dear delights of lovely home,
And scenes that fondest are,
Forbade his wistful heart to roam
On toilsome journeys far,
These pleasures he was strong to leave,
Though all his being bled:
"I have a purpose to achieve,
I do One Thing," he said.

When gray Cassandras told their fears,
When even friends were dumb,
When iterant tasks of thirty years
Grew dully wearisome,
Amid the calm, amid the storm,
Whatever skies might be,
"I have a duty to perform,
One Thing I do," said he.

And still, though sixty years have rolled
Their devious night and day,
By that one high resolve controlled
He treads a steadfast way;
And still above his silvered head
His banner never furled,
And written on it, white and red,
"The Young Hearts of the World."

Ah, Francis Clark, whom we acclaim
For this One Thing you do,
Who holds himself to one great aim,
Holds God to one aim, too;
Holds God to one, and Christ to one,
And all the choirs that sing,
"Well done, thou faithful one, well done!"
And that is their One Thing.

OUR SEVEN WONDERS.

O Christ, the Wonderful! we gladly see
The seven wonders of the world in Thee.

Pharos! that flung so bold a light abroad,—
The Light of all the world is Christ, our Lord.

Vast pyramids that lift the wondering sight,
Bow down to Christ, the Apex of all height!

Colossus, framed the Rhodian gulf to span,—
Our Christ has bridged the gulf from God to man.

Babylon's hanging gardens, fruitful, gay,—
We have a Vine that wraps the world to-day.

Rare Mausoleum, shrine of royal breath,—
Christ is the King that conquered even death.

Diana's temple!—all that Christ adore
Become His temples, peerless evermore.

Statue of Zeus, low lying in the sod,
Worship our Christ, the ever-living God!

NEW GLORY.

Old Glory is a gallant flag,
It speaks of days gone by
When hero spirits did not lag,
But sprang to do or die.
Old Glory tells of triumphs old,
Brave deeds on land and sea;
But now my service flag, behold!
New Glory is to me.

Beside Old Glory, floating fair
In red and white and blue,
New Glory leaps upon the air
To those dear colors true:
Still red, the love of beating heart;
Still white, the pure design;
Still blue of truth's eternal art;
Still stars that loyal shine.

Old Glory has a noble tale
Superbly to relate:
The thirteen States that did not fall,
The splendid forty-eight.
New Glory, in a simple way,
So modest and so clear,
Has only one short word to say,
But oh, how proudly dear!

Old Glory means our mighty land,
And now the brother earth;
New Glory means my hero's hand,
My hero's dauntless worth.
Old Glory fills the farthest marge,
New Glory decks a wall;
But all Old Glory means in large
New Glory means in small.

TO JOSEPH PARKER.

Voice of English voices,
Point of England's pen,
Flame of England's conscience,
Leonine of men!

How is greatness greatedened,
When it lifts its face
To a constant passion,
In a constant place!

Where the true man preaches,
In a gown or smock,
There is a cathedral,
There the people flock.

Where the true man preaches,
Though the phrases flash,
Though the worded music
Like a fountain plash,

With a light whose glory
Dims all else to dross,
Rises, sole and simple,
Christ's imperial Cross!

GEORGE MÜLLER.

While others taught a race to thrust and
fence
And shaped new nations with their meas-
uring-rod,
Thou didst lay hold of heaven's omnipotence,
O Cæsar of the promises of God!

While other hands grew large to grasp and
hold
What slipped, and left them like an empty
pool,
Thou wert a millionaire of heaven's gold,
O Cræsus of the promises of God!

While others through the maze of seen and
heard,
Conjectures, fancies, all unsteady trod,
Thou hadst one lore: that God would keep
His word,
O Solon of the promises of God!

A DIET OF WORMS.

The caterpillars met one day,
And in a very solemn way
Discussed a point of great import
To all the caterpillar sort.
"Why, as it is," one speaker said,
Up-stretching high a hoary head,
"So common is this new caprice
The wise call Metamorphosis,
The change of safe, old-fashioned ground
For silly flights on ways unsound,
That we must take wise measures soon,
Or all our race will be undone."

Another spoke: "I like to know
That what one *is*, he's *settled* so.
This crawling one day, winged the next,
What prudent worm is not perplexed?
With all these moody changes, who
Will know what form to fasten to?"

So after many long debates,
The wise assembly formulates
Its judgment thus: "Whereas, the good
Old ground whereon our fathers stood
Some upstarts are inclined to change
For loftier views and wider range,
Producing dangerous schism thus,

And constantly confusing us,
Be it Resolved, that henceforth we
 Who now do covenant and agree,
 Maintain ourselves inviolate
 In good old caterpillar estate,
 And hold as knavish, outcast things
 Those rascal heretics with wings."

This signed they all with pens that burned,
 And then—and then—they all adjourned
 For DINNER!

THE CANDIED DATE.

The candied date, as all may see,
 Is found quite often up a tree.

The tree 's a palm, you understand,
 Because he always gives the hand.

The candy that they use to stuff him
 Is taffy (when they do not cuff him).

And yet, alas! how very quick 'll
 All this sweetness turn to pickle!

How soon, when clerks the figures state,
 The candied date is out of date!

MOSQUITO NETTING.

Mosquitoes thick at Daisy Spring?
 Why, every zephyr bore a sting,
 And not a turn to left or right
 But meant another burning bite,
 And not a bird song could yō hear
 For that shrill buzzing in the ear.

Mosquito netting white and red
 Half smothered every groaning bed,
 And not a window could be seen
 Without its view-destroying screen,
 Yet vain was all that we could do;
 Somehow, somewhere, the pests got through.

But Daisy Springers, one fine May,
 Set out to drive the pests away.
 They dosed the ponds with kerosene,
 They cleaned the streets and kept them clean,
 And nothing stagnant, foul, unsound,
 Was left an hour above the ground.

And now, behold! at Daisy Spring
 We hear no buzz, we fear no sting.
 In all our beatific town
 Mosquito nettings have come down,
 And merrily, as folks should do,
 We live outdoors the summer through.

Well, you have heard, and you are wise;
 No need at length to moralize,
 The world is full of stinging sin,

At every crack the plague flies in,
 And clumsily the fiends we fight
 With net and screen—and still they bite.

Oh, to the breeding foulness go,
 And kill them in the embryo!
 Away with temporizing screen!
 Wash out the heart, and keep it clean!
 Whoso would do a fiend to death,
 Slay! slay! before he draws a breath.

IMPROMPTU SPEECHES.

A sudden audience strikes a blow
 On some men's brainy dynamite,
 And, grandly crashing, up they go
 In clouds of rhetoric out of sight,
 And heaven be praised when they alight!

On my bewildered brain, alas!
 How'er imperious fall the blow,
 It strikes but on a flabby mass
 Of feeble putty and of dough;
 Of feeble intellectual dough.

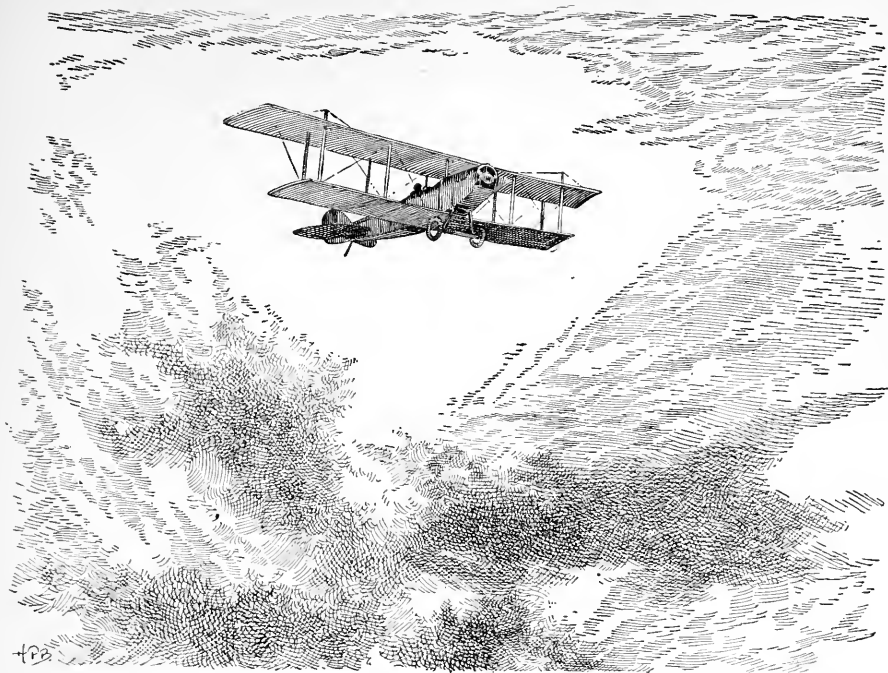
Forefend that impious call inane
 To more than Moses' miracle,
 That bids me pierce my stubborn brain
 For thought that will not heed the spell;
 For eloquence that scorns the spell.

And teach all fools, ye blessed powers,
 That thought must on still uplands fall
 And slowly wind through musing hours
 Before it leap to eyes of all
 A torrent oratorical!

A TOWER PARABLE.

A burning city's raging ire
 Assailed with storms of biting fire
 A tower fair in sculptured stone,
 That braved the dames, and stood alone.
 Blackened it stood, and scarred and drear,
 Through many a long revolving year,
 Until once more the hearts of men
 Impelled them there to build again;
 When, lo! a curious thing was found:
 The tower courses near the ground,
 Fused by the fire, had kept their form
 Through cracking frost and beating storm,
 While all the tower's lofty spire,
 Untouched by that fierce-friendly fire,
 Had lost its graces day by day,
 And crumbled utterly away.

Ah, thus, my timorous soul, receive
 The woes that sadden and bereave!
 They sear the life, but haply still
 Confirm the faith, inure the will,
 And fuse the spirit, soft and slight,
 To diamond and chrysolite!



PIONEERS OF THE AIR.

They leap from the level road,
 They spurn the prudent plain,
 The clouds are their high abode,
 The sky is their domain.

Sons of the lords of earth,
 Of water and of fire,
 Born of a daring birth,
 Newly do they aspire.

Forth to the element
 That only is unsubdued,
 Boldly their way is bent,
 Firm in their fortitude.

They fashion eager wings,
 They curve the pinions fair,
 They contrive a force for the fragile things,
 And fling them into the air.

They ride the racing wind,
 They mount the welcoming steeps,
 They leave the hawks behind,
 They sweep as the eagle sweeps.

Abreast of the day they run,
 They leap the horizon bars;
 Their eyes are like the sun,
 Their soul is kin to the stars.

Under their spurning flight
 The air is a steady floor,
 Time is a flash of light
 And space is an open door.

What though a winged death
 Shadows their sunny way?
 Never a faltering breath,
 Never a weak delay.

A burst of flame on high,
 A fall as a meteor falls!
 Out of the shuddering sky
 Vainly the curlew calls.

Yet from the wreckage still,
 Smiling in death's despite,
 Another of equal skill
 Springs for a farther flight.

Ah, jubilant pioneers,
 Read what the future hath,
 Beyond our hesitant fears,
 Ahead of our plodding path.

To mystical regions bear
 The banner of hope unfurled,
 And through the wilderness air
 Break a way for the world!

TEN NEW COMMITTEES.

Ten new committees, vigorous and fine;
One was too ambitious, and then there were nine.

Nine new committees, zealous and elate;
One got offended, and then there were eight.

Eight new committees, laboring for heaven;
One got to shirking, and then there were seven.

Seven new committees, "putting in besticks";
One found it tedious, and then there were six.

Six new committees, looking all alive;
One went to sleep, and then there were five.

Five new committees, keeping up their score;
One became "too busy," and then there were four.

Four new committees, bright as bright could be;
One became careless, and then there were three.

Three new committees, hunting things to do;
One thought it couldn't, and then there were two.

Two new committees, proud of good things done;
One grew "so tired," and then there was one.

One new committee, holding on for fun;
Fun got exhausted, and there was—none.

SOME QUESTIONS FOR SAINT
VALENTINE'S DAY.

Why, Sir Cupid, do you choose
For your happy festival
Just the bleakest month of all?
Rosy June why don't you use,
Or the dainty-fingered May,
Or some jocund August day?

"It's because I want to show
How against dear Love's sweet reign
Harshdest seasons rage in vain;
Ice and sleet and blinding snow
But the blustering captives are,
Chained to her triumphal car."

Then, Sir Cupid, prithee tell
Why your merry day should fall
In the shortest month of all?
Is your wonder-working spell
As distinctly fugitive
As the month in which you live?

"Stay in shame your slanderous tongue!
It is I, and none but I,
Make this month so quickly fly.
Lovers' time is ever young;
And this month, were I not here,
Were the longest of the year!"

RHYMING.

"This miserable subjugation of intellect to the clink of well or ill-matched syllables . . . until at length a feeble-minded child can make out a sonnet."—*Dr. Holmes* in "*Over the Teacups*."

Dear words, alike yet deftly different,
Sing me the joy of rhyming everywhere.
Sing me the leaves the poet-tree doth bear.
One thought through many a matching variance sent.

Sing me the clouds by minstrel breezes blent.
Sisters that one white robe diversely wear.
Sing, with cleft chord attuned, the rhyming rare

Of master's hand on some rich instrument.
And hither dance, twin sisters, of a height,
Twin miracles of mated loveliness.
Yet in the eyes of each her own dear light,
And on her lips a differing caress.
Come, dancing words, this delicate, fair sight
Be shrewd in rhymed divergence to express.

THE TWO PITS.

A toiler bent a patient back
Above a yawning pit.
And time, and strength, and love, and wealth,
He shovelled into it.
And still, though many years he toiled,
And bitterly he cursed,
The pit remained a hollow hole,
As empty as at first.

A second workman bent his back
Above a second pit,
And time, and strength, and love, and wealth,
He shovelled into it.
And lo! before the sun was set,
The pit was brimming o'er
With ruddy gold and jewels rare,
A vast, exhaustless store!

Oh! toiler in the field of life,
'Tis not the work you do,
But where you do it, and for what,
Means bane or bliss for you.
Alike into a yawning pit,
May go your strength, your pelf;
But one pit is the church of God,
The other is—your SELF.

MIRANDA'S LUNCHESES.

The other men may stand in line
 Where each his neighbor lunches,
 On sandwiches and pies to dine—
 Aha! the vicious crunches!—
 Or feed in cafés superfine
 Off tenderloins and punches;
 A tenderer repast is mine,
 For I've Miranda's lunches.

They gobble down their gross affairs,
 Their "boiled New England dinners,"
 Or their more delicate éclairs,
 And wine—if they are sinners.
 A fico for Sir Fatty's airs
 As French menus he munches!
 I have a feast worth all of theirs,
 For I've Miranda's lunches.

Upon the napkin, snowy white,
 There often lies a pansy;
 Beneath, the luncheon, cooked just right,
 Precisely to my fancy:
 Croquettes, nut sandwich, "baby pies,"
 Young radish (little lunches),
 Marshmallows tucked in to surprise,
 M—m, m—m! Miranda's lunches!

A woman's thoughtful tenderness,
 Some way, about it lingers;
 In touching it I seem to press
 Miranda's dainty fingers.
 What matter business fret and strife,
 And care that grinds and crunches,
 When one has such a blessed wife,
 Miranda.—and her lunches?

MY OLD CLOTHES.

I used to have a suit of clothes
 All rags and paint and dirt;
 What luxury it was to wear
 A suit I couldn't hurt!

Secure within that wreck of cloth
 I grovelled on the ground;
 In garret, stable, garden, yard,
 Primeval bliss I found.

It waxed familiar with the woods,
 The thickets, marshes, brooks;
 It carried rents and burrs and mud
 From all the forest nooks.

I got down close to Mother Earth,
 My spirit seemed to root
 And spread its filaments and grow
 Within that mouldy suit.

But ah, my wife, in vandal mood,
 One hapless cleaning day,

In valiant fit of tidiness,
 Gave my old suit away!

And now I weed the garden walks
 At length of formal hoe,
 And keep within the proper paths
 When to the woods I go.

I've lost the sense of sweet, warm dirt,
 The kinship with the ground;
 I must be careful of my clothes
 Whene'er I tinker 'round.

I do not own a single suit
 But claims my constant care,
 No shred of blessed cloth that I
 Obliviously wear.

Before my oldest suit is fit
 For either work or fun,
 A solemn year—at least a year—
 Must circumspectly run.

O woman, woman! prim and neat,
 The flower of humankind,
 I'd not abate your daintiness
 And purity of mind;

But oh, with heavenly perfectness
 Your graces will be girt,
 If you will let a happy man
 Just wallow in the dirt!

TOO BUSY.

John Mason, tinker of watches,
 Became a soldier one day,
 And carried his instruments with him,
 As he sturdily marched away.

"For surely," he chuckled in secret,
 "My tools will be useful still,
 And bring me in many a shilling,
 When the army discovers my skill."

It happened the way he expected,
 And soon he had all he could do
 Repairing the renegade watches
 Of privates and officers too.

He forgot that he was a soldier,
 And when ordered against the foe,
 He said, "I've a dozen watches
 To mend, sir, and how can I go?"

Ah, thus we also are busy
 With tasks that we greedily take,
 And not for the good of the army,
 And not for the Kingdom's sake.

And then when the foe is attacking,
 And our Captain seeks soldiers to send
 We answer: "It's out of the question!
 I've a dozen watches to mend!"

RECIPE FOR A GOOD LETTER.

To write a good letter, take a handful of grit,
 A plenty of time and a little of wit;
 Take patience to "set" it, and stir it all up
 With the ladle of energy. Then fill a cup
 With kind thoughts and helpful thoughts,
 merry thoughts too,
 With bright words, and wise words, and
 words strong and true.
 Mix all these together, and then add for spice
 Some good news, some funny news, all news
 that's nice.
 Then seal with a love kiss and stamp it
 with care;
 Direct to your friend's heart, and presto!
 'tis there.

THE BARGAIN.

Uncle.

Bessie, Josie, seems to me
 Two small girls I chanced to see
 Nid-nid-nodding in their pew.
 Oh, I *hope* it wasn't you!

The Girls.

Well, but, uncle, don't you know,
 Saturday we had to go
 On that picnic? Had to play,
 Oh, so hard! the livelong day.

Uncle.

I'll forgive you, Jo and Bess,
 For I really must confess—
 Keep it secret, children, do!
 I was rather sleepy, too!

The Girls.

Uncle, did *you* have to play,
 Oh, so hard! all Saturday?

Uncle.

No, alas! my play I shirked.
 I just worked, and worked, and worked.
 Late last night I went to bed,
 And got up—a sleepy head!

The Girls.

Well, then, uncle, I don't see
 But you're just as bad as we!

Uncle.

Just as wicked, I'll admit.
 Aren't we all ashamed of it?
 Drowsy head and sleepy face
 There in Christ's own dwelling-place!
 Come, my lassies, what d'ye say?
 Let's reform next Saturday!
 You to do a little less
 Of your playing, Jo and Bess;
 I to wheedle from the store
 Time to play a little more.

Then I'm sure that we'll succeed
 And keep awake.

The Girls.

Well, *we're* agreed!

AN INQUIRY.

Why must lips the wild bees buzz to,—
 Why must such sweet lips say "Was you"?
 Why must wits that write rich sonnets
 Rest beneath such dreadful bonnets?

Why from maidens dear and dainty
 Must we shrink at hearing "Hain't he"?
 Why, when hands "make home a heaven,"
 Must their finger-tips be ebon?

Why is sweetness just where sour is,
 Ignorance among the houris,
 Ugliness where wisdom's flower is?
 Faith, the riddle past my power is!

CARLO AND I.

Over the fields in the sunny weather,
 Wading deep in the clover high,
 Bounding and swinging along together,
 Out into Summerland, Carlo and I.

Generous people live up above us;
 They are pouring gold from the gold-blue
 sky!
 Softly, softly, good folk, if you love us!
 We'll be buried in gold dust, Carlo and I!

Slow move the butterflies, laden with plunder;
 They are storing gold in that brooklet nigh.
 How it shines as the fishes carry it under!
 But we are no misers, Carlo and I.

An army of grasshoppers guarding the treasure
 Fly at our throats with a shrill war cry.
 We'll invade their dominion at our good
 pleasure,
 For we are the biggest, Carlo and I.

The great red cloverheads steeped in the
 summer
 Sleepily nod as we two pass by.
 A man seems a quite insignificant comer,
 But still we're endured here, Carlo and I.

Over the field to this fence-line tangled,—
 Half-hidden bunches of berries I spy,—
 Out of the glittering meadow bespangled,
 Into the woodland, Carlo and I.

A still, cool sea of leaves all around us,
 Above, the green waves in the sunshine lie,
 And sunbeams filtering through have found us,
 Down on the sea-floor, Carlo and I.

Whir!—'tis a squirrel, that stays no meeting.
Fie on you, Carlo, you wild dog, fie!
They'll turn us out for uncivil greeting;
We're monsters, anyway, you and I!

How is it, Carlo? Let's know, you sinner!
How much of the summer can reach your eye?
Is it all a warmth and a golden shimmer,
Or are you nearer it all than I?

Who lives the most in this summer weather,
Two feet little or six feet high?
Well, we'll take it share and share together,
On through the woodland, Carlo and I.

THE WANDERINGS OF A BEWILDERED SOUL

In the Mazes of Christian Science.

Since God is Good and God is All,
And All is God and All is Good,
It follows, then, whate'er befall
Must fall to my Beatitude.

Since God in All is God Entire,
And I'm in All and All in Me,
It follows that I may aspire
To be considered Deity.

Since God is I and I am God,
And God is Power and Power is I,
Methinks it would be rather odd
If any Force could Me defy.

There is no matter, say the Wise;
In man and nature Spirit reigns.
I only think that I have eyes;
I only think that I have brains.

There is no sin. It lingers in
The Concepts of untutored thought;
And therefore to believe in sin
Is deadly sin, as I am taught.

There is no pain, and I am glad;
For God is All, and Good, and so
No pain *could* be, since pain is Bad,—
Yes, very bad! I ought to know!

Belief in Pain is Very Wrong.
Who thought of it, I wonder, first?
And did it take him very long
To furbish up the Myth accurst?

[In the midst of her philosophizing the Christian Scientist is suddenly seized by a severe Imaginary Toothache.]

Ouch!—Fie! I mean. How weak I am,
Thus to debate my sovereign Me
Beneath an incorporeal qualm,
An out-of-date nonentity!

[Another twist of the illusory screws.]

Oh, my! My Tooth! Ouch!—U-u-m! I mean
Alas, alas, my feeble faith!

[Speaking rapidly, as an exorcism.]

No—tooth—no—ache—no—felt—no—seen,
All—God—Good—Mrs.—Eddy—saith!

[The Illogical Unreality gets in some more of its fine work.]

Ouch!—Oh, those Drops I used to use
Before I learned the Truth of Things!
But no! the Higher Way I'll choose.
Rise, Soul, on Faith's triumphant wings!

[Further Imaginary Qualms, attended by rapid cogitation.]

Behold, how flexible is Truth:
I'll stuff some paregoric in:
It can't do harm, as there's no Tooth;
It can't be wrong, as there's no Sin!

PILLOW FAIRIES.

Have you seen those fairy people
That, before you're half asleep, will
Steal the stuffing from your pillow,
And the pillow-case will fill so
Very fast and softly that it
Never wakes you while they're at it?
Yet, before the night is over,
You're in misery, or clover;
For the stuffing they put in it's
Made of days and hours and minutes!

If your day was kind and gentle,
And if all your business went well,
If the hours were smooth and sunny,
Swift as bees and sweet as honey,
All this pleasant stuffing will go
To the making of your pillow
Smooth and sweet, till your repose is
Soft as dew on sleeping roses.

But if all your day was horrid,
Forehead furrowed, temper torrid,
If the hours were harsh and snappy,
All disjointed and unhappy,
Then this awkward stuffing will go
To the making of your pillow
Hard and prickly and annoying,
Angular and sleep-destroying!

Ah, ye kindly pillow fairies,
Well I know your anxious care is
Not to fret us, not to tease us,
But to soothe us and to please us.
When I furnish for my pillow
Hours so ugly, days so ill, though
All my slumber hobbles lamely,
I will be the last to blame ye!

WITHOUT FEAR—WITHOUT REPROACH.

[At the time of the Spanish-American War.]

"Smitten?" said Christ; "then turn the other cheek.

They took your coat? then yield them up your cloak."

"Shame!" men reply; "base policy and weak! Of men and not of nations did He speak.

Seizure for thieveries and stroke for stroke!"

"Ah," answers Christ, "when you yourselves are free,

When you have broken your own passion's chain,

Then can you break another's slavery.

Freedom for Cuba! Let the leagues of sea Sweep the bold challenge to the shores of Spain;

But let no vengeful rancor mar and stain The pure white armor of your chivalry!"

 ENDEAVOR'S CORNER-STONE.

[Read at the laying of the corner-stone of the Christian Endeavor Headquarters Building, Boston, July 18, 1917.]

Lift the building fair and strong,

Sink its pillars firm and sure,

Crown its cornices with song,

Frame its portals to endure.

What shall be the corner-stone?

Jesus Christ and He alone.

Prophets and apostles all,

Workers faithful, workers true,

They have wrought upon the wall,

Building better than they knew.

They are not the corner-stone:

It is Jesus Christ alone.

Yes, and he whose flaming soul

Planned it all with loving skill,

He who labored on the whole,

And who leads the workers still,—

He is not the corner-stone:

It is Jesus Christ alone.

Jesus Christ, whose will august

Is our life and truth and way;

Jesus Christ, in whom we trust

For the power to obey,—

Jesus Christ, and He alone,

Is the building's corner-stone.

Jesus Christ, whose boundless love

Binds the youth of every land,

With a tie all strife above,

Into one united band,

Him with brother hearts we own

Our unbroken corner stone.

Jesus Christ, the shepherd true

Of the sheep of many folds,

Who in one benignant view

All His differing churches holds,

Him with comrade hearts we own

Our unsevered corner-stone.

Jesus Christ, who bids us go

Or unresting stay behind,

Till the field or face the foe

With the same courageous mind,

As Endeavor's guide we own

Christ, the four-square corner-stone.

Framed in Jesus, fitly framed

May the noble building rise,

Temple of the Lord acclaimed,

Of the earth and of the skies,

All its fair proportions grown

Out of Christ, its corner-stone.

 FASHION PLATES.

Fashion plates are dainty dishes

Whence the ladies eat.

What's upon 'em? Eggs and fishes?

Solid bread and meat?

No! the plates are heaped with folly,

Indigestion's ills,

Empty trifles of a dolly,

Yes—and bills!

 A MUNICIPAL REFORM.

"If I were Street Commissioner," said Jimmy Bright to me,

"I'd see that streets and avenues were named more fittingly.

For instance, there is High Street, a name that should apply

Where all the lordly salesmen are more than six feet high.

And Congress Street should be the place where statesmen rendezvous,

While nothing old should be allowed upon a street called New.

The worthy name of Washington should nobly advertise

A street of honest tradesmen where no one ever lies.

I'd stay away from Cross Street, or, if I *must* go there,

I'd carry so much patience that they'd rename it 'Fair.'

The widest street I'd call Broadway, and add a law thereto,

That no one ever should create a broader avenue.

Fine dames with satin garments and manners quite ornate

Should always hold receptions upon the
street called State.
The auctioneers and pawnbrokers Exchange
Street ought to hold,
And Water Street should be the place where
stocks are bought and sold.
The names of streets and facts of streets
ought better to agree.
They *would*, if I could name the streets,"
said Jimmy Bright to me.

A PSALM FOR THE TIMES.

[Psalm 46.]

God is our refuge and strength,
Quick help in this arduous day;
Fear we not then, though at length
The vast world vanish away;
Though mountains fall into the main,
And the sea by the tempest is swayed,
Though the mountains tremble again,
We will trust and not be afraid.

For there is a river we know
Making glad the city of God;
Peaceful and holy its flow
Beneath God's governing rod.
Let the nations rage as they will,
Let the kingdoms totter and fall;
"Be still!" saith Jehovah. "Be still!"
And quiet flows over them all.

O come, see the works of the Lord:
He breaketh the spear and the bow,
He burneth the war-car abhorred,
He endeth war's terrible woe.
Where murderous monsters have trod,
Saith Jehovah who holds them in ken:
"Be still, and know I am God,
And I will be ruler of men!"

"ABIDE IN ME, AND I IN YOU."

My heart lies open to Thy sun
As roses to the day;
Thy flooding graces overrun
Along the shining way.
I yield my weary life to Thee
With passive lowliness,
As empty channels to the sea
Where eager surges press.
As waiting wires are strangely filled
By swift electric force;
As wintry, barren fields are thrilled
From life's triumphant source;
As air, and light, and heat rush in
Where doors are open wide,
O Saviour, to my soul of sin
Come, enter, and abide!

And now with strengthening mercy fed,
O Thou creative Christ!
Not all Thy meat nor all Thy bread
Has happily sufficed.
Transported by Thy graciousness,
That Thou wilt dwell in me,
My wakened powers boldly press
Henceforth to dwell in Thee!
For Thou art more than I can know
Within my narrow bound,
And I to Thy far heights would go.
Thy deepest depths would sound.
With kindling eye and fervent heart
I leave my little home,
In all Thy deeds to have a part,
On all Thy ways to roam.
Out on the largeness of Thy mind
My daring thoughts expand;
In Thy wide reaches unconfined
I compass sea and land.
I do not faint, I do not fear,
On tireless wings I glide,
And height is home, and far is near,
When I with Thee abide!

IN THE GARDEN.

I think that still, as Easter morn dawns nigh,
Damascus Gate, and all the wall thereby,
Must breathe a trembling and expectant sigh.

I think the garden places and the street
Passed by the Saviour's resurrection feet
Still quiver at the memory high and sweet.

I think the very pebbles glittering bare,
And all the flowers in the garden fair,
Are thrilled as if the Saviour still were there.

And who will say He does not there return,
Since in our own glad hearts that throb and
burn
His radiant Easter presence we discern?

YOUNG RUSSIA.

A nation struggling for birth,
Hail, young Russia!
Newest of all upon earth,
Welcome, Russia!
Time's invincible spawn,
Out of the darkness drawn
Into the light of the dawn,
Hail, young Russia!

Gasping with difficult breath,
Cry, young Russia!
Hung with fragments of death,
Shake free, Russia!
Out of the womb of the past,
Russia, alive at last!
Hold to your life, hold fast!
Long live Russia!



WEEDS ABOVE THE SNOW.

Sweet is Nature's garden
 When the roses blow ;
 Ah, but what is fairer
 Than weeds above the snow ?

Dry and bare and withered,
 Yet in every line
 Delicately tracing
 Fancies dear and fine !

So upon God's pureness
 Lives all dry and dead
 Are transformed to beauty
 And are comforted.

THE PATRIOTIC PARADOX.

My country is the fairest land
 In all the world to me,
 Though countries lie on every hand
 More beautiful to see.

To me my country's glory shines
 Above all other rays,
 Though all the poets trim their lines
 In other countries' praise.

I grant these other lands more gold,
 More wisdom and more power,
 Yet know my native land to hold
 A far superior dower.

For thus my wife is beautiful
 All other dames above,
 Measured by no artistic rule,
 But by the rule of love.

And thus my humble home is fair,
 With wealth beyond the great,
 Because my dearest ones are there,
 And love 's the real estate.

So runs the patriot's paradox
 His two superlatives,
 The one that rates the vast world-stocks,
 The one which he lives !

GOD'S EYES.

Thank God His eyes are everywhere,
That no far hiding-place
But His keen vision waits me there,
And my disgrace.

For where God's eyes are, He goes too,
His mind that understands.
His mouth, the home of all things true,
His tender hands.

I cannot flee His judging eyes,
And so I cannot miss
His brooding breast, His guidance wise,
The Father's kiss.

TEACH ME TO NUMBER MY DAYS.

Teach me to number my days!
Lead me to count them aright,
In the heavenly reckoning ways,
As they stand in the angels' keen sight.

I number them—year upon year;
They number them—act upon act.
I figure by calendars drear;
They figure by motive and fact.

I am old as the decades go by,
I am young in wisdom and grace;
Time's heralds remorselessly fly,
My soul has a cowardly pace.

I would know the arithmetic law
That reckons the worth of a thought,
And shows how the ages draw
On the work a moment has wrought.

Oh, teach me to number my days,
As the clerks record them above,
By purpose and kindness and praise,
And courage and worship and love!

RISE!

Rise from thoughts of shame and sin,
From passions fierce that burn within;
Rise! a better life begin,
All free from hate and scorning.
Rise! from weakness into might;
Rise! from wrong to joyous right;
Rise! from darkness to the light
Of Easter in the morning.

Rise, for royal heralds call,
Angel songs that soar and fall,
Golden glories over all,
Earth and skies adorning.
Rise, for inner voices plead:
Rise from lower thought and deed,
Follow where the angels lead
On Easter in the morning.

Rise! for soon you may not rise;
Soul unheeding dwarfs and dies;
Not for aye may one be wise:
For To-day the warning!
Lo! the range of endless years,
Other lives and other spheres,
Your eternity appears
At Easter in the morning.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

"A happy new year" it will be—if it's *new*:
New visions of all that is noble and true,
New powers for service, new knowledge of
God,
New zeal for the ways that the heroes have
trod,
New comforts, new courage, new graces, new
joys,
New peace where the evil assaults or annoys,
New friendship, new helpers, new faith and
new love,
New treasures on earth and new treasures
above,
New wisdom, new glory, new health, and
new cheer,
Nothing old, all things new, in the happy
new year!

THE MYSTIC.

His soul is like a shell, an empty shell,
Within whose listening hollows evermore
Home-hungry dreams of distant oceans dwell,
The memories and murmurs of the shore.

WAIT.

"The dagger is keen,
And life is a pageant of woe
Seen and unseen,
So why sit out the show?"

But yet I know
Somewhere in the gloomy scene
Love is aglow:
I must see what love may mean.

THE GATES OF ZION.

The beautiful gates of Zion,
The portals of love and delight,
They call me, they beckon me to them,
But shut are they day and night.
Closed and silent and solemn,
Shut, and no porter near;
Still by their beauty they call me,
And I cannot choose but hear.

I cannot choose but approach them,
Alone and wistful and slow,
With no one to bid me welcome
And show me the way to go.

For no one can choose them for me,
And no one but I can knock,
And no one can handle for me
The key in the golden lock.

But lo! at the gentlest pressure,
The least faint tap at the gate,
Bright in the glow of morning
Or at midnight drearly late.

At the merest, timidest trial
The gates are flung open wide,
And oh! the glory of welcome
One finds on the other side!

BOMBARDMENT AFTER THE WAR.

I am an unexploded shell,
Buried deep in a farmer's field,
Part of the harvesting of hell
That war's unholy furrows yield.
I am placid and peaceful now,
Harmless now as a baby's breath;
Struck some day by the farmer's plough,
I shall thunder an awful death.

Thousands of other shells like me,
Sure to burst into woe some day,
Lie in the fields of futurity,
Lie in wait in the people's way.
Shells of poverty, shells of hate,
And shells of misery murdering,
Struck by the ploughshare soon or late—
Ah, but war is a cursed thing!

KEEP THE FLAG WAVING, JACK!

[In the midst of the shelling of the tug
Perth Amboy with four barges off Orleans,
Cape Cod, Jack Ainsleigh, eleven-year-old son
of Captain Ainsleigh of the Lansford, climbed
up and cut down the United States flag, which
he waved defiantly at the Germans on the
submarine, and then carried the colors off
proudly as he was rowed ashore.]

Only a boy, but never you mind!
When are the boys found lagging behind?
'Owards and butchers, fire as you will;
Here is a spirit you cannot kill.

Keep the flag waving, Jack!
It's well worth saving, Jack!
Scorn all their raving, Jack!
God bless our boys!

Statesmen and sages, think it all out:
Waverers, traitors, brandish the doubt:
Here is a heart without an alloy!
Gallant is truth as seen by a boy.

Jack is the breed America bears;
Shells and torpedoes—little he cares.
Give him a gun and how he will fight
Fearless and stern for God and the right!

Keep the flag waving, Jack!
It's well worth saving, Jack!
Scorn all their raving, Jack!
God bless our boys!

ANÆSTHESIA.

The air was choking bitter where I lay,
And out of it I fell to instant peace,
Then woke to racking pain that would not
cease,

But on from weary day to weary day
Tortured me slowly till I could but pray
For opiates' dull hazard of release:
Then back to blessed health's delayed increase
I struggled through a drear and desperate
way.

Not thus, O Doctor Death, the waking fair
From your sharp ether!—young and blithe
and strong,

Leaping alert in new and living air,
Each motion ecstasy, each breath a song,
Forgotten all my load of heavy care.—
O Doctor Death! how we have done you
wrong!

THE THORN IN THE FLESH.

A fragment of the Saviour's crown of thorns
I carry, buried deep within my brain;
At noons and nights and dull, foreboding
morns

It beats, the heart of pain.

And ever, in my agonies of prayer,
Gazing on Calvary I chide my soul:
"Be still! the merest fragment thou dost bear,
And He endured the whole!"

As creatures crude, ungraced with any thought,
Lost in the ocean's least considered swirl,
Around some festering grain of sand have
wrought

That miracle, a pearl.

So I will press my life-blood's patient flow
Against my thorn, and seal the layers down
Till all its surfaces with splendor glow,
A ruby, for a crown!

THE R. F. D.

Of all the works of Uncle Sam,
 Beneficent and wise—
 The mighty irrigation dam,
 The conquest of the skies,
 The money coined sound and true,
 The seeds he scatters free—
 There's none that holds a candle to
 The R. F. D.!

The R. F. D. with lengthened arms,
 Extends its kindly sway
 To little, isolated farms
 From cities far away.
 Through country lanes it reaches out,
 Beyond the upland lea;
 And ah, its travel-feet are stout—
 The R. F. D.!

The blessed little box of tin
 Beside the winding road,
 What treasures may be stored therein
 From out the postman's load;
 The barefoot children caper down
 And crowd about to see.
 Ah, better than the joys of town—
 The R. F. D.!

The long and lonely country days
 Are lightened by the mail,
 And cheery hopes and better ways
 Spring in the postman's trail.
 And farm and city, understood,
 More happily agree.
 God bless the bond of brotherhood,
 The R. F. D.!

STEADY WEATHER.

The year is good that paces quietly
 In steady courses to its myriad goals;
 For earth's hot heart outrushes to the sun,
 Eager to give herself in leaf and flower,
 And over-ardent for her lover's arms.
 A hint of welcome, and her veins athrill
 Blossom with ready loveliness too soon,
 Taught sadly, as her human sisters are,
 By answering blight of cold indifference,
 By March's rigors and an April frost.
 That love, the queen, must not forget herself,
 Nor ever leave her sceptre and her throne.

So watch the wise repressions of the trees,
 The chastening ice that holds them prudently.
 The granite ground that seals uncounted seeds
 From their undoing, and rejoice to note
 The fastnesses and caution of the cold.
 Rejoice! for thus, my soul, in icy ways,
 In frigid stern denials manifold,
 Thy spring is east, thy blossoming of love,
 Thy bourgeoning of knowledge and of life.

Steady, my soul! and trust the circling Sun.
 Steady, my soul! and know that love is sure,
 And truth, and life. Against the icy walls
 Press boldly and confidently. Some day,
 In rush and swirl of glad enfranchisement,
 All barriers will break and melt and flow,
 And love and truth and beauty will be thine,
 The heart of life laid open to the Sun.

BETTER THAN BEAUTY.

Beauty hath a silken skin,
 Creamy white to travel in;
 Sparkle, dimple, winning grace,
 What surpasseth Beauty's face?

This surpasseth: eyes to see
 What the charms of Beauty be;
 This surpasseth: eager mind
 Beauty's soul to seek and find.

Beauty with a snowy hand
 Hath the power to command,
 Turneth armies left or right:
 What surpasseth Beauty's might?

This surpasseth: Love alone
 Matches might with Beauty's own;
 Queenly seated far above,
 Beauty cannot conquer Love.

A SUGJESCHUN TO THE SEXTANT.

[With Apologees to the Man Who Wrote a
 Nuther Appeal Some Yeers Ago.]

O Sextant of the Meetin House, we no
 That you air bizzzy, verry bizzzy, all ways.
 For thare air seets to dust (tho thay aint
 all ways dusted),
 And thare air carpets to sweep, and lamps to
 fill with Standard Oil,
 And clutter to cleer up, lesson papers and
 evergreen wreaths and such,
 And the bell to ring and the fire to make,
 And the Meetin House to air for the folks that
 want it aird and to shut up tite for the
 folks that want it shut up tite,
 And the yard to rake in Summer and paths to
 shuvvel in Winter,
 And kushuns to beet and him books to put
 back whare thay belong,
 And more things to do than enny won nos.
 O Sextant, we reelize that you air verry bizzzy.

And we dont want to Impose on you atall.
 And we hope you will take it kindly for we
 reelize your Importans,
 But we hav jest won rekwest to make.

And that iz, O Sextant of the Meetin House,
that wen
The servis iz over Sunday evenings,
Or Friday evenings after prayer meetings,
Or enny other time for that matter,
And folks kinder want to hang around and
say howdido and talk,
And chat a wile and mebbe gossip a little
harmlesslike,
And hav a word with the minister and say
how thay likd the cermun,
And ask wen iz the nex sosul and iz Deecun
Brown enny better of hiz hart complaynt,
And if Emmy haz her Sunday skool lessuns
enny better,
And how the Methodis like thare new min-
ister,
And iz sleeves worn full at the elbo or mebbe
thay dont say enny thing about sleeves,
And wen Filander Armstrong will cum back
from hiz hunny moon to Niagary Falls,
And whether the new carpet on the Meetin
House shoold be ingrane or tapestry brus-
sels,
And if thayd ever seen such a kold spel of
wethur before,
That you let them.

But az it iz, O Sextant, you wate around,
And look angshus and kinder mad in the ize,
And first you turn out one lite and then a
nuther,
And shut the windos with a bang az if you
wisht us ferthur,
And then put out a nuther lite and look toerd
the dore,
And tho you dont say a word for you air verry
polite,
You shoos us out before we air haf reddly to go.

But, O Sextant, do you reelize
That sum of us havvunt seen wun a nuther
for neerly a month,
And uthers (the gurls and thare fellurs) for
neerly a week or mebbe too daze,
And we hav lots of things to say.
Besides, how iz the bizness of the church to
get did, I put it to you, Sextant,
Without talk and plenty of it?
And izzunt the Meetin House the place to do
the bizness of the church of korse it iz,
And az for the gurls and boys thay mite go out
on the street and trapse around and talk,
But wen thay stay in the Meetin House and
chat a wile it iz a gradeel better.
For we want the Meetin House to be a sekund
home of the church peepul,
A warm and frendly and familur place,
A sittin room az well az a tempul,
And how iz that to be braut about, I want to
no.
If we dont stay and talk a wile after servis?

And so O Sextant tho we no that you air bizzzy
Verry bizzzy and we woodunt make your work
enny harder
Or hurt your feelings enny.
Yet we venchure to ask this rekwest verry re-
speckfully
For you air the Dorekeepur of the House of
the Lord,
Only dont shut the dores so soon.

WAGES.

The Great Employer pays not by the day,
Or by the piece, but only by the will,—
The loving purpose longing to fulfil,
The glad response that hastens to obey;
And when the Great Employer comes to pay,
He bids the worker take all that he will.
The heavenly gold of joy, and larger skill,
And sweet content, and songs upon the way.

When will the stupid cruelties of man
Learn God's high art of wages? pay desire?
Pay faithfulness that does the best it can?
Pay eager loyalties that never tire?
Adopt the one superbly prudent plan,
And throw their brutal bargainings in the fire?

INSIDE THE SHELL.

[The Infidel Speaks.]

I am a bird in a shell,
Busy by night and by day
In decking and fashioning well
The spherical home where I stay.

With the warm red blood of my heart
I paint the enveloping white
In forms of luxuriant art,
In symbols of grace and delight.

This is the world and the all.
This that enwraps me around,
This warm, symmetrical ball
Without beginning or bound.

Strange are the voices that come
My peaceful contentment to mar;
For the spaces beyond it are dumb,
If spaces beyond it there are.

Strange are the forces that stir
This orbic mansion and me,
For we are all things that ever were,
And all that ever can be.

And so I do wisely and well.
Adorning by night and by day
This perfect and permanent shell,—
My dwelling forever and aye.

THE PERFECT FESTIVAL.

Out of mystery and gloom,
Out of sorrow and the tomb,
Comes a carol brave and gay,
Comes the breaking of the day.

Christmas is a time of cheer
In the winter of the year,
But its presents often wear
Quite a mercenary air.

Patriotic banners fly
On the fourth day of July,

But the essence of its joys
Lies in crude, barbaric noise.

Often quaint Thanksgiving finds
Discontented, anxious minds,—
Less a festival of praise
Than the greediest of days.

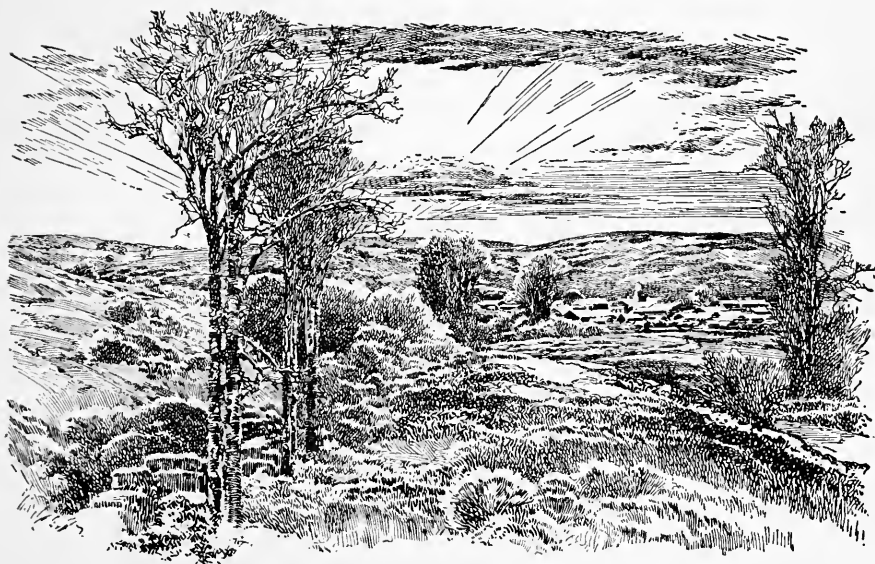
Ah, but Easter, purely born
Of the lily and the thorn,
With no touch of base alloy,
You are joy and only joy!

WHEN THE FROST IS IN THE GROUND.

When the frost is in the ground, with its sharp silver pick,
It is digging and prospecting all around;
There are millions of brisk workers, ever eager, ever quick,
Ever toiling when the frost is in the ground.

How they undermine the pebbles, how they break the hardest clod,
And explode their dynamite without a sound!
How they pulverize the path where a thousand feet have trod;
Oh, what mining when the frost is in the ground!

When the April showers fall, and the earth is fair in May,
And the harvests in their plenitude abound,
Let us all be glad that the cold has had its way,
And be grateful that the frost was in the ground.



THREE HARD WORDS.

He can memorize long orations,
And regards the work as play;
His masterful dissertations
The clearest of thought convey.

His speeches are never the weaker
For lack of a suitable word;
In fine, he's the readiest speaker
You probably ever have heard.

He never was known to stutter,
His voice is vibrant and strong;
Yet three words he never can utter,
Those three little words, "*I was wrong.*"

ON CERTAIN LIMITATIONS OF THE
RELIGIOUS PRESS.

[Read at a gathering of the Boston editors
of religious papers.]

My neighbor Brown, of Grindertown,
Is an editor as I am.
Like mine his work, which he dare not shirk,
Is a dozen hours *per diem*.
But we are as far as the earth and a star,
And we live in different climes.
For he and his folks run *The Daily Hoax*,
And I run *The Christian Times*.

My neighbor Brown may knock a man down
With his editorial bludgeon;
He may call him a liar, balloon-headed flier,
Rapsallion, pick-pocket, curmudgeon.
But I mustn't fight, for it wouldn't be right.
Though with popular fancy it chimes,
For what are mere jokes in *The Daily Hoax*
Are sins in *The Christian Times*.

My neighbor Brown gets heaps of renown
For his bushels of criminal details,
The gossip and slander that coil and meander
Through all of the news that he retails.
But I mustn't do it, I surely should rue it,
Though common folks dearly love crimes,
For the popular strokes of *The Daily Hoax*
Would be death to *The Christian Times*.

My neighbor Brown may startle the town
With statements thrilling or silly;
They may all be denied and disproved and de-
fied,
But he need not retract them, nor will he.
But if I decline an inch from the line
That with strict exactitude rhymes,
Not mine are the cloaks of *The Daily Hoax*;
Good-by to *The Christian Times*.

My neighbor Brown is likely to drown
In the floods of ads that he carries,

And they may defraud and cheat and maraud,
But no one frets him or harries.
But the lean little ad that makes my heart
glad
Some critic austere begrimes;
For no one invokes for *The Daily Hoax*
The tests of *The Christian Times*.

So what is left for *The Christian Times*,
If it cannot indulge in a fist-fight,
Or yell for a party, or root for McCarty,
Or tell, when a maiden is kissed right?
Ah, what is left if we are bereft
Of those needful advertisement shekels,
If we must be guyed by the rich Mr. Hyde,
And remain impecunious Jekylls?

Well, this is left for *The Christian Times*,
And in faith it is not a bad leaving,—
To turn a stout back on the knave and the
quack,
And be done with pretence and deceiving;
To be merrily fed on a crust of bread
That is buttered with honesty only;
To grin and to bear the blindest care,
And never be fearful or lonely.

And this is left for *The Christian Times*,
In lieu of triumphant sensations:
To picture God's will as it comes to fulfil
The joy of His germinant nations;
To comfort the sad, exult with the glad,
Support the old and the weary.
To animate youth with a passion for truth,
And banish whatever is dreary.

To know that the world is richly imperaled
With a love that conquers all trials;
To know that the right will win the long fight
With selfishness, doubt, and denials;
Ah, this to the crest of the wealthily blest,
To the top of prosperity climbs!
Who yearns for the yokes of *The Daily Hoax*?
Hurrah for *The Christian Times*!

A CHANT FOR PATRIOTS.

Patriots, patriots, love we our land!
Strong be its battlements ever to stand;
Brave be the people's hearts, eager to fight
Stoutly for freedom, for God and the right.

Patriots, patriots, true to the past,
Hold we our fathers' faith, long may it last.
Bold were their spirits for manliest fray;
God keep us valorous even as they.

Patriots, patriots, brotherly wise,
Heed we the summons of alien cries;
Faintest, forlornest of far-away wrong
Find in us champions ready and strong.

Patriots, patriots, never in pride
Weakest of liberties cast we aside;
Heedless of righteousness never may we
Build on the continents, traverse the sea.

Patriots, patriots, high in our aim,
Glorious purpose we seek and proclaim,—
Holiest, happiest, boldest, and best,
Never to falter and never to rest.

Patriots, patriots, not in our might,
Not in our wisdom design we and fight:
Kept by Thy governance worthy and free,
God of the nations, we yield us to Thee!

ORIGINALITY.

It is not the lad's own fishes,
Nor the lad's own barley cakes
That the loving Saviour blesses
And with vast enrichment breaks.

Likely 'twas his mother gave them
From her poor, precarious hoard,
And he only chanced to save them
And to give them to the Lord.

Mine or thine,—who cares who buys it?
Out of books or out of head?—
If the Saviour magnifies it,
And the multitude are fed!

THE FORMAL GARDEN.

Beyond its dignified border
Stretches the wildwood away;
Tangles of happy disorder,
Freely, triumphantly gay.

Here in a peace that is pleasant,
Studious, toilsomely fair,
Severe as a scholarly peasant,
Lies my Garden of Care.

Reaches of turf well watered,
Breath of a stately perfume;
Squares conscientiously quartered,
Ranked in regiment bloom;

Files of lilies and roses,
Bands of dahlia and phlox;
Hidden and intricate closes
Bound in a framework of box;

Walks with never a curving,
Juniper soldierly trim,
Modest air of deserving,
Smiling, and quiet,—and grim.

Who but must feel the calm gladness
Here holding militant sway?

And who could fail of the madness
To long to leap forth and away?

Ever I've toiled in its beauty
Since the bright years of a boy;
This difficult Garden of Duty,
Set in the Wildwood of Joy.

L. BOND, RECRUITING SERGEANT.

[Written for the Third Liberty Bond drive.]

"You are old? Your cash is young,"
Says Sergeant Bond.
"Send it forth the boys among,"
Says Sergeant Bond.
"Money runs on tireless feet,
Money feeds and does not eat,
Money 's never obsolete,"
Says Sergeant Bond.

"Are you weak, and can't enlist?"
Asks Sergeant Bond.
"Money has a mighty fist,"
Adds Sergeant Bond.
"Money like an eagle flies;
Never wounded, never dies;
Never captured by surprise,"
Says Sergeant Bond.

"You have not a boy to send?"
Asks Sergeant Bond.
"Buoyant bills the lack will mend,"
Says Sergeant Bond.
"Dollars' eyes are always clear,
Dollars dread no cannoneer,
Dollars fight and never fear,"
Says Sergeant Bond.

"You would like to do your bit?"
Asks Sergeant Bond.
"Well, your cash is fine and fit,"
Pleads Sergeant Bond.
"Let your cash the khaki wear,
Let it breathe heroic air,
Send it forth to do and dare,"
Says Sergeant Bond.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS VOTER.

The conscientious voter leaned against the
voting-booth.

"I'd like to do my duty," said he, "and that's
the truth.

But here's a list of twenty men of whom I've
never heard;

And how can I vote properly? My faith! it
is absurd.

I'm going to propose that stars hereafter
shall denote

The names of worthy men for whom a man
may wisely vote."

GIVE THE HAGUE A CHANCE.

Rome was not fashioned in a day,
 So give the Hague a chance.
 Not the first furlong ends the way,
 Not the first violet brings the May,
 Not the first measure slugs the lay,
 Not the first skirmish wins the fray,
 Not the first backache earns the pay,
 Not the first sunshine makes the hay,
 But work and pray, and work and pray,
 In spite of all that men can say,
 In spite of cowards that betray,
 In spite of fools that go astray,
 In spite of timid, weak dismay,—
 Yes, work and pray, and work and pray,
 And win the goal of peace some day!
 So give the Hague a chance.

FORWARD!

A Marching Song.

Forward! out of the selfish past.
 Forward! Forward! boldly at last.
 Forward! to help in the world's great need,
 Forward! Forward to dare and bleed.

Forward! who is a coward now?
 Forward! bound by a manly vow.
 Forward! pleasuring left behind,
 Forward! the higher joy to find.

Forward! Forward! who will go,
 Forward! to meet the deadly foe?
 Forward! Forward! never a boast,
 Forward! who will join the host?

Forward! to save our native land,
 Forward! with brothers afar to stand.
 Forward! to fight with a groaning world,
 Forward! with freedom's flag unfurled.

Forward! Forward! Forward still,
 Forward! ever with steady will.
 Forward! in paths by heroes trod,
 Forward! led by the living God.

A HYMN OF BROTHERHOOD.

People of peoples, from far o'er the ocean
 Gathered in pilgrimage hopeful and free,
 Gladly we yield thee a grateful devotion;
 Son of all climes, we are loyal to thee.

Deep in the ages thy freedom is rooted,
 Liberty groping through desperate years;
 Now in America flowered and fruited,
 Still it is fed with our blood and our tears.

Not in the languor of ease and contentment,
 Not in the pride of a blinded conceit,

Daring thy foes with a manly resentment,
 We shall not falter nor fear a defeat.

Land of all peoples, to all is thy duty;
 Heir of the ages, how great is thy debt!
 Laden with power and riches and beauty,
 Those who bestow'd it thou shalt not forget.

Now in the power the nations have given,
 Country, our country, be brotherly brave.
 Strive till the last cursed chain has been
 riven;
 Thou who art ransomed, be eager to save!

PRAY!

Pray! for earth has many a need.
 Pray! for prayer is vital deed.
 Pray! for God in heaven hears.
 Pray! for prayer will move the spheres.
 Pray! for praying leads to peace.
 Pray! for praying gives release.
 Pray! for prayer is never lost.
 Pray! for prayer well pays its cost.
 Pray! for prayer is always power.
 Pray! for every prayer's a flower.
 Pray! for prayer the Saviour finds.
 Pray! for prayer creation binds.
 Pray! for every prayer is gold.
 Pray! for prayer is joy untold.
 Pray! for praying frees from care.
 Pray! for Jesus joins your prayer.

MY BULLETIN BOARD.

On the *Comet's* bulletin
 What a summary of sin,
 What a dress-parade of woe,
 As editions come and go!
 Murders, riots, failures, fights,
 Suicides, explosions, blights,
 Fires, divorcees, accidents,
 Lynchings and embezzlements,
 Slanders, war, and burglaries,
 Arson, poison, things like these
 Fill that catalogue of sin,
 Crowd the *Comet's* bulletin.

Ah, could I, some merry day,
 Steal that bulletin away
 And establish where it stood
 A compendium of good.
 Setting forth, in eager phrase,
 Brighter hopes and better days!
 Gifts that calm the widow's fears,
 Love that dries the mourner's tears,
 Brave endurance of distress,
 Deeds of high unselfishness,
 Daring succor, debts forgiven,
 Spirits snatched from hell to heaven,

Self-denials, sacrifice,
Honesty that has no price,
Eager age and prudent youth,
Bold defence of scouted truth,
Patient plodding crowned at length,
Hero use of hero strength,—
These and such as these would win
Place upon my bulletin.

But, I wonder—see the horde
There before the *Comet's* board,
Open-mouthed and gulping in
All that register of sin!
Should I fill that focal place
With my catalogue of grace,
Were the substitute allowed,
Would it, would it, hold the crowd?

THE ROCK AND THE SAND.

Long-lined, the foaming chargers of the sea
Press onward in the sun, a glittering host,
Tossing their plumes and breathing angrily.
Long-lined, a seething ocean at their backs,
They dash against the rocks. The flying spray
Is like the smoke of battle, and the spume
Is like the froth of men and beasts at bay,
Driven to desperate daring. On and on
The long attack is urged, and endlessly.
Forever and forever, 'neath the moon
That coldly views the onset; through the day,
As wheels the steady sun; in winter's blast
And summer's brilliant burning,—still the
clash

Of angry waves upon the stolid rock,
And still they fall defeated back again,
And still the silent granite fronts the sea.

Thus youth confronts the universe, his head
Held haughtily against the surge of fate,
Ever defiant of the elements,
Of time, or man, or death, or God Himself;
Thus youth, in fancied power, in the pride
Of ignorant inertness.

Wiser they.

The waves that know no victory, but still
Acknowledge no defeat. Unceasingly
They ply their warfare, happy if a grain,
A single grain of all the granite mass
Is theirs for plunder at the weary end
Of twelve months' battering; for so at last,
Indubitably so, the rock is theirs,
Its haughty head at level with the tide,
Its massive battlements a drift of sand.

And this I learn, now that my youth is gone.
Ah, this I learn, and bow beneath the yoke.
God's waves are over me, and all my pride
Is scattered grain by grain along the beach,
Or swallowed in the caverns of the sea.

But be it so; yes, beaten like the sand;
Yes, spread abroad for all the winds to toss
And the wide ocean to make sport withal,
So be it; I am victor even yet.
For where the rock was black, the sand is
white;

And where the rock was sullen, how the sun
Sparkles upon the facets of the sand!
And where the rock was lonely, children now
Play merrily upon the sand's delights;
And where the rock was shaken with the
shock

Of constant battle, in the blessed peace
Of all the bending heavens now the sand
Lies glad and humble. It is better so;
For youth is strong, but age is stronger still,
Strong with the power of the sea itself,
Pliant beneath the guiding hand of God.

THIEF AND GIVER.

To M. E. W. on Her Birthday.

Time's a thief; he steals away
Many blossoms of to-day.
Joys he steals and also tears,
Pilfers hopes and filches fears.
May the rascal steal from you
Only what you want him to!

Time's a giver and he brings
Sometimes weights and sometimes wings;
Now his gifts are lasting fair,
Now they vanish in the air.
May the rascal give to you
Only what you want him to!

THE TRUE NEW YORKER.

He wears the pride of mighty throngs
With humbled lowliness;
He knows the strength of giant wrongs,
The woes of vast distress.

He sees the towering bulk of trade
O'er top the church's spire,
And all the passions, unafraid,
Feed high their living fire.

Beneath the torch of Liberty
He sees the millions come,
Of all the sad world's misery
The dread, pathetic sum.

He knows the stupor of the crowd,
The myriad-headed thrall,
And many a time his soul is bowed
With hopelessness of all.

Yet there, where centred evils dwell,
He holds his faith in mau,

Defies the leaguered powers of hell,
And does the thing he can.

A pygmy laden with a world,
He staggers on apace,
And back the coward jibe is hurled
Full in the coward's face.

He is but one, but one he is
With all a hero's might,
And feels a cosmic power is his
To fight a cosmic fight.

Beset by giants, by the boast
Of hell's battalions vast,
This pygmy struggling with a host
Will crush them all at last.

"T IS I; BE NOT AFRAID."

How shall I know Thee, Master, when the
night
Falls black about the way,
When earth is void, and heaven has no light,
And wild winds hunt their prey?

How shall I know 'tis Thee, or fiends of hell
In forms that image Thee?
They throng with mockeries, and can I tell
When Thou art come to me?

Yes, by the proof of peace! Oh, Saviour dear,
However sore dismayed,
When once Thy least low whispering I hear,
I shall not be afraid!

THE POTENT PAST.

Along its backward trailing mystical rod
The trolley draws its hidden and wonderful
power;

So from our past, with its proof of the good-
ness of God,

We draw the comforting strength of the
present hour.

THE PEOPLE'S PRAYER.

God bless our dear United States,
Preserve the land from evil fates,
Lift high her banner fair and free,
And guard her bounds from sea to sea.

From foe without and foe within,
From open shame and hidden sin,
From boastful pride and greedy store.
God keep our nation evermore.

Forever may her friendly hands
Receive the poor of other lands

In kindness of sisterhood,
And fill their arms with ample good.

Assailed by battle hosts of wrong,
God help our country to be strong.
Assailed by falsehood's crafty crew,
God help our country to be true.

God hold the nation's aim sincere,
God save her heart from coward fear,
God prosper her in true success,
And crown her head with worthiness.

God bless our dear United States,
Preserve the land from evil fates,
Lift high her banner fair and free,
And ever guard her liberty.

THE REAL MIRACLE.

My soul with eyes first opened, clearly saw
God's rule so penetrated by His grace
That miracles are only commonplace,
And strange indeed would be a 'reign of law.'

THEY SANG A HYMN.

"They sung a hymn"—but rather say
They let the poor hymn die away.

They did not lift the hymn along
On voices eager, glad, and strong;

They caught it up, a weary load,
And dragged it on the dusty road.

They let it drop awhile, and then,
Wheezing, they took it up again.

Thus toiled they on till, out of breath,
The poor hymn died a natural death.

"The hymn was sung"? Ah, phrase unfit!
They killed the hymn and buried it!

JESUS, THE BEAUTIFUL.

Roses gleam with red and white;
Jesus is a fairer sight.
Violets in shadows lie;
Jesus wins the seeking eye.

Where the sunset's green and gold
As a missal is unrolled,
Tenderer in beauty still
Jesus shines on vale and hill.

Where the mountain's regal dome
Gives the clouds a castle-home,
Lordlier than all their grace
Jesus crowns His dwelling-place.

Sweeter than the morning light
Laid upon a maiden bright,
Lovelier than children are,
Jesus' face is fairer far.

From the beauties of the world
By the happy spring unfurled,
From Milan's crystalline spell
And the art of Raphael,

Turn we with contented eyes
Where all beauty satisfies,
Where the soul of loveliness
Knows to gladden and to bless.

Jesus, beauty's central sun,
Thou the only beauteous one,
Clear my eyes that I may see
All is beautiful from Thee!

"DEAD UNTO SIN."

I have buried me out of the land of sin,
I have straightened my limbs in its last sad
light,
I have dug me a grave its desert within,
I have lowered my being out of its sight.

I have said the last prayers above the tomb,
Prayers of penitence, prayers of peace;
And out of the land of sin I have come,
Bathed in the joy of a full release.

It was not I that was left behind,
It is not my past that is buried there;
I am a soul of another kind,
And it is another name I bear.

I am the man who is standing here,
Glad and alert for an opening way;
I am the soul with its record clear,
I am the man who was born to-day.

MY PRAYER.

I do not ask, my God, for mystic power
To heal the sick and lame, the deaf and
blind;
I ask Thee humbly for the gracious dower
Just to be kind.

I do not pray to see the shining beauty
Of highest knowledge most divinely true;
I pray that, knowing well my simple duty,
This I may do.

I do not ask that men with flattering finger
Should point me out within the crowded
mart,
But only that the thought of me may linger
In one glad heart.

I would not rise upon the men below me,
Or pulling at the robes of men above;
I would that friends, a few dear friends, may
know me,
And, knowing, love.

I do not pray for palaces of splendor,
Or far amid the world's delights to roam;
I pray that I may know the meaning tender
Of home, sweet home.

I do not ask that heaven's golden treasure
Upon my little, blundering life be spent;
But oh, I ask Thee for the perfect pleasure
Of calm content.

TWO BATHS.

Use well the bath of slumber, warm and deep,
To wash away the stains of toil and stress;
And then, to wash away the soil of sleep,
The cold and dashing bath of wakefulness!

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

Let politicians talk their fill,
And papers print what papers will,
The common folk on either side
Of the invisible divide—
Canadian, United States—
Are providential working mates.

Each with a continental task,
A neighbor's helping hand we ask.
Each under heavy burdens bent,
We ask a friend's encouragement.
Each holding Britain mother-dear,
We ask a brother's loving cheer.

Three thousand miles without a fort—
What confidence does that import!
Upon the lakes that wash each shore
There's not a single ship-of-war!
And now, with amity's increase,
A blessed century of peace!

Both are the heirs of boundless wealth,
And of a sturdy nation-health.
We both extend our welcoming hands
To honest poor of other lands.
The same high hopes of splendid growth
And world-wide service move us both.

Now on our lengthened border line
We give but one glad countersign—
Be it the same till time shall end—
This: "Who goes there?" "A friend!" "A
friend!"
And let us to all nations prove
That nations can as brothers love.

THE CASTLE OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

The castle is built with a lordly design,
It is massive and stately and tall;
Its towers and battlements glitter and shine,
And fair is its compassing wall.

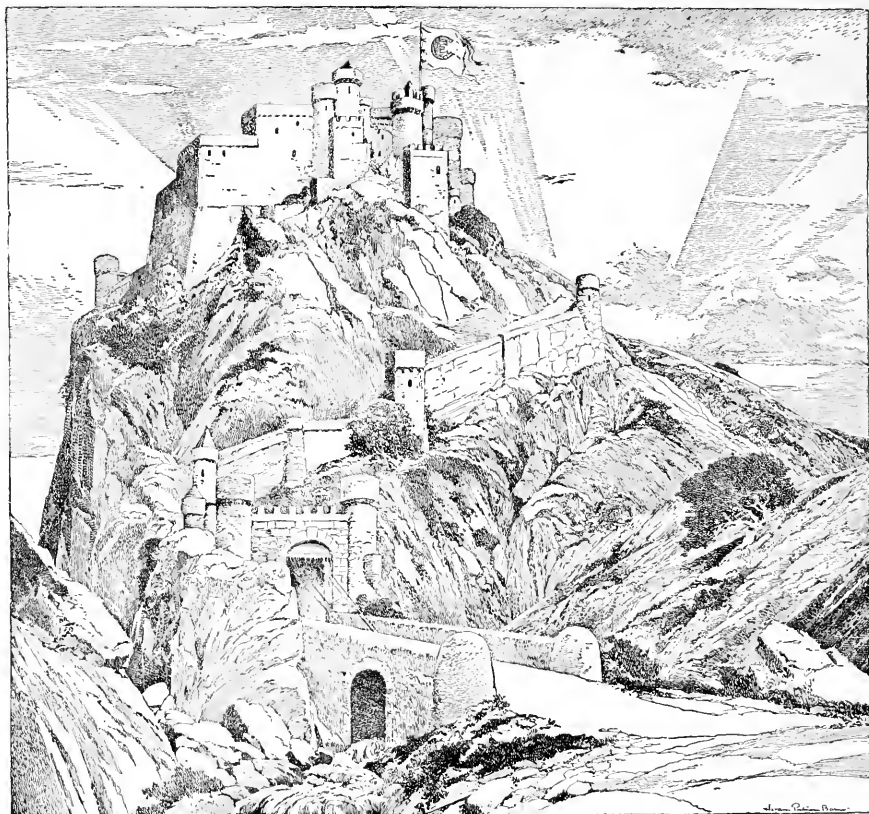
Firm-founded it rests on the ultimate rock,—
The church and the life of the Lord;
No tempest may shake it, no thunderbolt
shock.
Unconquered by cannon or sword.

Its turrets leap high with the purpose of
prayer,
Its banner is jubilant ever;
Its casements are wide to the sweet, common
air—
Our Castle of Christian Endeavor.

The pledge is a drawbridge we sturdily
pass,
Portcullised with firmness and truth;
Ah, gay are the ballads of laddie and lass,
But dearer the darings of youth!

And all the great castle with work is alive,
With labor unselfishly kind;
How easy the task as together we strive,
One Master, one aim, and one mind!

Oh, radiant promise! oh, heartening
sight!
Oh, hope to be nullified never!
For Christ is the hope, and the joy, and the
light
Of our Castle of Christian Endeavor.



TRUE PROGRESSIVES.

There are who tread the grooves of time
 With clumsy steps and slow,
 Whose filmèd eyes behold no crime,
 Whose ears are deaf to woe,
 Whose feet are plodding to the rhyme :
 "It always has been so."

And those there are whose pulses thrill
 With high adventurous life,
 A-leap to master any ill,
 A-thirst for noble strife,
 Their thoughts alert with trenchant skill,
 Their speech a cutting knife.

They ever know a better morn,
 And hail a happier day ;
 For them the times are newly born,
 The year is always May ;
 Through cheers or hisses, palm or thorn,
 They keep a sturdy way.

Thus brother-hearted, hand and glove,
 Right merrily they go ;
 For they are swift in what they love,
 And strong in what they know ;
 Their faith is aye in God above,
 Their trust in men below.

THE SCHOLAR IN POLITICS.

[Read at a dinner given to Governor Samuel W. McCall, of Massachusetts, by the Boston Authors Club.]

A scholar is a wondrous wight,
 God's creature through and through ;
 In what he does a heartening sight,
 And what he scorns to do.

In hermit calm he dwells alone,
 And yet is blithe and bold ;
 He finds the philosophic stone,
 But will not make the gold.

He sways the sceptre of the air,
 Is sovereign of the soil,
 Yet never knows a flighty care
 Nor bends in groundling toil.

To farthest bounds of land and sea
 The scholar dares to roam ;
 But in his heart, where'er he be,
 He stoutly bides at home.

He questions all, and has no fears ;
 Tastes all, and feels no smart.
 He sets dull mortals by the ears,
 Then watches them apart.

He has a probe for everything,
 And salve for every probe.

He weighs the dust on a beetle's wing,
 He weighs the massy globe.

As others garner shining grain
 The scholar garners truth.
 That is his health, and that his pain ;
 His age, and yet his youth.

Are others merry ? He is sad.
 Or sad ? He dares to smile.
 He finds a good in every bad,
 A woe in every wile.

He walks along a lonely shore
 With eager, anxious mien ;
 He stands amid a battle's roar
 Undoubting and serene.

He darts his blame, he flings his praise,
 With equal hardihood ;
 He crosses all our common ways,
 Yet loves the common good.

And thus the scholar lives his life,
 Close-pressed yet sundered far,
 And carries into clanging strife
 The silence of a star.

Men doubt the scholar, men despise
 His plodding, rigid pains ;
 The brute in man so slowly dies,
 The God so slowly reigns.

Men scout the scholar, bid him bide
 Impassive as a nun,
 And back of dusty volumes hide
 When manly deeds are done.

Men, raised by thought above the clod,
 By thinking doubly born,
 Men, brought by thinking close to God,
 The thinker dare to scorn.

Men place their crowns on empty brows,
 Men sceptre savage hands,
 Men take their rulers from the sloughs
 To brutalize the lands.

And all the while, alone, apart,
 The scholar bides his time,
 Unfretted in his constant heart,
 Untouched by mud and slime.

For Thought can wait, can always wait
 In safety and content.
 His is the power, his the state,
 And his the firmament.

In crises desperate and grim,
 In times of awful ill,
 The people turn at length to him,
 And ask his quiet will.

The people, tired of bludgeon blows,
Of trickery and guess,
And sick of all their stupid woes,
Will turn to thoughtfulness.

They call the scholar from his books,
The writer from his pen,
And bid him leave his cloistered nooks
For noisy throngs of men.

The scholar heeds the strident call,
And loves the summons well.
The whole wide world is far too small
To make a scholar's cell.

He glories in new books to scan,
New lore with marvels rife,
For what so wondrous book as man,
What science matches life?

He carries from his quietness
A heart serenely pure,
A spirit calm in toil and stress,
Steady and firm and sure.

The howling clamors clang and crash,
The struggling factions roar,
And crude ambitions madly clash
Upon that Stygian shore.

And still he holds the scholar's creed
As by his study light,
Each problem is a book to read,
Each task a page to write.

And still he holds the simple thread
Through labyrinthine maze,
By truth alone sincerely led
In all his trustful ways.

Beset by Passions, each a foe,
By Greed's unholy crew,
He only has the truth to know,
The truth alone to do.

By truth he foils the creeping plot,
And heals the grievous wound;
Of truth he builds his Camelot
And frames his table round.

And Truth he makes his battle-cry
Where battle rages grim,
And all for truth that dare to die
Will boldly leap to him.

We hail the scholar! We, a band
Of simple clerkly folk,
Give to him each a heartening hand,
And favoring fates invoke.

Be his, in all his arduous ways,
The scholar's candid sense,
And his at last, with ample praise,
The scholar's recompense.

GOLDEN FREEDOM.

Be ye free from the love of money.—*Heb. 13:5.*

The love of money is a chain,
Binding souls to greedy pain.

The love of money is a jail,
Bare abode of Hunger pale.

The love of money is a czar,
Lord of slaves that wretches are.

The love of money is a wall,
Bleak and barren, strong and tall.

The love of money is a pit;
Foulest creatures live in it.

The love of money is a mine,
Where the sunbeams never shine.

Worst of all captivities,
That the love of money is.

Oh, be free, superbly free,
From its cramping misery!

WHEN WE HAVE LOST A FRIEND.

In Memory of Rev. William E. Wolcott.

When soldiers die and kings depart
And statesmen pass away,
And men of gold in bank and mart
Return to common clay,
Our laurel wreaths we proudly bring,
Our panegyrics blend;
But ah, it is a sadder thing
When we have lost a friend!

When artists lay their palettes down,
And singers mutely rest;
When builders of a mighty town
Lie in a narrow chest,
We praise their genius towering tall,
Their godlike works commend;
But ah, the human tears that fall
When we have lost a friend!

Too deep for shallow-sounding phrase,
Too full for formal bound,
Our memories bloom where'er we gaze,
And live in every sound.
We cannot speak our aching loss,
Nor even comprehend;
But every byway has a cross
When we have lost a friend.

A friend is such a blessed boon,
To comfort and to cheer;
December glows with light of June
When any friend is near;

And want is plenty, sickness health,
 And longest sorrows end,
 When we have found earth's rarest wealth,
 When we have found a friend.

And such was he, this friendly man,
 This man of sunny mood,
 Of happiness the artisan,
 The prince of brotherhood!
 Oh, heaven is a cheery place
 Where such as he ascend;
 Let us go on a little space
 And we shall find our friend.

THE X-RAY.

Now Science, with her keen, amazing eyes,
 Can see through solids, piercing the opaque,
 Can trace the fractured bone's deep hidden
 break,
 Or note the buried bullet where it lies.
 Would that her wisdom could be doubly wise,
 To track the ways that lurking evils take,
 To trace the hidden wounds that falsehoods
 make,
 And pierce dishonesty's obscure disguise!
 Some day, somewhere, with vision pure and
 clean,
 With eyes well washed from sloth and self-
 ishness,
 What inty is will be sincerely seen,
 And flawless truth a blundering world will
 bless.
 Preparing for that day, O soul serene,
 Receive no thought thou darest not con-
 fess!

POSTAL SAVINGS.

Well, wife, they've given us at last
 The postal savings banks:
 And we, the poor and timid folk,
 Will give them many thanks.
 For we were foolish, like as not,
 And stupid as a clam;
 We would not trust the other banks,
 But we'll trust Uncle Sam.

Our precious thousand dollars, wife,
 Down underneath the floor—
 It isn't much for big concerns,
 But it is all our store.
 The bulls and bears disquiet me,
 But mighty glad I am
 To trust the blue knit stocking of
 Our steady Uncle Sam.

Our own good bank is made of tin,
 Beneath the carpet there.
 What burglar would suspect the wealth
 Under that rocking chair?

But I will rip the flooring up,
 And, trusting as a lamb,
 I'll take those thousand dollars to
 Our honest Uncle Sam.

For Uncle Sam, we may be sure,
 Will never run away;
 But he, and what we give to him,
 Are surely here to stay.
 No panics, bulls, or bears for him;
 No high-finance flim-flam.
 We'll trust the postal savings banks
 Of trusty Uncle Sam.

THE CREAM OF THE DAY.

I like to rise at five o'clock,
 And while the world is still,
 Before the noise and fret and shock
 Its busy corners fill,
 I take the ladle of my mind,
 And thicken on sleep and dream
 A wonderful deposit find,
 And skim away the cream.

It's not a factory product, that,
 No curdled whey or cheese,
 No churned-out and laborious fat,
 No butter, if you please,
 But just the natural drift o' things,
 The musings of the world,
 The thought that softly floats and clings,
 From deepest depths unfurled.

It's none of mine; but it's no sin,
 As there it waiting lies,
 To put my cautious ladle in,
 And lift the luscious prize.
 And after that, though all the day
 Parades in rustling silk,
 Or shouts great news along Broadway,—
 It's nothing but skimmed milk.

HIGHER CRITICISM.

Let the critics range as high
 As the larks or eagles fly,
 Let them soar as high and far
 As the realms of sun and star,
 They will find no distant bound
 That the Bible has not found.
 They will gain no lofty nook
 Whence to patronize this Book.
 Never critic, lower, higher,
 Got beyond the truth's empire.

Higher critics?—they that bear
 Beaks to rend and claws to tear?
 They whose clumsy pinions fly
 Weighted for a nether sky?

Birds that find their sweetest joy
Not to sing, but to destroy?
Higher critics but in name,
These that fly so low and lame.

He is higher critic, he,
All whose breath is piety,
All whose goals are those alone
That the God of goals will own,
And his wings of soul and sense
Plumed with snowy reverence.
All the ways of earth and air
Form his open thoroughfare.

Wings that God has touched with grace,
They may enter any place.
When Jehovah guides their flight,
They may reach to any height.
They may pierce—none else is fit—
Depths and heights of Holy Writ.

THE GIFT OF TIME.

The gift of time, God's freest boon to men,
So steadily outpoured through days and
years!
Thus ever let us yield it back again
In liberal lives and consecrate careers.

The gift of time, for which no gold is weighed,
Nor least petition offered to the Lord,—
Shall He not still by gratitude be paid,
And all our thankful days be His reward?

The gift of time, fit measure of the heart
Wherewith our Father wholly loves His
own,—
Be it a symbol of our lesser part,
Just to be wholly His, and His alone!

A TROUBLED DAY.

Thus built I my day,—with a beam at the
base,
Some windows turned sidewise, a chimney,
a door,
A cellar half finished, a roof out of place,
And all the foundation heaped up on the
floor!

I wished it to rise in an orderly way,
In symmetry fashioned, in beauty designed;
And this is the product, this wilderness day.
This riot and jumble of work and of mind!

I thought of itself it would grow as it should,
Part springing from part as a blossom un-
rolls,
The stone and the brick and the neat-jointed
wood,
No jar or confusion, no cracks and no holes.

O Architect, Master of days and of me,
Thou Builder of homes where all ravish-
ments dwell,
No more will I venture to build without Thee!
Plan Thou my to-morrow, and all will be
well.

THE WEDDING GARMENT.

The old coat, the easy coat,
That I have worn so long,
I would wear it to the wedding,
And do not see the wrong.
I love its every wrinkle,
Its patches and its dirt.
Why not wear it to the wedding?
What's the hurt?

But if I may not wear it,
Would Bride or Bridegroom grieve
If I should wear a portion,
The collar, or a sleeve?
The upper half? or lower?
I beg for just an arm,—
All shall be new except it:
What's the harm?

EVOLUTION BIRDWARD.

What is the guerdon high
When mortals have learned to fly?
Shall we win the instinctive arts
That surpass our reasoned parts?
Shall we learn the trackless way
To a brighter and happier day?
Shall we live by the simple rule
Of Nature's competent school?
Shall we build new homes above
That will all be nests of love?
Shall we grow so wise and strong
As to draw from sunshine a song?
Shall we learn, the birds among,
To rear effectual young?
Ah, surely 'twere all in vain
To invade the birds' domain
Merely to fill more space
With our clumsy human race!

"GOD! PITY THE POOR!"

"God pity the poor!" I cry,
And I feel a virtuous glow:
Not many so tender as I
To the weight of the sad world's woe.
"God pity the poor!" I shout,
And draw back my garment's hem.
God pities the poor, no doubt;
But how am I pitying them?



THE CHEERY CHEWINK.

"*Chewink! Chewink!*" a sprightly sound
 Ringing across the bushy ground,
 A worker's challenge bold and free,
 The alto call of industry.

Deep in the underbrush is heard
 The scratching of the busy bird;
 Behold, with energetic heaves,
 Both feet at once, he flings the leaves.

But ever, pausing on the brink
 Of new descent—*Chewink! Chewink!*—
 He shouts his slogan clear and strong,
 And glorifies his work with song.

No dreary drudgery for him,
 A very dandy gay and trim,
 With black and white and ruddy brown,
 The smartest gentleman in town!

Ah, brother toilers, bent and worn
 Beneath your burdens all forlorn,
 Your work 's a martyrdom, you think?
 Just hear that bird: "*Chewink! Chewink!*"



ON A CERTAIN CONVERSATION.

Two egotists conversed one day,
 Each in a quite contented way,
 And each—the vain and happy elf—
 Soliloquized about himself.

Speech is a bridge, from mind to mind,
 For gainful interchange designed;
 But when you meet a selfish man,
 The bridge has lost its central span!

MY PROMISE.

Since I have promised, I am more than one :
 My promise is a portion of my soul,
 A loved or hated yet authentic son ;
 And I without his wholeness am not whole.

If I deny him, I deny my own ;
 If I neglect him, I myself am wronged ;
 When I walk forth, no more am I alone,
 And his is all that once to me belonged.

In his dishonor, what is my disgrace !
 And in his glory, how am I renowned !
 Ah, when the King shall bow and kiss his face,
 May I with him be honored, kissed, and
 crowned !

"BORNE OF FOUR."

The bearers are unsteady. Racked and worn
 With long disease, and clumsily upborne,
 What is my anguish with their stumbling feet
 And all the push and clamor of the street !
 But any way, however rough it be,
 O good Physician, if I get to Thee !

The crowd is great about Thee. How they
 press,
 Each in his own absorbing wretchedness,
 Unheeding me, the sick man borne of four,
 Halting despondent at the crowded door.
 But any way, however thronged it be,
 O good Physician, if I get to Thee !

The outer stairway is a hill of pain,
 Torture of wasted form and beating brain,
 Narrow and difficult and high and slow,
 A demon's ladder to a mount of woe.
 But any way, however steep it be,
 O good Physician, if I get to Thee !

Upon the roof a glaring light is spread,
 Blistering underneath and overhead,
 They tear the tiles ; the smarting dust is
 thick—

O men, ye four, be mercifully quick !
 But any way, however hard it be,
 O good Physician, if I get to Thee !

INDEPENDENCE.

I went to the palace,—
 A wonderful thing !—
 I went to the palace,
 Called by the King.

A herald would lead me,
 But, fool in my pride,
 I sneered at his offer,
 And waved him aside.

How large was the palace,
 How loftily grand !

What vistas of chambers
 On every hand !

I wandered and wandered,
 All proud and alone ;
 I wandered and wandered,
 But found not the Throne.

And still, as I wander,
 Ah, wearisome thing !—
 I am in the King's palace,
 But far from the King.

THE MOVING OF THE AUTHORS CLUB.

[For the housewarming of the new quarters of the Boston Authors Club, November 10, 1913. The writers named are deceased members of the club.]

We have moved our tables and chairs,
 And our multum-in-parvo desk,
 Our clock with its delicate airs,
 And our bits of the statuesque.

We have moved the pictures and books
 And the catalogue's groaning weight.
 The dishes dear to our cooks,
 And lastly the tea-urn, in state.

We have said a quavered good-by
 To the dear little noisy room,
 And left it despairing to lie
 In its dull and commercial doom.

And the lions of literature
 Bid adieu to the lions of stone,
 The big red lions demure
 That now are sad and alone.

But much that the eye sees not
 And only spirits divine
 We move from that hallowed spot
 To our new and acceptable shrine.

Presences dear in the past,
 Memories precious for aye,
 Fragrances ever to last,
 These we move hither to-day.

Usher them into the car ;
 Softly ! they come ! they come !
 Royally welcome they are
 As they reach their latest home.

First of the entering line,
 Our imperial Julia Ward Howe,
 Womanly, strong, and benign,
 With the nation's bays on her brow.

Walking there by her side,
 Higginson courtly and keen,
 Soldier of valor tried,
 Scholar of gracious mien.

Bent but massively tall,
 Hale, the prophet, appears;
 He who was all things to all
 Through all of his brotherly years.

And Mrs. Moulton the kind,
 Poet and patron and friend;
 Gilman, learned and refined;
 Foss, with his sunshine to spend.

See them crowd in at the door!
 Butterworth, ample of cheer,
 Guild with his gracious four-score,
 Lloyd, our knight without fear;

Richardson, teacher true-famed,
 A spirit of steadiest flight;
 Lillian Dreyfus, well-named,
 Lily of sweetness and light;

Knowles, the Bostonian Keats;
 Dolbear, in gentle old age;
 And Alice Palmer, where meets
 The glory of woman and sage.

See them still entering in,
 Dedication the door,
 Throngs of our writer kin,
 Thro' of our comrades of yore.

These are the treasures we move
 Here to our newest abode,
 Treasures of friendship and love,
 Ah, an exuberant load!

Here we shall add to our wealth
 Riches of fellowship rare,—
 Friendship, stronger than health;
 Friendship, fairest of fair.

Friendship, the writer's true gold,
 Here let it gather and shine,
 The new and the ever-new old,
 Till the last of us pens his last line!

"THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS NEAR YOU."

All power is near. The sun flings everywhere
 Its energetic treasures through the air.
 The sea's impulsion beats around the world,
 Through all the sky electric force is hurled,
 And close by every trembling human fear
 The undefeated might of God is near.

All loveliness is near. The common eye
 Drinks beauty from the bowl of every sky.
 There's not a weed, there's not a dusty clod,
 But shines with all the radiance of God.
 There's not a human heart, however drear,
 But all celestial fairnesses are near.

All good is near. The bird-songs are not far,
 To all horizons circles every star,
 The sea, the air, the mountain, field, and wood

Are packed with providence and crammed
 with food,
 And wheresoe'er an eyelid holds a tear
 The unimagined peace of God is near.

But we are far. Alas, what bridge can span
 The dark withdrawal of the heart of man?
 What lavish infinites suffice to fill
 The awful chasms and gulfs of human will?
 Yet even here—thank God! yes, even here
 The reaching Cross of Calvary is near.

HIS COMING.

Were a king to come to my lowly home,
 Or a prince or a duke or an earl,
 What a cleansing would furbish the whole of
 the house,
 Till it shone as pure as a pearl!

How the best that I had, on the floor and the
 bed,
 On table and mantel and wall,
 Would gladly be lavished and eagerly spread,
 And I be ashamed of it all!

Yet the Monarch of monarchs, the Only Su-
 preme,
 The Lord whom the heavens obey,
 The Splendor that passes the height of a
 dream,
 Will visit my household to-day;

And the shutters are closed, and the cobwebs
 are thick,
 And a hinge is off of the door.
 And I, in a garment of wretchedness clad,
 Am down in the dirt on the floor!

"LANGLEY'S FOLLY."

[The pioneer aeroplane constructed by Pro-
 fessor Langley of the Smithsonian Institution
 failed to fly because of slight defects which
 were remedied by others after ten years,
 whereupon this first of air-ships made a tri-
 umphal flight. The ridicule heaped upon
 "Langley's Folly," as the invention was
 called, hastened the death of the patient in-
 vestigator who broke the way for modern avi-
 ators.]

Honor to Langley, from humble and great!
 Hail to his genius, immortally rare!
 Better than never, though shamefully late;
 Honor to Langley, the King of the Air!

Praise for the toil of the bold pioneer!
 Patiently, skilfully framing the plan,
 Learning the far from the common and near,
 Blazing a path in the heavens for man.

Folly and Folly and Folly we cried,
 Mocked at his dreams of the wonderful way,
 Till, broken-hearted, the pioneer died
 Out of these hindering wrappings of clay.

Spirit of venturing, spirit of light,
 How you escaped from our bickering sneers
 Happily forth on the beautiful flight,
 Out in the glow of the welcoming spheres!

After a decade, unheeded, forgot,
 Testing your "Folly," we find that it flies!
 Penitent, shamed, we erase the long blot,
 Lifting your praise to the echoing skies.

Better than never, though shamefully late;
 Sadly our folly at last we repair.
 Hail to the spirit so patiently great!
 Honor to Langley, the King of the Air!

BOSTON.

The river curving to the sea,
 The ocean populous of ships,
 Hold the fair city tenderly,
 And press her forehead with their lips.

For years but leave her fairer still,
 And gleaming like a golden star;
 Ever upon her central hill
 A brighter glory shines afar:

The glory of a thoughtful mind,
 A spirit open to the sky.
 A heart that beats for all mankind,
 A soul that worships God Most High.

No civic glory like to these,
 Though stone on stone tremendous tower,
 And all the wide world's argosies
 Bring donatives of wealth and power.

From those ideals never shrink,
 Dear town, nor once to mammon swerve,—
 Your eager eminence, to think;
 Your ample guerdon, just to serve.

A SONG OF OUR NATION.

Crowding the eastern gates,
 Crowding the western gates,
 To these United States
 From all the earth,
 Here may they ever find
 Welcome and solace kind,
 Freedom of heart and mind,
 Fortune and worth.

Here may we be as one,
 Here may the right be done,
 Here let our purpose run
 True evermore;
 Here in fair brotherhood
 Seeking the common good,
 Stand as our fathers stood,
 Bear as they bore.

God of our liberty,
 Keep us securely free,
 Grant us on land and sea
 Blessings of peace;
 But for the stricken right
 May we be firm to fight,
 And may our honest might
 Ever increase.

WHAT WE WANT FROM MR. TAFT.

[His administration appeared tame to many compared with that of his strenuous predecessor.]

Dear Mr. Taft, so smiling sweet,
 So quiet-kind
 And most agreeable to meet,
 Say, are you blind?
 The country 'd rather have a frown
 Breeding dismay;
 We want—and want it done up brown—
 A grand-stand play.

Where are your thrillers, flaming fire,
 Taunt tournaments,
 Such as we properly desire
 From Presidents?
 This calmness, this judicial air
 Is not the way;
 Give us the boom, the blast, the blare,
 The grand-stand play.

We do not care for balanced phrase
 Of bench and bar;
 We want the glitter and the blaze
 Of wordy war.
 We do not seek the level view,
 The steady ray;
 But all the country wants from you
 A grand-stand play.

Come, get a move on, Mr. Taft!
 Cut out your desk,
 Be noisy, be a little daft,
 Be picturesque.
 We want to be amused, and thrilled,
 And jarred, and gay;
 We want, in flaming letters billed,
 A grand-stand play.

WHOLE SEAS OVER.

"Half seas over" in ruin is drowned;
 "Whole seas over" has reached the firm
 ground.

"Half seas over" is lost and alone;
 "Whole seas over" has met with his own.

"Half seas over" is tossed by the waves;
 "Whole seas over" finds ally that saves.

So here is a hand, dear England, to thee,
 Over the whole of the sundering sea.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

The Gates Ajar are open wide,
And she who once had passed inside
On daring wings of reverence,
Has entered, and will there abide.

What joys already she has seen!
What happy valleys robed in green,
What lifted mountains fine and far,
And lakes aglow with morning sheen!

How light she walks! and every place
Wears a familiar, loving face,—
Fond scenes the traveller once knew,
And loured her journey to retrace.

What homely voices endless dear
Her hungry soul has leaped to hear!
What heartsome bits of every day
Have fallen on her eager ear!

And now, I think, amid the lights
Of blessed home, she sits and writes
What we perhaps shall read some day
Beyond the shadows and the nights.

THE COMPASS OF ENDEAVOR.

Bold Science faces north. With steady eye
He fronts the stern, mysterious unknown,
Assails its boundaries with How and Why,
And claims its farthest reaches for his own.

Art faces west. Where many a sun has set,
Where skies are soft with memory and
sleep,
She pays her tender tribute of regret,
And learns to smile just that she may not
weep.

The Poet faces east, and waits the day.
His eyes are bright with prophecies of
dawn,
And as he sings, behold! a herald ray
Leaps to the mountain, glimmers on the
lawn.

Love faces south, the warm, impassioned
south,
The languorous south whose torpor holds a
flame.
Its zephyrs breathe a kiss upon her mouth,
And all its valleys echo to her name.

Earth faces downward, inward to himself.
Concentrated flow his currents of desire,
Swift with ambition, clogged with greedy pelf;
His front is rock, his hidden heart is fire.

Religion faces upward to the stars.
There knowledge, there the older past she
sees,
There truest self, love that no passion mars,
And there the dawn of all eternities!

A RECOMMENDATION.

When work is harassing
And driving you mad,
And not enough patience
And strength to be had,
I'll give you a medicine
Fairly sublime:
Just get a bottle of
"Oneatatime."

Take "Oneatatime," brother.
Soon you will find
Quiet serenity
Filling your mind;
Heaps of accomplishment
Swiftly will climb,
Moved by the magic of
"Oneatatime."

ASPHALT: A PARABLE.

A Christian substance this,
Whose sacrificial bliss
Is firmly to outspread
A path for men to tread,
Whose joy it is to know
The way the many go,
And make the footing there
Enduring, smooth, and fair.

Doubtless the asphalt feels
Those myriad grinding heels,
The pounding horses' feet,
The traffic of the street,
The picks of fickle men
That tear it up again,—

The cruel frosts that crack
Its winter-stiffened back,
The furnace of the sun
When winter's days are done;
Yet bears a cheerful heart
For that inferior part,
And heals the winter's woe
With summer's tarry flow!

Right is your rede to us,
Brother bituminous!
Where human sharks contend
Each for a glutton's end,
Where men ignoble fight
Each for his petty right,
Where men like leeches live
Only to get, not give,—

Oh, for a second flood,
Of black, asphaltic mud,
To sweep them all away
From out the groaning day,
To make a pavement meet
For more unselfish feet,—
Not *damned*, I mildly pray,
But *macadamed* for aye!

THE NEW BOOK.

See my dainty little girl,
Pink and white, and hair a-curl,
At the height of happiness
With a "spick-and-spandy" dress!
Smoothing that way, pressing this,
Every crinkle is a bliss,
Every ruffle a delight,
And the sash is heaven outright!

Such an innocent am I
With the latest book I buy.
Use and thought and profitings,—
They are secondary things.
Now, it quite suffices me
Just to hold it lovingly,
Breathe its fragrance on the air,
Test the binding firm and fair,
Press its cover like a friend,
Turn its pages to the end,
Note the type, the gilding fine,
Write my name, and make it mine!

A POINTED DISCUSSION.

The Punctuation Points one day,
In the type case where they lay,
Each an earnest pleading pressed
To be ruler of the rest.

Said the Period, "I'm the end
Toward which every line is penned."

Cried the Comma, "Nay, but me
Printers use most frequently."

Bragged the Hyphen, "Lo! I stand
With a word in either hand."

Screamed the Exclamation, "Fie!
All the writers' force am I."

Urged the Question Mark in glee,
"Don't men always ask for me?"

Cried the Colon, "Printers call
Me to introduce you all."

Semicolon: "Mine the art
To hold differing thoughts apart."

But the Dash triumphantly
Drove the others to the wall.
"I'm the only Point," said he,
"That the Authors use at all!"

THE COMPARATIVE DEGREE.

What weight of woe we owe to thee,
Accurst comparative degree!
Thy paltry step can never give
Access to the superlative;
For he who would the wisest be,

Strives to make others wise as he,
And never yet was man judged best
Who would be better than the rest;
So does comparison unkind
Dwarf and debase the haughty mind.

Make not a man your measuring-rod
If you would span the way to God;
Heed not our petty "worse" or "less,"
But fix your eyes on perfectness.
Make for the loftiest point in view,
And draw your friends along with you.

INSOMNIA.

My soul is shipwrecked in the night
Upon a black and vacant shore;
A flood of murky air before,
Of surging air to left and right.

The waves roll in, the waves roll in,
And each a sombre spectre bears,
The writhing forms of many cares,
The coiling forms of many a sin;

Neglected tasks that frown austere,
Glimpses of old friends angry, gleams
Of dead delights and drifting dreams
And gibbering ghosts of empty fear.

Out on the flood, the faces pale
Of drowning hopes, so fair, so fair;
Or, tossing here and floating there,
The tattered rags of fortune's sail;

And, wrenched from out that midnight grave,
The white corpse of a passion sweet,
Rolled by the darkness to my feet,
And then snatched back into the wave.

My eyes are straining through the deep,
This surging night that has no end;
Make haste, O pitying Christ, and send
Thy blessed rescue bark of sleep!

* * *

The ship came not, but in its stead
Its Master stood upon the shore:
And lo! the waves were black no more;
And lo! a gleam from overhead.

He touched my hot and throbbing eyes,
The Master, with His loving hand,
And softly on that midnight strand
There grew the light of paradise.

Those hateful forms of sin and care
Flung at me by that ghostly sea,—
I know not if they ceased to be,—
I saw them not, for Christ was there.

Still sleepless stretched the night away,
But joyfully, for Christ and I
Together read the opening sky,
And watched the dawning of the day.

THE REVEILLE.

It is made of the jubilant sparrows,
All chirping a different song,
And the song sparrow singing supremely,
So royally rippling along.

It is made of the chirruping robins,
The orioles carolling gay,
The pewees plaintively urgent,
The trumpeting crow and the jay.

It is made of the yellowthroat's whistle,
And the redstart's sibilant rune,
Of the towhee's militant summons,
And the vireo's iterant tune.

It's a rare and imperial chorus,
So jauntily merry and true:
Bird brothers! 'tis mightily pleasant
Beginning the day's work with you!

THE JOLLY JITNEY.

The jitney dodges in and out
With rubber-footed grace;
Its heart is merry, bold, and stout,
It holds a dashing pace.
It sports a nabob luxury
With democratic air;
And all can lords and ladies be,
For nickels are the fare.
With subtle witchery and wile,
Patrician and sublime,
It gives a dollar's worth of style
For only half a dime.

The weary hanger at the strap
Has found his own at last;
Upon a kindly leathery lap
His grateful bulk is cast.
No treading on another's toes,
No struggle for the door;
Our hunching, bunching, crunching woes,
Our grumbling woes are o'er.
It soothes, it purs, our soul it frees
From worry, toil, and grime;
It gives a dollar's worth of ease
For only half a dime.

It bids adieu to clanging din,
To fetters of the rail;
A free domain it travels in,
And halts at any hail.
It gathers up a friendly crowd,
And jesting fancies play,
Where none are cross and none are proud,
But all are blithe and gay.
And when the jolly trip is done
In really record time,
We've had a dollar's worth of fun
For only half a dime.

THIS EVIL WORLD.

I dug to find the great world's Heart of
Wrong.

Deeply I dug, and labored hard and long.
Hotly I dug, indignant at man's woe,
And that a God of love should have it so.

At last, in central deeps of cruel heat
Where all the elements of evil meet,
I found the Heart of Wrong and pulled it out:
It was my own mad-foolish heart of doubt.

THE YELLOW MIND.

Do you seek, when you take up your paper,
Some beastly and horrible tale,
Some Saint who has Cut up a Caper,
Some Paragon Landed in Jail?

Are you keen for a serpentine Scandal,
For a briskly salacious Divorce,
For a Preacher who Goes Off the Handle,
A Wife who has cause for Remorse?

Do you look for an Accident bloody,
For the Plague's insidious woe?
For the Crooks who have made it a study
To steal from the high and the low?

For a sweepingly Fierce Conflagration,
An Earthquake that Shatters a Town,
For War's remote Desolation,
For a Storm and a Thousand that Drown?

Do you feel disappointed and cheated
When headings are peacefully tame?
Have the editors then been defeated,—
A newspaper only in name?

Ah, editors mainly are feeders
Of mouths that they measure or guess!
It's the yellow, sensational readers
Make the yellow, sensational press.

THE MYSTERY.

One mystery there is, and one alone,
Baffles the human spirit with despair.
Fitches the very sunlight from the air,
And wrenches every breath into a groan.
Oh, it is when our loved, our very own,
The good,—so good! the fair,—so dearly
fair!

Are doomed some awful agony to bear,
And all their sweet, pure life becomes a moan.
Send us, O God! amid our aching tears
The memory of Thine accepted fate,—
Thy Son, Thy best beloved, torn with spears
Of all our mortal woes disconsolate;
So that our mystery of pain appears
A mystery of love and not of hate.



THE STREETS IN THE SEA.

Have you seen the streets in the sea?
 The streets with no houses to bound them,
 And only the wavelets around them,
 Yet running as straight as can be,
 White in the blue,
 Parallel too,
 Stretching afar
 Over the bar,
 Out to the islands and far away
 Beyond the curve of the sheltering bay—
 Have you seen the streets in the sea?

Who walks on these mystical streets?
 The breezes go racing along them,
 The dreams of maidenhood throng them,
 And fancy with fancy meets,
 Daintily gay,
 One with the day,
 Dancing along
 Swept by a song
 Out to a distant, shadowy shore,
 And they will come back to us nevermore
 Along the streets of the sea.

WOODROW WILSON'S EARS.

[Some respectful advice offered the President early in his administration.]

You've earned, wise Dr. Wilson,
 The uncommon reputation
 Of being "a good listener"
 In this talky-talky nation.

When one can talk so brightly
 As you most surely can, sir,
 To add your timely silence
 Makes you a wondrous man, sir.

Now there are certain persons
 You may talk to, and they'll rue it;
 But as to listening to them
 We hope you will not do it.

The common sort of grafters
 We know you have no ears for;
 Your honor high and steady
 We have no slightest fears for.

But when your party's profit
 Seems ranged against the nation's,
 And pleaders urge it on you
 With specious allegations,

Oh, turn your ears upon them
 As deaf as any adder,
 And find a limerick for them
 To send them off the madder.

And when some trusty helper
Falls off to lower courses,
And yields to base ambition
Or other of hell's forces,

Don't listen to his urgings
Of friendship's claim upon you,
But calmly drop the traitor
Nor wear his fetters on you.

And when you have no message
That you are not to utter;
Or when your thought, half ready,
Will only halt and stutter;

Don't listen to committees
Who urge you to make speeches,
No matter what the meeting
Or what the votes it reaches.

In short, wise Dr. Wilson,
We trust your head and heart, sir;
We know you're good and honest
And "most uncommon smart," sir.

And your administration
High Fame will deck with flowers,
If you will follow only
Such wise advice as—ours!

CHEER UP!

Cheer up! for the sun is a-shining
Somewhere, in the heart of the sky;
Cheer up! for the folly of whining
Is close to the sin of a lie.
Cheer up! for the burden of sorrow
Has ever a coming relief;
Cheer up! there's a brighter to-morrow;
Cheer up! there's an ending of grief.

Cheer up! or the present is wasted,
The beautiful, only, to-day;
Cheer up! till a beaker is tasted
Why turn in abhorrence away?
Cheer up! for good sense is a leaven
To lighten the load of a fear;
Cheer up! for all God and all heaven
Are offered, and eager, and here.

SHAKESPEARE'S SILENCES.

When Juliet from her balcony
Waved the white wonder of her hand,
Or bright Miranda of the sea
Allured him to her mystic strand;
When Queen Titania and her sprites
Invited him to fairy play,
When Falstaff called him forth o' nights,—
Did Shakespeare tell Anne Hathaway?

No doubt when Hamlet summoned him
To parleys of life or death,
When stark Othello sternly grim
Entreated him with torrid breath,
Or even when wise Portia spoke
Her firm judicial yea and nay,
The poet then his silence broke
And Shakespeare told Anne Hathaway.

But ah, when sweet Cordelia wept,
And Rosalind paced the forest aisle,
When Hermia in the woodland slept
And Cleopatra wove her guile;
And most when bold Petruchio
Compelled his consort to obey
And bend her haughty humors low,—
Did Shakespeare tell Anne Hathaway?

EASTER HERALDS.

Who came from the tomb
When Jesus came,
To scatter our gloom
With his living name?
'Twas the angel Hope,
Whose sunbeams go
To the farthest scope
Of our darkest woe.
Hope came from the tomb
When the Saviour came.

Who came from the tomb
When Jesus came,
In the bursting bloom
Of a world aflame?
It was Joy, the angel,
Who sang and sang
Till the glad evangel
Through the wide world rang.
Joy came from the tomb
When the Saviour came.

Who came from the tomb
When Jesus came
From the conquered doom
Of our sin and shame?
It was Love, supreme
Of the angel host,
And her graces gleam
Where we need them most.
Love came from the tomb
When the Saviour came.

SEEDS AND THOUGHTS.

[Written for Christian Endeavor's Thirtieth
Birthday.]

Who plants a seed, he little knows
What warm arousing light is lit.
What spring of living water flows,
What forces leap to nurture it.

Who plants a seed, what thought has he
Of timid sprout, of leaflets young,
Of sturdy trunk and branching tree,
Of noble forest far outflung?

What dream has he who plants a seed
Of blossoms ravishing the air,
Of shade that cools, of fruits that feed,
Of age-long blessings hidden there?

And he who plants the seed of thought,
Some eager truth, some daring plan,
Never he knows what he has wrought
Of never-ending good to man.

Through subtle channels winding swift
The foodful currents gladly run,
And all the heavens bring their gift
Of tender breezes, rain, and sun.

It feels the elemental fears,
The frost, the storm, the barren skies:
And yet throughout the growing years
Its roots extend, its branches rise;

Until, one knows not how or when,
Through all the world the thought has
spread,

And myriads of grateful men
Pluck from the branches overhead.

Oh, happy he who plants a seed
With promises of fruitage fragrant;
But his a happier, holier deed
Who plants in human souls a thought.

WHEN THE NEWSPAPERS HAVE NOTHING BETTER TO DO.

They arrested Weary Willie
And landed him in jail;
A plain case of assault it was,
Because he hit the Trail.
—*The Chicago Breeze.*

And little Gracie Greeley
Was very, very rude;
Though seemingly quite gentle,
She Struck an Attitude.
—*The St. Louis Push.*

There's dashing Dicky Dawson,
A lad with yellow curls—
They banged the chap last winter
For Sleighing all the Girls.
—*The New York Hawk.*

You've heard of Tommy Tippler.
They strung him up as well:
He used both cloves and cubebs,
And therewith Killed the Smell.
—*The Buffalo Bug.*

And pretty Betty Blossom,
A peach, a perfect dream,
They had to jug the lassie
Because she Whipped the Cream.
—*The St. Louis Doubt.*

They found that Signor Baton
Was guilty of a crime:
With little provocation
He madly Beat the Time.
—*The Minneapolis Mill.*

And poor old Harry Hunter,
Of sturdy heart and limb,
Because he Shot the Rapids,
They executed him.
—*The Milwaukee Mug.*
And so on.

THE CHRISTMAS SAINT.

Not Nicholas, with bulging pack
Upon his broad and kindly back;

Not Santa by the chimney side,
The eager stockings satisfied;

Not Kriss, the judge of bad and good
In all the merry neighborhood;

Not these, in spite of all men say,
Shall rule as saint our Christmas day;

But he who bore, as poets dream,
The Christ across a raging stream,

He shall our Christmas gifts confer;
Bringer of Christ, St. Christopher!

HEALTH.

Clear eyes, that dance with inward light;
Clear shining skin, so firmly white;
Muscles that tingle for the road
Or lightly lift a gallant load;
Serenity of steady nerves;
Bright beauty's soft alluring curves;
Alert response to sight and sound
And fragrance of the year's glad round,—
Ah, what is fame and what is wealth.
Matched with the rich renown of health?
And what does luxury possess,
Bought with dyspepsia's wretchedness?
Let all my singing days be spent
With honest labor, calm content;
Let sturdy body, eager mind,
Their partnership superbly bind;
And let my life's clear currents run
Beneath the shining of the sun.

EAST AND EASTER.

Out of the East the royal Sun,
 Sign of a glad new day begun,
 Out of the East, to heal and bless,
 Rises the Sun of Righteousness :
 Out of the East is Easter.

Out of the East the Stars arise,
 Myriad suns of other skies ;
 So is Judæa's Saviour found
 Lord of all races the Earth around :
 Out of the East is Easter.

Out of the East the Wise Men came,
 Led by the wondrous, heavenly flame.
 Now the King of their starry lore
 Rises to reign forever more :
 Out of the East is Easter.

Out of the East the warmth and power,
 Light and love for the living hour,
 Joy unceasing and full and free,
 Meant for the lowliest, even me :
 Out of the East is Easter.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

It is not easy to live and toil
 Where the hurrying throngs go by :
 There are choking dust-clouds that fret and
 soil,

There are clatterings harsh and nigh,
 There are jostlings and fightings and discords
 dire

In the turbulent caravan,—
 But *he* "lived in a house by the side of the
 road,
 And was a friend to man."

There are other houses, on the hill,
 That are richer and finer far,
 Where all of the fruit of the world's proud
 skill,

Its ease and its comforts are ;
 While here in the valley the homes are built
 On a cheap and uniform plan,—
 Yet *he* "lived in a house by the side of the
 road,
 And was a friend to man."

It is hard for a poet-soul to live
 On the edge of a rattling street,
 Where the crass and the crude and the prim-
 itive

And the coarse and the ugly meet ;
 He would rather dwell on a mountain-top
 And the far horizon scan,—
 But *he* "lived in a house by the side of the
 road,
 And was a friend to man."

O brother ; now you have passed away.
 And we see where you lived and died,
 How much of the soil of our common clay
 Is graciously glorified !
 Like you we brood on the homely work
 Of the commonplace artisan,
 Till *we* would live by the side of the road,
 And be the friends of man.

THE WAY TO TRAVEL.

Some people travel in their autos,
 Some travel in the railway cars ;
 But I've a better way to travel,
 Unbroken by your bolts and jars—
 A better way than horse or cycle,
 Than biplane, steamer, or canoe ;
 The quite ideal way to travel
 To Patterson or Timbuctoo.
 My way is swift as any eagle,
 Or tarries for a steady look—
 The way of greatest ease and comfort :
 To wit, I travel *with a book*.

I dread no storms, I mock at danger,
 I reach the farthest, know the near ;
 I pierce the desert and the jungle,
 Without the tremor of a fear.
 I find the wisest of companions,
 I get the sagest of advice,
 And all my travelling is buttressed
 With comforts of the highest price.
 What is the best of travel volumes,
 For highway, byway, hidden nook ?
 The book with which I choose to journey ?
 Of course it is *the pocketbook* !

THE LENGTHENING LINES.

G. A. R. Memorial Day, 1919.

In Heaven too, each blossoming May,
 I think they keep Memorial Day ;
 And not in scattered, feeble groups,
 But one great host of marching troops.

The soldier lines are shortening here,
 Swiftly, sadly, year by year ;
 But yonder, in the skies of spring,
 The glorious lines are lengthening.

Still waves Old Glory, even there,
 And Heaven itself is not more fair.
 Still rises in that peaceful land
 The music of the martial band.

No wounds, no weariness ! they know
 The springing youth of long ago.
 Their speeding miles as stoutly run
 As in the days of Sixty-one.

And how the shining columns cheer
As mighty generals appear,
Heroes of fortune's high degree,
Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and Lee!

Ah, yes, and Lee; for on those plains
No thought of ancient strife remains,
But brotherly they march away,
The comrade blue beside the gray.

And thus as each recurring year
The soldier lines grow shorter here,
Our saddened thoughts will gladly rise
To that review beyond the skies.

THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS.

[Referring to a remark of President Taft.]

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."
But crowns, I hear, are open at the top.
The fear, the fret, the worry, and the frown
Arise in such a head, but need not stop.

On crown'd heads the airs of heaven blow
With due respect and soothing reverence;
Whatever fever lurks in brains below,
Through open crowns the breezes bear it
thence.

But, ah! what sizzling frets and torrid fumes,
Like bacon frying in its own hot fat—
What fireless-cooker misery consumes
The head confined within a stovepipe hat!

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

We lay too many lines,
We build too many barks,
We drudge on heavy, clumsy designs
Like antiquated arks.

We need to trust the void,
Launch forth into the air,
Know we are one with the farthest sun,
And make our God our prayer.

THE OPTIMISTIC SKIPPER.

The skipper of the Mary Ann, a jolly chap
is he:

With jaunty jest and merriment he gayly
sails the sea.

He knows no navigation and he missed his
course a mile,

But said, "It doesn't matter, so long as I
can smile."

He ran against an island, and he almost
sank the ship—

"Well, never mind!" he brightly said, "we'll
have a cheerful trip."

He did not see the gathering storm, but
roared a sprightly song,

"O sailors, keep a-singing, and the way will
not be long!"

The tempest blew him eastward and the
tempest blew him west:

Whatever way he travelled, he liked that
way the best.

He lost his course entirely, but he never
lost his grin;

Said he, "The bark of laughter is the ship
to travel in!"

And somewhere on the ocean, from the trop-
ics to the pole,

The storms are still a-buffeting that opti-
mistic soul.

He knows no navigation, but "What's the
odds?" asks he,

"So long as I am sailing on the *top* side of
the sea?"

BROWN'S VACATION.

"I've had a vacation," said Timothy Brown;
"A fine one, although I have not left the
town.

I merely vacated my worries and fears,
And at once became younger by fairly five
years.

I vacated my ruts, and began to enjoy
My regular, humdrum, but useful employ.
I changed my whole outlook and vision of
life,

And made it a pastime instead of a strife.
I've had a vacation, not vacant, a bore,
But fuller and freer than ever before;
The best of vacations for fat purse or lean,—
A change of the seeing instead of the scene."

"TALK IS CHEAP."

When the tongue, with ready art,
Bodies forth a servile heart;
When its vows forgotten fade
Speedily as they are made;
When it raises honor high,
But its own life is a lie;
When big words from nothing leap,
"Talk is cheap," for life is cheap.

When the tongue with carefulness
Tells the truth, nor more nor less;
When it boldly dares to speak
For the wronged and for the weak;
When with modesty and grace
Talk adorns a homely place;
When it comes from sources deep,
Talk is anything but cheap.

"Speech is silver," sages sing;
"Silence is a golden thing."
Other doctrine do I hold:
Talk is gold when life is gold.

A WILL FOR A WILL.

Young Tom, left out of his father's will,
When he learned it, reformed; is his heir
to-day.

Which goes to show that to persons of skill
Though there is *not* a will there is yet a
way.

SIR ORIOLE.

"This is a *merry* world,
Truly a *jolly* world!"—
So sings the oriole.

He is a wingèd flame,
He bears a lighted breast,
Sunshine incarnated.

His is a swinging song,
His is a swinging nest,
His is a swinging flight.

Ever a-tilt is he,
Tilting at gloominess,
Happy Sir Oriole!



PRAYER FOR THE PRESIDENT.

Lay Thou, O God, Thy quickening hand
Upon the ruler of our land.

Uphold his frame with sturdy might,
Flash on his brain revealing light.

Far may he move from party strife,
But closer to the people's life.

Touch Thou his soul with tenderness
To heed the farthest faint distress.

Embolden Thou his manly heart
Ever to play the patriot's part.

All men may he as brethren own,
Yet dare at need to stand alone.

As he is true to us, may we
Uphold him ever loyally.

As he is true to Thee, O God,
Protect him with Thy staff and rod.

Save him from coward hand and tongue,
Renew his soul, and keep him young.

And when his task is ended, then
Bestow Thy crowning praise. Amen.

BELGIAN BELLS.

Toll the bells for Belgium, toll, toll, toll!
Land of hunger, poverty, tears and death and
dole.

Land of awful agony, body, mind, and soul,
Toll the bells for Belgium, toll, toll, toll!

Peal the bells for Belgium, peal, peal, peal!
Land of life triumphant, spirits true as steel!
Land of blessed victory, glory, joy, and weal!
Peal the bells for Belgium, peal, peal, peal!

IN THE WILDERNESS.

When temptations throng and press
Through a lonely wilderness,
In my doubt and deadly fear,
Jesus, Saviour, be Thou near;
Thou hast all temptation known,
All temptations overthrow.

When the sky is brass o'erhead,
And I fear for daily bread,
With the fulness of thy peace
Bid my fainting folly cease;
Though the wilderness is bare,
Thou wilt spread a table there.

When ambitions bid me stray
From the straight and narrow way,

Thou, the Lord of all the earth,
Teach me what is better worth.
Show the gain of loving loss
And the glory of the cross.

When the very work I do
Brings a subtle danger too,
And I fain would speed alone
In a pathway of my own,
Then, O self-denying Son,
Not my will, but Thine, be done!

WOODROW WILSON.

The force of patience: conqueringly mild,
It wins its way as noiseless as the sun;
Its kingdom is the kingdom of a child,
And while men sleep its magic deeds are
done.

The force of firmness: granite melts away
Beneath the pressure of a steady will;
Heedless of all the hinderers do or say,
It urges irresistible and still.

The force of kindliness: what power lies
Within the gentle clasp of homely wit!
The light of brotherhood in kindling eyes—
Why, half the world is servitor to it.

The force of hope: superbly it believes,
And ever finds the royal thing it knows;
It asks, and in the asking it receives,
Itself the happy goal to which it goes.

Patience and firmness, kindliness and hope,
The four-square walls of wisdom's tenement,
How blessedly are these your fee and scope,
Our scholar prince, our Princeton President!

A NEW YEAR.

I want a *new* year. New things are not
patched.

So would I start my year all finely whole,
No gaps of dull omissions meanly closed
With poorly fitting fragments of dispatch,
No mendings of ignoble after-thought,
But all one piece of steady warp and woof,
A year entire, as all my years should be.

I want a *new* year. New things are not worn,
Not thin in places, ragged here and there,
And loose bits hanging down; no year all
frayed,
With fears and worries bare before its time;
But firm and confident, a brave new year.

I want a *new* year. Do not new things shine?
Do they not shimmer in the dancing light?
Are they not smooth and gracious to the
touch?

Is it not joy to take them from the box,
And shake them out in tumbling, happy folds,
And hold them up for all men to admire?
So, with a burst of joy, my glad new year.

I want a *new* year. Ah, but new things cost!
Well, I will pay the price of this new year:
The price of patience, and the price of time;
The price of prayers ascending to the God
Who was before all years began to be,
And will be through the new years as the old;
The price of partings from the lower aims,
Of stanch adhesion to the rugged best;
The price of life!

I cannot pay the price.
Pay Thou for me, O Christ, my brother Christ!
Be Thou my Patience, and be Thou my Prayer;
Be Thou my Strength of hard, laborious will.
From out Thine endless ages with my God
Bring newness to this little year of mine.
So shall it be Thy year and not my own,
Yet doubly mine, as I shall dwell with Thee;
Yes, doubly mine, as through it I shall pass
To Thine eternity forever new.

TRANSFORMATION.

There's a garden far in Fancy
Where the sweetest flowers grow,
Where a subtle necromancy
Weaves again all ancient woe,—

Tears it up and weaves it over
Into blossoms of delight,
Daisies, violets, and clover,
Royal roses, lilies white.

There the ugly shape of sorrow
Softly curves and brightly gleams,
In the garden of to-morrow,
In the certainty of dreams.

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE.

I'll read the Bible with a microscope,
The many hidden blessings there to find,
The gold that well repays my searching hope,
The jewels of the heart and of the mind.

With telescope the Bible I will read,
So far and vast its shining glories are,
So swiftly truths to ardent truths succeed,
A bright-heaped galaxy of sun and star.

I'll read the Bible with a garden spade.
For hosts of seedling thoughts are growing
there.
Transplanted to my life, they give me shade,
And healthful fruit, and flowers richly fair.

I'll read the Bible with a light-poised boat,
With crowding sail or with a laboring oar,
For it has many a fairy-land remote,
And many winding channels to explore.

I'll read the Bible with a miner's pick,
For deep in solid rock its wealth is found;
But ah, the secret veins are rich and thick,
And glorious Eldorados here abound.

All instruments, all modes of eager quest,
Find here their recompense of high reward,
Find here the wisest, worthiest, and best,
The free and waiting treasures of the Lord.

A WEATHER REPORT.

The day was darkly drear
Till you were in it,
But sunlight splended clear
That very minute.

The world was dull and bare,
No birds a-winging;
You came, and all the air
Was full of singing.

The world was sleet and storm,
A wintry nummer;
You came, and tender, warm,
The world was summer!

OUR COUNTRY'S DESTINY.

[Written as the United States was about to enter the World War.]

My Country! dare we do it? Dare we be
Strong with our strength and with our free-
dom free,
Commensurate with the measure of our land,
And boldly equal to our destiny?

No arms but arms of love should lift the
sword,
Those only war by whom it is abhorred,
Those only kill whose choice would be to die,
And none should fight but battle for the Lord.

Are our eyes keen to see His form alone?
Our ears to hear His solemn undertone?
And all our hearts untringly alert
His high behest and none but His to own?

Rather than wrong the men of meanest birth,
Some least of nations least in honest worth,
Be all our glorious land for evermore
Cursed and erased from off the scornful earth!

Rather than swagger through a boastful hour,
Drunken with pride and mad with murderous
power,

Let us walk feebly as the cravens walk,
And let us hide ourselves as cravens cower.

One hundred millions! Dare we scan the
rolls

And take their regal meaning to our souls?
Dare we assume the sceptre of ourselves
And sway the power that itself controls?

We that love Liberty, shall we as well
Grant Liberty in other lands to dwell,
Nor use her sacred name to garnish deeds
As foul as Satan and as black as hell?

We that the nations all have joined to frame,
Can we be true to these from whence we came,
Yet nourish for the darkness of the world
In common purpose one clear-shining flame?

Can we, discovering that we are strong,
Remember Freedom's oath and Freedom's song,
And wear our strength in that humility
And calm forbearance that to strength belong?

Then, then, my Country, let us dare to be
Strong with our strength and with our free-
dom free,
Commensurate with the measure of our land,
And boldly equal to our destiny!

NESTING.

NEST-ing, nesting, you and I,
EST-inating what to buy,
ST-ealing now and then a kiss,
T-ip and top of human bliss!
N-ot a worry or a fear,
NE-ar or far with you, my dear!
NES-cience to heaven nigh:
NEST-ing, nesting, you and I.

MAGAZINE POETRY.

Where waves a line of larger growth,—
Subsidiary bluet,—
There shines the spirit of an oath,
And scarce would rue it.

For high is hope and lost is low,
And swift commotion
Is buried vastly in the slow
Remorseless ocean.

Intent upon the bourgeoning bough—
Ecstatic moment!—
How heed the Everlasting Now?
How reck the comment?

So self-involved and intricate
Beyond all seeming,
We pass to capture and narrate
Anacreon's dreaming.

Inveterate line of larger growth!
Alas, Lord Gilbert!
I knew no spirit of an oath,
Nor cared a filbert.

THE NEWSPAPER MIRROR.

The mirror of the times! In golden frame
Or homely wood, its honor is the same.

A mirror, not a lamp of pulsing light;
A mirror, useless in a moral night.

But if its back is scratched by carelessness,
And if its face is cracked by crude excess,

Foul with the breath of greed, or muddied o'er
With bigot's passion and with party gore,

Though fair its frame and jewelled its re-
nown,
It is the most repulsive thing in town!

DON'T!

Don't write poetry (so-called),
Don't be bumptious, don't get bald,
Don't be quick to give advice,
Don't fear thunder, ghosts, or mice,
Don't talk symptoms of disease,
Don't expectorate or sneeze,
Don't get angry, don't show off,
Don't snore, or contradict, or cough,
Don't hit a fellow not your size,
Don't be too soft, don't be too wise,
Don't bolt your food, don't use much meat,
Don't undersleep or overeat,
Don't worry, hurry, loaf, or fret,
Don't get it charged or run in debt,
Don't, when in error, fear to own 't,
And don't, don't, don't, don't, *don't say don't!*

"PEACE ON EARTH."

Bethlehem hills that solemn night
Softly beheld a golden sight,
Thrilled to a burst of holy sound:
*"Glory to God in the farthest height,
Peace on earth
To men of worth,
Men in whom God's grace is found!"*

Ever has that angelic lay
Widened over the earth away;
Still the quivering echoes run
From listening night to listening day—
"Peace, peace, peace,"
They never cease,
Broadening out from sun to sun.

Now, through the miracle of time,
In every land, in every clime,
Whispering low in the pulsing air
Sounds that Bethlehem chant sublime,
Singing still
Of man's good will
And the heavenly Father's peaceful care.

How can we reach and catch the song?
How, in our Babel of wrath and wrong,
Can we capture the holy strain again
That has wandered far, so far and long,
On land and sea
So far and free:

"Peace on earth and good will to men"?

Hushed in the dawning of love's great light,
Brothers all in the angels' sight,
Some glad day we shall catch the sound:
*"Glory to God in the farthest height,
Peace on earth
To men of worth,
Men in whom God's grace is found!"*

HEAVEN.

I think I shall find measures to postpone
The glories of the universal throne,
The choirs of flaming seraphim, the tall
And glittering wonders of the jewelled wall.

I shall get leave to find a little home
Where one has waited long till I should come,
And all the heart of heaven shall be this,
Once more, once more to feel my mother's
kiss.

FAILURE.

Failure is a rocky hill:
Climb it! Climb it with a will!

Failure is a broken bone:
Set it! Grin, and do not groan!

Failure is a tangled string:
Puzzle out the knotted thing!

Failure is a river swift:
Swim it! Swim, and do not drift!

Failure is a black morass:
Cross it! There are tufts of grass!

Failure is a treacherous pit:
Scramble! Clamber out of it!

Failure is an inky night:
Sing! Expect the morning light!

Failure is an ugly coal:
Fuse it to a diamond soul!

WAITING WORDS.

Somewhere are words of eager loveliness
Whose high compelling stress
Will wake the world to courage, and inspire
Honor's undying fire.

And they, when found, will be our common
words
That man's life undergirds;
So common, so familiar, each will sigh,
"I might have said them—I!"

CAVOUR.

[On reading William Roscoe Thayer's "The
Life and Times of Cavour."]

The morning light is fair upon his face,
The morning fervor pulses in his blood,
For he has seen the form of Italy
Rise from the virginal shadows of the Alps,
And sweep through Piedmont, Florence, down
to Rome
And on to Sicily. All beautiful
That queenly vision, and he bows to it,
And knows henceforth the sovereign of his
life.

How blest his lot! What matter priestly
hate,
Cabals of court and lies of diplomats,
Mouthings of demagogues, the agony
Of cruel slander and of long delay?
He has his vision and is true to it.

And yet how hard the path of a Cavour,
A knight of patience! Flags fly not for him,
Nor bugles blow, nor multitudes applaud.
Not his the swing of marching myriads,
The glorious dash of Garibaldian war,
Nor even hot Mazzini's prophet peals
And melodrama of delusive plots.
Where he would run, he must be slow to
creep;
Where he would shout his slogan to the skies,
Must whisper it; where he would smite the
foes
Of Italy, fierce crashings in the face,
He must dissemble, smile, and eat his heart.

Ah, lordliest of all our mortal range,
The self-sufficing mind! that stands alone
And bends all other creatures to itself;
That holds to truth and right immovably;
That uses gold and armies, senates, kings,
Or poverty and loneliness and God;
That reckons not the years nor gauges gain,
But works with cosmic force impersonal,
A dateless task, unhurried and serene.

He counted not his foes: or Austrian craft,
The Pope's denunciations, Bourbon pride,

Napoleon's ambitious, English heed
That would and would not, or the stinging
brood

Of little hinderers that swarmed at home.
He moved among them an unwrinkled fate.
He worked among them as the rays of light
Reach the dim corners of the woods and fields

With quiet, chemic power, touching seeds,
Enkindling life, and waking up the world.
He did not sign his deeds. He did not form
A pompous programme. As the days evolved,
So answered he, day's might for day's de-
mands.

He placed the crown upon another's brow,
Yet could not wholly fend it from his own.
For what are crowns, and what are monu-
ments,
And all the tinsel gauds of clumsy fame,
But man's fair gauge of man's ineptitude,
And prophecy of juster fame to come?

When souls are characterized by character,
When worth is honor, highest worth renown,
And all the devil's cloaks are torn away,
Then, Prince of Patience, you must mount
your throne.

And then, while hosts acclaim, "Cavour!
Cavour!"

Your voice will shout one answer, "Italy!"
Your crown will blaze one splendor, "Italy!"
Your heart will plead one purpose, "Italy!"
For thus are nations born in souls of men.

A CERTAIN EDITOR.

He was personally fatuous and horrid,

He was ugly, he was cruel, he was mean,
His talk was diabolically torrid.

He was just about the crudest ever seen;
But his paper ran the universe to suit it.

Censored architecture, poetry, and art;
As to genius, did not hesitate to boot it,

While it settled all affairs of home and
heart.

He was wallowing in debt up to the limit,

He was hated by his neighbors and his wife,
He was in the social swim but couldn't swim
it,

He had made a total failure of his life;
But in print he was a master of finances.

Pointed out the many ways the tariff robs,
Led statistics through the intricate dances,
And showed the statesmen how to run
their jobs.

Oh, the printing-press is wonderfully clever;
As a miracle machine it's out of sight;

It can take a chap who is the lowest ever,
And transform him to a minister of light.

It can squeeze eternal wisdom from a nunny,
To a Washington an Arnold can convert;
It can change Petroleum Nasby to a Pliny,
And contrive a handsome dividend from
dirt!

PREACH TO THEM.

[Versifying a sentence by Dr. G. Campbell
Morgan.]

Preacher, facing needy souls,
Do not dare ignore them,
While God's fateful thunder rolls,
And you preach—before them;
Rather, finding out their need,
Piercing through and through them.
Though they shrink and though they bleed,
Preach your sermons—to them.

It is easy to parade,
Fling your knowledge o'er them.
Preaching sermons study-made
Pompously—before them;
But the sermons that will bless
Through and through and through them,
From your heart to theirs,—no less,—
Are the ones preached—to them.

THE SAINT OF MANY NAMES.

When we write a note to him
Full of our desires
For a doll that shuts its eyes,
And a gun that fires;
When we hang our stockings up
By the chimney side,—
Stockings long and very large,
Gaping open wide;
When we beg to watch awhile,
Still as we can be,—
It is Santa Claus, of course,
We expect to see.

When we let the household know
Christmas Day has come,
Blowing on the new cornet,
Banging on the drum;
When we eat the oranges,
Candy, turkey, pies;
When on jolly Jumper Hill
The double-runner flies;
When we have the best of times
All of Christmas Day,
It is good Kriss Kringle, then,
Join us in our play.

When the candles glitter bright
On the Christmas tree,
With the spangles and the stars
Wonderful to see;

When the people crowd the room,
And the children sing,
And from out the belfry high
Christmas carols ring;
When they give the presents round,
Then all go away,
That is kind Saint Nicholas
Finishing the day.

Ah, but when it all is done,
And I go to bed,
Drums and sleds and pies and trees
Jumbled in my head,
Then the little mother comes
Just to say good-night,
And she tells how shepherds once
Saw a glorious light,
And a Babe that came to earth
With a thought of—me;
And I think the Christmas saint,
After all, is He!

TOO TIRED TO PRAY.

Too tired to pray! O Father, tired of toiling,
Tired of the heavy load, the blistering way,
Weary of all the monotone of moiling,
Tired out—too tired to pray.

Too sad to pray! undone, my God, with
trouble,
The same dull heartache borne another
day,
My life an empty field of worthless rubble,
And I—too sad to pray.

Too sinful—yes, for any further praying.
Too proud to hear, too wicked to obey,
Loathing the desert path, yet ever straying,
And gone too far to pray.

O Christ, pray for me! Weary, sad, in si-
lence,

My impotence at Thy dear feet I lay.
Jesus, my final Help, my All-reliance,
Pray—for I cannot pray!

MOTHERS—AND OTHERS.

Others weary of the noise.
Mothers play with girls and boys.

Others scold because we fell,
Mothers "kiss and make it well."

Others work with patient will,
Mothers labor later still.

Others' love is more or less,
Mothers love with steadiness.

Others pardon, hating yet;
Mothers pardon and forget.

Others keep the ancient score,
Mothers never shut the door.

Others grow incredulous,
Mothers still believe in us.

Others throw their faith away,
Mothers pray, and pray, and pray.

THE PARCEL POST.

What farms and factories produce
And art and commerce boast,
All things of beauty and of use,
We send by parcel post.

Confectionery, sweaters, mats,
Shoes, clocks, a steak, a roast,
Eggs, pictures, aprons, pickles, hats—
All, all by parcel post!

Preserves by grandma's finest rule,
The cake that Bob likes most,
A box of "eats" for Bess at school—
Ah, homely parcel post!

The waking up of enterprise
To reach the farthest coast,
That he who sells and he who buys
May bless the parcel post!

The binding of the shop and farm,
And all our nation's host,—
Oh, it can reach a long, long arm,
This friendly parcel post!

So here's to Uncle Sam, P. M.,
A universal toast:
Columbia wears another gem,
The shining parcel post!

THE SCHOLAR'S EDEN.

In the Eden I'd like to build
There's a wealth of library nooks;
There are thousands of shelves and all of
them filled

With an orderly orgy of books.
And lest the dear number appall
Even one most bookishly willed,
There's wideness of leisure to read them all
In the Eden I'd like to build.

In the Eden I'm wanting to make
There's a woman loving and fair.
The world is aglow for her beautiful sake,
Her presence blesses the air.
Yet often there comes to me
This thought like a hissing snake:
Will the books and the woman perchance agree
In the Eden I'm wanting to make?



THE CITY.

I watched the country harden to a town
Beneath the blight of men. The rivulets
Congealed to pavements all their plashy
curves;

The glens prolonged their mossy wandering
walls

To formal parallels of brick and stone;
The meadows, lashed by many a measuring
line,

Yielded their sunny graces. Day by day
The petrifying spell grew slowly on.

My bending willows saw their foodful marsh
Slip into drains. The furrow, mellow-drawn,
Became a noisome gutter. Sacred woods,
Bared to the mocking and irreverent day,
Broadened their shuddering pillars into homes
For men that tortured them. The very hills
Abased the quiet sceptre of their pines
And laid it low upon foundation-stones.

Sunk in the conquering plain. The hermit-
thrush

Withdrew before the sparrow's chattering
tribe,

And over all the ferns and forest flowers
Stole the white leprosy of city streets.

And now the transformation has its way.
The flaunting town become the country's
grave,

And wearing, like a statue on a tomb,
Crude hints of buried beauty. Here a church
Apes with its formal arch a forest aisle.
Yonder a spire, a sharp and stiffened thing,
Accosts the sky as once a gracious tree
Tossed from that place its greeting to the
dawn.

Earth baked and reddened, in huge hideous-
ness

Upreared, a towering honeycomb of brick,
Still in its bulk holds memory of the hill,
The sunny flanked and bird-frequented hill,
Destroyed to give it room. From curb to curb
Among the hurrying wheels the newsboys flit,
Pert like the squirrels they succeeded there;
And lo! upon the very ground where once
The harmless snake lay basking in the sun
Now coils the reeking still, and from the door
Darts like an adder's fang the brandied air.

A rod of town outcurses many a league
Of country's worst. Red eyes in shadowy
caves,

The treacherous branches where the cougar
lurks,

The marshes' dull miasmas, and the crash
Of desolating landslips; what are they?

For not alone the finger-pointed crime,
Thick-painted lust and murder manifest
Parade the city streets, to mock with sin
The worst the outlaw woodland ever knew,
But on these acres where the generous oaks
Grew brotherly from out a common soil,
Entwined their branches in the common air,
Shielded the undergrowth, nor ever dreamed
That one should drink the rain that fell on
all,

Or draw a double nurture to his roots,
Or rout the weakest sapling,—here, behold!
A growth of selfish-gorging, glutton men;
Men that will push their brothers from the
soil,

Men whose supreme of high accomplishment
Is to surround a single fattened trunk
With lifeless acres, yea, with league on league
Reserved for roofings of that tree alone.

O city, foul with huge injustices!—

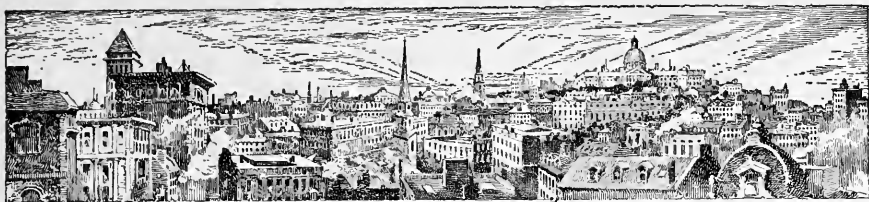
A thousand men cramped in the space of
one,

A thousand lives bound to the whim of one,
A thousand faint that one may overfeed,—
Discern the parable of earth and sky:
The trees that calmly lift their emerald tow-
ers

And push their white petitions through the
soil

Far to the answering juices, with no fear
That guile or greed will slay their livelihood
And tear them from their toil; the headlong
bee,

That revels in the summer treasures,
Nor has competitors in honey-craft;
The peaceful ranks of unmolested clouds,
That bear unfretted on their even way
Each his appointed burden, blessedly
Sure of the blessed benison of work,
That no cold corporation of the air,
At hint of pressure on its plethoric purse
Dismissing half its cloudy servitors,
Will shrewdly save its surplus with their all.
Shame that the willing labor of a man
Should be less stable than the filmy cloud's!
And shame that an immortal's chance to toil
Should be less certain than ephemerids'!



And strange, and strange, and piteously
strange.

That, facing each abode of cultured wealth,
The street should all be full of pallid men,
And women weary-eyed and children gaunt,
Their hands outstretched to beg they know
not what,

Or clinched in anger at they know not whom,
Or lifted, groping, to the hopeless heavens.

Yet here, amid these sties of selfishness,
These sties of marble or of common brick,
Some fragrance of the forest lingers still,
Some touch of woodland majesty and grace.
Deep in an ugly block I know a home
Whence, like a spring from out a bank of
ferns,

Flow benedictions of large kindliness
And noble thinking. Yonder at his trade
Painfully drudges an imperial man,
A man of oak, erect to bar the course
Of any vague iniquity, nor bow
Though all the sky is full of thunderbolts.
Here, from the lowest deeps of bitter life,
I see a spirit lifted on a hill
Fronting the east and crowned with morning
stars.

And over all these dark and huddled homes
Brooding in thought, or through the cankered
streets

Carrying balm, behold, the kindly rich :—
Their gold for giving, and their charity
The better gold of manly brotherhood.
Ah, when I see this dawning commonwealth,
Too dim, too far, but growing with the years;
Yes, when I learn what royalty is here
Amid the outcast, what a wealth of worth
Among the poor, and what a loveliness
Of patient, cheery living in these homes
So barren to the eye, oh, then I know
The city's glory and the city's grace,
Outforesting the woodlands in its joy,
Passing in fruitfulness the golden fields.

To this end died the country into town,—
Not that the press of groaning human lives
Serve for a mint to stamp a rich man's gold;
But blessedly, that men in brotherhood
May make a better country of the town,—
The teeming soil of philanthropic thought,
The atmosphere of hope, the kindly rain
Of sympathetic tears, such flower and fruit
As grew in paradise before the fall.

Far may it spread, this country of the town!
Spread till the current of a nobler life
Rise in our human veins; till brick and stone
Have lost the memory of sobs, and learned
The largeness of the woodland; till the right—
The kingly right—of toil is free to all
As to a beast, and none that wills to work
May fear the future more than squirrels fear;
Till men have leave to grow,—more hearty
leave

Than ever forest gave to any tree;
Till all men live for one, and all for all,
And no man for himself, the city's soul
Leaping above the fields from which it grew,
The self-concentred fields, the grasping roots;
Leaping above as far as man is high
Above a grass-blade, the bestowing God
Above the fear-filled begging of a man.
O brothers, here amid the clanging streets
And clashing voices and contending aims,
Be bold to live a life beyond your life!
The palace may invite, the bank allure,
But man is more than ease and God than gold!
Within the smoking ruins of a wood
Seeds of another forest lie in wait,
Of differing nature, pine succeeding oak
Or birches, pine. And so the country dies,
Burned over by the city's greedy flames.
Now—grant it, God! and grant it, godly
men!—

Let other forests from its ashes leap,
A second growth of more majestic form,
Like to the trees of life that tower and
bloom.

Bathed by the river of eternity,
Far in the golden city of the skies.

THE ONE DEAR FACE.

A crowd is such a weary, hopeless thing
Till I can trace
Somewhere amid its drift and hurrying
The one dear face;
Then leaps the crowd to meaning and to life,
And that dead sea
Of alien purposes and foreign strife
Is home to me.

A task is barren till in its design
It can embrace
The inspiration and the courage fine
Of that dear face.

And then the pallid duty sudden glows,
 As roses run
 Across a lonely mountain's reach of snows,
 Touched by the sun.

Triumph itself is empty, cold, and bare
 Of warmth and grace,
 Till I discern amid the wreaths and blare
 The one dear face.
 Then am I humbly glad and kingly proud,
 Achieving this,
 And wait impatient till I am allowed
 Her crown—a kiss.

Ah, heaven itself but half a heaven will be,
 A longing place,
 Until amid its loveliness I see
 The one dear face.
 Then angel throngs remote will flash to
 friends,
 And I shall bide,
 Where'er my blest eternity extends,
 So satisfied.

THE PROUD PEBBLE.

At the top of a slope a pebble lay,
 At the top of a sandy dune;
 And he sung to himself in a lordly way,
 To a slow and majestic tune:

"Oh, I am the king of the beach below,
 That curves to the north and the south;
 And I am the king of the boats that go
 To the busy harbor's mouth.

"Yes, I am the king of the swaying tide,
 And the waves that lightly race;
 And I am the king of the ocean wide
 To the very end of space."

The pebble looked down from his outlook
 clear

On a stone at the foot of the slope.
 "Poor creature," said he, "of a lower sphere,
 Condemned to grovel and grope.

"But some are made to be stately and grave,
 And some are born to obey,
 As yonder stone was made for a slave,
 And I was born to hold sway."

A boy just then, with a kick of his toe,
 Sent the stone some inches aside,
 And down forthwith, reluctant and slow,
 The cliff began to glide.

Higher and higher the movements reach
 On the dune's steep-sloping face,
 Till they touch our pebble of lordly speech,
 And draw it down to the base.

There it lies by the side of the stone,
 And it has not a word to say
 About the folks who are born to a throne,
 And the folks who are born to obey.

THAT AUTOMATIC PUN.

What is the pun that auto be
 Drowned in Oblivion's deepest sea?
 The pun that auto skid away
 And hide till Doom's remotest day?
 It's this.

What is the pun that auto meet
 A fatal puncture on the street?
 The pun that auto be condemned
 And lose its license to offend?
 It's this.

What is the pun that auto steer
 Far, far away from human ear?
 The autocratic pun designed
 For an autopsy of the mind?
 It's this.

What is the pun that auto pass
 Beyond the farthest tank of gas?
 The cranky pun that auto go
 A-turning turtle down below?
 This one.

FALL IN!

Memorial Day, 1912.

Who shall march with the veteran band,
 These who saved a united land,
 These our heroes humble and grand,
 Who shall march with the soldiers?

You, the boys who will soon be men.
 Soldier duties will yours be then,
 Fighting wrong in its darkest den,—
 Fall in, and march with the soldiers!

You, the mothers of days to be,
 You in whose hand is the future's key,
 You who will train the brave and the free,
 Fall in, and march with the soldiers!

You, the makers of worthy laws.
 Bold to lead in a righteous cause,
 Deaf to falsehood and vain applause,
 Fall in, and march with the soldiers!

You, the workers whose steady toil
 Wrenches wealth from the mine and soil,
 Victors who gather a bloodless spoil,
 Fall in, and march with the soldiers!

You, all teachers of truth and right,
 You, all preachers of love and light,
 All who are fighting the people's fight,
 Fall in, and march with the soldiers!

LOVE'S COMPASS.

Millions of birds fly south,
 Millions of birds return;
 Across the high uncharted seas
 Millions of ways they learn.

And through the millions of ways
 Two birds return to me.
 Finding the same old hollow bough
 In the same old apple-tree.

* * *

And there are millions of girls?
 My love, it may be true.
 What wonder that, among them all,
 I came to you!

SONHOOD.

Fragments of being, mystically flung
 Forth from safety, from tenderness,
 Unequal and young,
 Into the surge and the brutal stress,
 How can you ever guess,
 Proud sons,

The trembling love that pursues you,
 That silent and secretly runs
 Far behind you and stretches its hands and
 woos you?

How can you think the stupid thought
 Of the past, which is less than naught
 In your forward minds,
 Eagerly bent on adventurous ways,
 On the teasing, beautiful path that winds
 Through mysterious, challenging days
 To the unseen joy and the unheard praise?
 Yours is the future; yours is the glory to
 come

When the sphinx's lips are no longer dumb,
 When the gates of the city are open wide,
 When the leaping tide

Of music and fragrance and power has caught
 the world,

And the flag of the soul, unfurled,
 Floats free, free, free,
 Over the jubilant land and the farthest sea.

If you could know

The toilsome way you must go,

If a seer could foretell

The darkness, the anguish, the horrors of hell
 Barring the path of your beautiful dreams,

If the prudent could show

How empty and vain are the cheating gleams

That beckon you on,

Then the magic of youth were gone,

The wonder and glory of youth,
 Proudly spurning the pitiful truth,
 And giving itself, with abandonment splen-
 didly wise,

To the infinite sureness of lies!

For these are sons,

These creatures that break with reason and
 fact,

These daring, impossible ones,
 That do not think but act.

And nothing less is the meaning, the func-
 tion of sons,

The wrench away,

The folly that shuns

Hindrance of helpful hands,

That crudely stands

Masterful, shamelessly gay,

Shouting his own fierce No and his new glad
 Yea.

And we who doubt,
 Shake our heads at the mocking and irritant
 shout,

Mutter the maxims of years,

Talk with our fears,

Catch at the flying robes of our jubilant one,
 Ah, let us pause and remember with sudden
 awe

That the mystic law

Of sundering, futureward sundering, reaches
 to Him

Who sees eternity's outermost rim,
 Who knows all hours of his endless day,
 As the infinite, eddying currents run,
 Yet dared to send on his separate way
 A gallant Being of love and light

To scorn the past,

To grasp at empty dreams and hold them fast,
 To mock at fears and achieve the impossible
 right—

For God has a Son!

THE SATISFIED LOVER.

I'm hot with love, and yet my skies
 So brightly shine in Betty's eyes,
 Though all the cooling breezes blow
 I would not have it otherwise.

I'm burdened with my love, weighed down
 With Betty's least-considered frown;
 And yet the burden is so dear
 I bear it proudly as a crown.

I'm weary with my love, so long
 Have I chased Betty through the throng;
 But ah, the following is so sweet,
 I still pursue her with a song.

I'm quite disheartened, Betty's curls
 So toss me in their maelstrom whirls;
 But yet I'd rather fail of her
 Than win a thousand other girls.

MY OLD SHOES.

They are dwellings of comfort and rest,
 So easily, friendlily worn;
 They have fashioned a leathery nest
 For each individual corn.

By many a brotherly mile
 They have molded themselves to my feet,
 Submitting their angles the while
 Till the union is fair and complete.

They have known how to want or abound,
 Have cared not for blacking and pride,
 And have suffered full many a wound
 With me as their negligent guide.

What gay recollections they share
 Of sweet-plodding league after league,
 Fern forests, and glittering air,
 And honest, contented fatigue!

I have brought them and they have brought
 me
 Thus far on an intricate road,
 And though they are homely to see,
 They deserve a congratulant ode.

And I fear me the Golden Street
 (The Scriptures I would not abuse)
 Will not feel just right to my feet
 Unless I can wear my old shoes.

A RAINBOW ENSIGN.

I love the red, and white, and blue,
 The gleaming colors of Old Glory,
 Not only for the record true
 Of proud Columbia's shining story,
 Not for our reddened hearths alone,
 Not for our skies of azure beauty,
 Not for the white hands of our own
 That bind our souls to home and duty.

But love I these—white, blue, and red,—
 Because on all the flags of nations
 These hues are oftenest outspread
 For loyalty's high salutations;
 Because the Frenchman bows to these,
 Because the Briton loves them dearly,
 Because to Norse and Portuguese
 They speak familiarly and clearly;

Because, with forms that vary far,
 With rising sun and haughty eagle,
 With cross and crescent, shield and star,
 With elephant and lion regal,
 Yet, in the medley of design,
 Where birth and fortune would dis sever,
 Dear red and white and blue combine
 To fuse the flags of earth together.

The Dutchman holds those colors fair,
 The Hun, the Greek, the Jap, the German,

Swede, Swiss, Turk, Russian,—something
 there
 Preaches the patriotic sermon.
 Some color of Columbia's three
 To her adopted sons and daughters
 Tells of their homes across the sea,
 And disannuls the sundering waters.

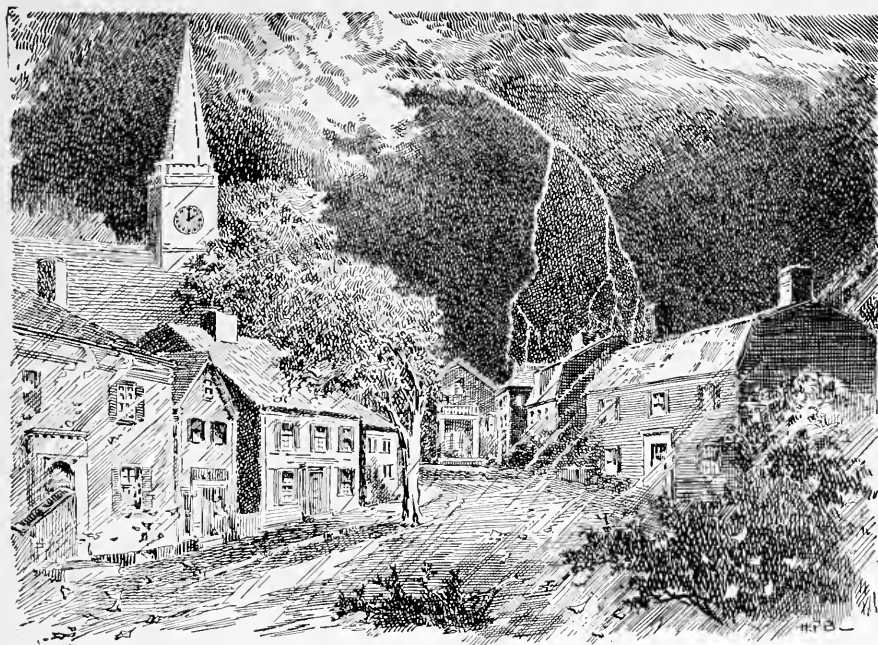
But oh, bright banner, dearly mine,
 I hold you yet but half completed;
 And still the hope of your design
 Is half delayed or half defeated.
 But you, my flag of union, you
 Will wave to all flags as their fellow,
 If to the red and white and blue
 You add the black, and green, and yellow!

Black, for the sturdy German race;
 Green for old Ireland's singing meadows,
 And Italy's remembered grace
 Of tender skies and storied shadows;
 And yellow for the Spaniard brave,
 For Swede and Norse and Austrian broth-
 ers,
 Ay, and across the western wave
 For yellow sons of Mongol mothers!

Room for the yellow, black, and green
 In the broad banner of Old Glory!
 Three stripes—what marvels would they mean,
 The close of earth's unfriendly story!
 A rainbow banner, like the bow
 Of promise in the skies above us,
 When all the nations come to know
 And frankly trust and aid and love us!

IN THE VAN.

True touchstone lives are these, and test our
 gold,—
 Such years as Judson spent, and Patteson,
 Moffat and Carey, Gilmour, Hannington,
 Martyn the saint, and Gardiner the bold,
 Brainerd and Livingstone,—ah, who has told
 In fitting speech the deeds these men have
 done,
 Defeats endured and gallant battles won,
 Their pains and prayers and patience mani-
 fold?
 They stood in the front of the world, and all
 alone
 They fought the dismal fiends of outer
 night,
 Chanted their battle hymns, and made no
 moan
 When goods, health, love, fell from them
 in the fight.
 They fought in the front of the world, and
 we, the blind,
 Think we find health, and wealth, and fame—
 behind!



THE THUNDER-STORM.

I came with a roar from the western sky
And over the western hill;
I shook the rocks as I thundered by,
And I bent the woods to my will.

I came at two of the village clock,
When the night was heavy with mirk;
I carried a torch in one of my hands,
And in one I carried a dirk.

I hid the torch in my folds of rain,
Till sudden I showed its glare;
I plunged the dirk in the thick of the woods
And splintered a pine-tree there.

I kindled a fire in the forest leaves,
And put it out with my rain;
I leaped with a howl from the western ridge
And rushed o'er the western plain.

I came at two of the village clock,
And raced through the empty street.
I slashed the boughs of the arching elms,
And the high church tower I beat.

I flung my rain through the shingled roofs
And into the window—*souse!*
The nightgowned folk with their glimmering
lamps
Hurried around the house,

The children snuggled in awesome beds,
And trembled to hear my shout;
And yet it was pleasant, so safe within,
So marvellous wild without.

Then away from the town I flung myself,
And into the eastern sea,
Where the big black waves rose up with a roar
And heavily welcomed me.

I came and I went at the beck of the Lord,
The Lord of storms and of men,
And I crouch in my cave at the end of the
world
Till He beckons me forth again.

MRS. KIPLING HELD UP TO MY WIFE.

Rudyard Kipling, one impatient day,
Threw a scrap of manuscript away,—
Since no worthy workman dares to rest
With the good, but only with the best.
Now, the poet thus should guard his art,
But his wife may play a different part.
His with critic eye to scan his lays;
Hers with cheering flattery to praise.
So it chanced—a lucky chance, indeed!—
Mistress Kipling found the abandoned screed;

Drew it from the waste, and praised it well,
Till the bard fulfilled the miracle,
Till the poem, polished to a t,
Shone, the jewel of the Jubilee;
Till it glittered to the eyes of all,
Kipling's star-conceived Recessional.

Now, dear wife, sweet mistress of my home,
Who, with vandal dusting-cloth and broom,
Oft desire my study to invade,
Yes, and sometimes a descent have made,
Sorting papers into ordered piles,
Clearing pigeon-holes and filling files,
Sweeping, dusting, with a woman's grace
Putting everything in proper place
And where I can never, *never* find it,—
Come, now, wife, hereafter I'll not mind it!
Bring along your weapons of dismay!
Re-arrange my study every day!
Now no more the littered picturesque:
Here's the key and freedom of my desk.
And—I whisper this in modesty—
If some day your vigilance should see—
If, in your acute domestic round,
You should find what Mistress Kipling found—
If—O well, the upshot of it is,
My—waste-basket—is as good as his!

THE DIDACTIC POET.

Not only where the universal mind
In leafy sport and iridescent play,
With color, form, and fragrances combined,
Creates a summer day,—

Not only in the driftings of the sky,
The sunny-hearted shadow of the tree,
The brooklet's glimmer as it hurries by,
God's glory may I see;

But look! a radiant sunrise in the soul!
And see! the foliaged graces of content!
And hark! the harmonies that over-roll
A spirit's continent!

No beauty of the earth or sea or air,
That sings or undulates or softly gleams,
But fairer far and endlessly more fair
Lies in the land of dreams.

What wight that sees Niagara, and goes
Flushed and with awful reverence, but,
within,
A deeper, more impetuous torrent knows,—
The cataract of sin?

What mother, whose enraptured study spells
Each dimple of the babe she bends above,
But cradled in her gracious bosom dwells
The sweeter birth of love?

My tender Charles with many a shadowed
curve
Winds in long leagues of beauty to the sea,

And all its mirrored delicacies serve
A constant feast to me;

But by its side throughout the happy year
Flows level and serene a human life,
The holy lovelinesses pure and clear
Of daughter, mother, wife,

And ever from the world of painted form,
Howe'er its shifting phantasies allure,
I turn me to her welcome, quick and warm
And marvellously sure.

Here is the truth, were all besides a lie;
Yea, here is heaven, were all besides a hell;
And here, in thought and word, dear Love
and I
Forever more shall dwell.

WHY?

Why does the sun shine? Just to disclose,—
There where it laughs, where it hovers and
lingers,—
All of the dimples of dear Baby Rose,
Sweetness of eyes and of lips and of fingers.

Why does the moon shine? Simply to show,—
Lit by a long line of motherly light,—
Curls of gold hair in the glimmer aglow,
Little white arm on a counterpane white.

Why do the stars shine? To light on their
way
Relays of angels that tenderly press,
Guarding the bed till the dawning of day,
Bringing a blessing with every caress.

Ah, but the shining of dear mother's eyes!
Why is that shining? Because they can go
Deeper than sun, moon, or stars, and surprise
Sweet baby secrets no other can know!

BEGIN A YEAR TO-DAY!

On New Year's day you started in
With heart of grace absolved from sin,
With forward look, with purpose true,
And all the world was fair to you.

But soon the devil found a crack
And pierced your armor, front or back;
And soon, your conduct past excuse,
You sadly cried, "Oh, what's the use?"

Brother! the wheelings of the sun
In endless hopeful circles run:
They sweep serenely through the air,
And you may start from anywhere.

For common use we count the year
From one sole point in its career;

But you, adopt a lordly tone,
And fix a year that's all your own!

Adopt this very day and hour
As genesis of hope and power.
Forget the failures left behind,
And on the future fix your mind.

Break with the follies of the past!
Master your weaknesses at last!
Stiffen your muscles! Watch and pray!
Stoutly begin a year to-day!

THE WHITE HOUSE.

Why white, O White House?
That your creed
Be purity in word and deed;
That all the nations of the earth
May trust your simple, honest worth;
That pride may have no entrance here,
Nor greed nor selfishness appear,
And low ambition find no place
In this abode of simple grace.

Why white, O White House?
That your peace
May flourish and may never cease;
That, though the parties shout and fight,
Here may be calm and steady light;
That, though all nations madly clash,
Here may a spirit never rash,
A temperate and friendly mind,
Deal righteously with all mankind.

Why white, O White House?
Make it clear
'Tis not that white betokens fear,—
White flag, the sign of dire distress,
White feather, coward worthlessness!
No! be your purity arrayed
With power to make its rule obeyed;
And may your peace uphold the right,
Because so mighty for a fight!

DIFFICULT DEFINITION.

What is a man? A bit of clay
The rain dissolves and floats away;

A diamond of lustre rare,
Forever firm, forever fair;

A bubble dancing on the stream,
An empty film, a bursting gleam;

A king upon a dateless throne,
With all eternity his own;

A mockery of love and hate,
The play of time, the sport of fate;

The conqueror of endless life,
Victorious in every strife;

Compact of virtue and of sin,
Creation's matchless harlequin;

And each of these, in devious plan,
Discernible in every man!

Why, what Superior Scientist,
What Erudite Anatomist,

Could pick these creatures from the bog,
And classify and catalogue?

THE NET.

A merry young breeze found a delicate loom,
And his labor was more like play,
But he wove me a charm and he wove me a
doom
From the heart of a summer day.

He wove it of clouds, and a thrush's call,
And the breath of a blossom fair;
But oh! the warp and the woof of it all
Was the wisp of a maiden's hair!

And though you should harness the talons of
hell,
And tear at it ever and aye,
You could not break the web of the spell
That was woven that summer day!

G. A. R. to A. E. F.

[Written when the United States sent her
first troops to the World War.]

Hope and Promise of the nation,
Expeditionary Force,
For Democracy's salvation
And Autocracy's remorse,
Take a warning and a blessing
From your fathers who have fought,
So that, both of them possessing,
You may set the foe at naught.

Take a warning: that the fighting
Is not over in a day;
Oh, the failures, weary, blighting!
Oh, the desperate delay!
For the waiting, and the hiding,
And the unexpected shock,
You will need the calm abiding
Of the everlasting rock.

Take a blessing: gallant heroes
From a nation that is free,
You are facing worse than Nero's
Cruelty and treachery:
All of heaven bends above you,
God preserve you safe and true,
For the folks at home who love you,
And the land that prays for you!

We who know the olden story,
 Freedom's story proudly great,
 How we glory in your glory
 And the splendor of your fate!
 Take our high congratulation,
 Far against the foeman hurled—
 We who fought to save the nation,
 You who fight to save the world!

DOCTOR'S DUTY.

Could I know in all my lifetime,
 Some wizard way,
 What a village doctor *has* to
 Know every day;—

Could I do in half a decade,
 By magic power,
 What a village doctor's *got* to
 Do hour by hour;—

Could I be the kinds of wonder
 He *has* to be,
 I should be a Bacon, Cæsar,
 And—Deity!

A FOOL'S WISH.

I wish I could be the kind of fool I was in
 the days of yore.
 When people could send me on idiotic er-
 rands to the store,
 When I found the purse tied to a string, and
 discovered the sugar was salt,
 And tried to pick up the county line for jolly
 Uncle Walt.

For now I'm a fool of a different sort, a less
 desirable kind,
 The fashion of fool that dabbles in stocks
 and leaves his earnings behind;
 The fool that toils for a hunk of gold and
 misses the only wealth;
 The fool that sells for the bubble of fame
 his happiness and health.

Yes, now you behold in me the fool, the mel-
 ancholy fool
 Who has to go back, with his temples gray,
 to the very primary school,
 And learn the fundamentals of life, the sim-
 ple, essential things,
 The body that lives and the mind that thinks
 and the soul that trusts and sings.

And would I could be the kind of fool I was
 in the olden days,
 The fool that would fall for an open trick
 and be fooled in those innocent ways.

I would give the whole of my bank account
 and the worldly success I am,
 If I could go to the kitchen door to look for
 the gooseberry jamb!

WIDE VIEWS.

Oh, for a home on a hill,
 With the forests flowing away,
 Dipping and bending as woodlands will,
 To the farthest brink of the day.

Mine be the gathering gaze
 Of a bird's look, aye, and a star,
 Noting the river's diffident ways
 As it curves to the ships afar;

Watching the clouds as they go
 On the road of beautiful death;
 Hearing the world-wide whispers low,
 Breathing the world-wide breath;

Seeing the earth as a whole,
 With a circle's glory complete;
 Standing aloft, the sky in my soul,
 And the mastered globe at my feet.

Oh, for a home on a hill!
 And if that never may be,
 Mine be the gaze of a mountain still,
 Though I dwell in a cave of the sea!

Mine be the conquering view,
 The fragments drawn into one;
 And mine be the vision of all that is true
 When valley living is done!

PRACTICAL.

I loved a meadow, shining fair and sweet,
 The clover's country and the lark's retreat;
 But pick and shovel laid my meadow bare,
 And now a collar factory is there.

I loved a hill, my outlook high, serene,
 Where broadening spirit met the expanding
 scene;
 But now my hill, remorselessly torn down,
 Lies level in the roadways of a town.

I loved a grove, a quiet, holy place,
 Whose breath was peace, and every leaf a
 grace;
 But now my grove, the home of seer and bard,
 Gluts the gaunt bareness of a lumber-yard.

I loved a brook, whose murmuring currents
 ran
 To woodland shrines inviolate of man;
 But now my brook, with tamed and tortured
 will,
 Turns the dull grinding of a weary mill.

I loved, the last of all, a glimpse of sky,
With bird-wings and the cloud-wisps floating
by;
But now across my bit of heavenly scope
Behold a kite-borne sign: "Use Baldwin Soap!"

BETTY'S BLUSHES.

Her blushes are a thing to seek,
A wonder to remember;
They dawn upon her snowy cheek
Like sunrise in December.

They rest upon the tender snow,
As fire from summer straying.
Dear Love! before her blushes go
My heart has gone a-Maying.

MR. GETTHINGSDONE.

[Written during the World War at a time
when the United States was moving very
slowly.]

Phil Ossifize is a very big man,
And he owns a wonderful brain;
He can furnish a perfectly marvellous plan,
He is great when he comes to explain;
But when we are caught in a very big war,
And the war must be speedily won,
We have no time for a speculator,
We need Mr. Getthingsdone.

Putitinprint is a glorious chap,
He can write in a masterful way;
He has elegant phrases forever on tap,
And he always knows what to say;
But when guns bellow and soldiers bleed
And the war-cloud swallows the sun,
Rhetoric isn't the thing that we need,
We need Mr. Getthingsdone.

Wholeloafornone sees far, far ahead,
He is great on the Ultimate Goal,
He wants the Ideal and nothing instead,
And he owns an inflexible soul;
But there isn't much room in the midst of a
fight

For the dreamy Wholeloafornone;
We need the vim and the very present might
Of the bold Mr. Getthingsdone.

Mr. Getthingsdone wields a very clumsy pen,
And his tongue is clumsy too,
But he knows his job and he knows his men,
And he knows how to put things through.
He is not polite, he is not high-brow,
And he crudely hates the Hun;
But we need him badly and we need him now,
We need Mr. Getthingsdone.

HUM-BUGS.

Some bugs will sting and bite, and some
Pretend to bite, but only hum.

The first we fear, if we are wise;
The second, fear, and then despise.

But, after all, why rage and stew
When humbugs merely tickle you?

Why is it not a glorious thing
That humbugs hum and do not sting?

Why should we not rejoice, and praise
The humbug's mild, alarming ways?

He gives us all the glow and thrill
Of fierce attack, without the ill.

He brings the drum, the flag, the yell,
And leaves at home the shot and shell.

Where biting bugs in silence come,
He warns us with a kindly hum.

Where other bugs take all they find,
He only leaves a laugh behind.

So let us praise, by day and night,
The bug that hums and does not bite.

"HE SAID, IN PART."

Of all the many woes that smart,
And rack, and break a speaker's heart,
The worst is this: "He said, in part."

"He said, in part"—and then a bit
Of commonplace,—no force, no wit,
No logic in the whole of it!

"He said, in part"—the anecdote,
The finely thrilling lines you quote,
The eloquence whereon you gloat,—

All, all are gone; and there remain
Some doddering remarks inane,
The very refuse of the brain!

Hereafter, in the time of rue,
When those are stewed that ought to stew,
That editor will get his due.

The fiends will give him for his dress
Just half a coat,—no more, no less,—
And pants that but one leg possess.

And he must on his journey start,
Bearing on his remorseful heart
This legend grim: "He wears—in part."

THE VICTIM.

Worry, the monster, hangs on my back,
 With a face made of fog,
 With a form like a log,
 And with long claws that rack, rack, rack,
 Worry hangs on my back.

Worry, the monster, drones at my ears,
 With a screw for a tongue,
 And with leather for lung,
 And a siphon of fears, fears, fears,
 Worry drones at my ears.

Worry, the monster, reaches my soul,
 And he makes it his own
 With a sigh and a groan,
 And a pall on the whole, whole, whole,
 Worry reaches my soul.

Worry, the monster, won't go away;
 He has found him a room
 Full of desperate gloom,
 And he swears he will stay, stay, stay,
 Worry won't go away.

Worry, the monster, has me in thrall;
 And I groan and I sigh,
 And no helper is nigh;
 I am under his pall, pall, pall,
 Worry has me in thrall.

BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS!

Books, books, books, books!

Stuff that is nothing but binding and looks,
 Guessing and gossiping books of the times,
 Volumes of poetry (better named rhymes),
 Volumes of humor terribly strained,

"Practical" books from which nothing is
 gained.

Essays regilding the gold of the past,
 Books of philosophy vacantly vast,
 Volumes of science revamping the old,
 Children's books, anything that can be
 sold,

Novels of incident, stagey, unreal,
 Novels of sentiment vaguely ideal,
 Novels historical, clumsy and crude,
 Novels of passion, the devil's own food,
 Counters heaped high, enough books for a
 town.

"Shop-worn," "Remainders," and "Vol-
 umes Marked Down,"

"Fifty-Cent Table," and "Twenty-five,"
 "Ten,"

"Bankrupt Stock" offered again and again,
 Books by the carload and books by the
 ton.

Books that are "Having a Marvellous
 Run,"

Books that are "Standard" and books "By
 the Set,"

Volumes just published and books hard to
 get,

"Five feet of books" and books by the mile,
 Volumes forbidding and books that beguile,
 Stuff that is nothing but binding and
 looks,—

Books, books, books, books!

BRAIN.

Mysterious home of lofty thought,
 Unholy plotting place of sins,
 Until your silent work is wrought
 Nothing begins.

In you the regal mountains rise,
 In you the merry streamlets run,
 In you the anthem of the skies
 Greets the lord sun.

Within your tiny-vast domain
 The mystic seasons come and go;
 All history upon this plain
 Stalks to and fro.

The forum of the world is here,
 And here the only battle-ground.
 Here clash all forces of the sphere
 Without a sound.

Whoever here has victor strode
 And watched the weakling foemen fall,
 Though no one knows his mean abode,
 Is king of all.

WHEELS.

Who made the first wheels in the ages past?
 They were surely not light, nor handsome,
 nor fast.

They were only rough cuts of a hollow log,
 And they jerked through the wilderness, jog,
 jog, jog;

But barrows and carts and carriages grand,
 And big locomotives that conquer the land,
 Bicycles, steamboats, and automobiles,
 Were all, and far more, in that first pair of
 wheels.

Yet where lived the inventor, and what was
 his name?

Not the least whisper is hinted by fame.

Statues we raise to thousands of men,
 Heroes admired of the sword or the pen,
 But none of them all is so worthy as he
 Who cut the first wheels from the trunk of a
 tree.

And, pondering this, I've been thinking that
 now
 Some shy little fellow with deep-dreaming
 brow

May be living among us, unknown to us all,
 Looking hard at some tree that has happened
 to fall,
 With a brain that can think and a heart that
 can feel,
 And contriving, for all of creation,—a wheel!
 "He has wheels in his head," the neighbors
 will say,
 But all men will ride on those wheels some
 day.

WHAT'S THE SCORE?

It's football, baseball, auto, yacht,
 It's where men ride or shoot or row,
 It's golf or tennis or what not—
 There's just one thing we want to know.
 In city, village, wilderness,
 On mountain-top, on ocean shore,
 Americans insanely press
 One hot inquiry, "*What's the score?*"
 And just the same where Business rules
 His eager minions clamorous,
 The rash, the prudent, sages, fools,
 No other fact will do for us.
 We do not ask his course of trade,
 Or fair, or tricks, or something more;
 But only ask how much he made,
 His total plunder, "*What's the score?*"
 And just the same in high reforms,
 Where men contend with rampant sin,
 And struggle in a thousand storms,
 And fight great foes, without, within,
 We do not note their zeal complete,
 Their patience, courage, sorrow sore;
 But only note success, defeat,
 Their patent progress, "*What's the score?*"

In heaven other questions rise,
 And happily on earth some day
 We shall behold with clearer eyes,
 And measure life a better way.
 We shall regard how difficult
 And true the course men struggle o'er,
 Nor only ask the crude result,
 The open outcome, "*What's the score?*"

PERISCOPES.

As the up-to-date destroyer,
 Underneath the waters green,
 Travels swiftly through the ocean
 In his crafty submarine.
 Up he thrusts a curious funnel,
 Lest in nether gloom he grope,
 And surveys the watery surface
 Through a safe-eyed periscope.

Thus we modern men, suspicious,
 Through the Sea of Living glide,

Far beneath the surface waters
 And the frankly swinging tide,
 And, if we would see our brothers
 And the world's great brother-hope,
 We can only gaze upon them
 Through a little periscope.

Let us back to better living,
 Surface living, friendly, wise,
 On the trustful, open billows,
 Underneath the open skies!
 Let us, hasting to the future
 As its glorious morning opes,
 Sail in brotherhood together:
 Let us smash our periscopes!

HUMOR.

Grayness of cold in the woods and the sky,
 Bitter of cold in the twilight's breath;
 Dark the desolate pastures lie;
 Hushed the home with the hush of death.

Lo! in a window a glow of light,—
 Marvel of changes! The magic ray
 Warms and gladdens the heart of night,
 And all the world is relieved and gay.

Thus, when living is cold and drear,
 Thus, when heaven and hope are at strife,
 Thus the gleam of thy household cheer,—
 Humor, the light in the window of life!

GOD'S OPTIMISM.

God the All-Powerful, God the All-Wise,
 God with the all-piercing eyes.
 How art Thou hopeful, and how dost Thou see
 Good that looks evil to me!
 Sawest Thou humanly (Thou art so strong)
 All the world's sorrow and wrong.
 Sawest Thou only (Thou with Thy might)
 Half of man's burden and blight,
 Seeing not also some happy design
 Slow-growing line upon line,
 Something we see not, perhaps cannot know,
 Here in these vapors of woe—
 Were this not true of Thee, what hadst Thou
 done.
 O Thou Omnipotent One!
 Long, long ago would invincible death
 Have leaped from the flame of Thy breath,
 Whelming the world with its wrangle of men
 Back into chaos again!
 O the divine, the mysterious hope,
 Beyond our blundering scope!
 With that great Optimist hoping on high,
 Never a pessimist, I!
 One sole assurance suffices for me,—
 This: we continue to be.



MEADOW AND SEA.

I watch the children play beside the sea
 Upon an upland meadow lifted high,
 The ocean large before them, wave and
 sky
 A boundless panorama wild and free.
 The clouds in floating companies agree,
 White ships allure the fondly following eye,
 And all the glowing prospect far or nigh

Is Nature's meditative jubilee.
 And yet the children toss their little ball,
 Shouting and rioting in heedless play,
 Unmindful of the glory of it all,
 Nor thinking once beyond their meadow gay.
 Among the buttercups they leap and fall,
 The ocean wide before them—what care
 they?

THE GARDEN OF MORPHIA.

A loaded needle's plunge, a little wait,
 I find myself beside a garden gate.
 I enter, and it is a quiet place,
 Full of an ancient and mysterious grace.
 The trees are quaintly cut, the blossoms fair
 Subdue themselves to this patrician air.
 The level vistas lie in monotone,
 And in the garden I am all alone.
 No bird is here. The sleepy lizards crawl
 Upon a gray and unrelenting wall.
 The garden lies in vast embowered peace,
 Where all my sorrows and my turmoil cease.
 No pains are here, I left mine at the gate ;

No throb of anguish mars this calm estate.
 Here memory fails and all the passions die ;
 Here only quiet and oblivion lie.
 A place of peace, a merciful retreat
 For tortured body and for weary feet ;
 And yet my spirit pants to get away,
 Escape the dull impassive wall of gray,
 Leap from this formal and obscure domain
 To friendly forest or exultant plain,
 With trouble and with anguish—what care I?—
 Beneath a free and hero-hopeful sky.
 Doomed to its merciful, unmanly rest,
 My garden is a prison at the best.

WANTED, A START.

I want to think a brilliant thought;
 I think I might, no doubt,
 If I could think, as thinkers ought,
 Just what to think about.

A little thought, if I could think,
 To bigger thoughts would lead,
 And thought to thought I then would link
 Till thinking should succeed.

My only problem is to find
 That thought with which to start.
 Once give me that, I'm sure my mind
 Would learn the thinker's art.

NANCY TALKING TO THE NURSE.

Four times the surgeons, military-firm
 And fateful-grim, have sternly summoned me,
 Have baled me, prone and shrinking, to that
 room,
 The white, mysterious, oppressive cell,—
 The lethal home of Ether merciful.
 There Nancy waits, and kisses trembling-dear,
 And says good-by. And then the cone is
 pressed,

And I breathe deeply, cough and breathe again
 Industrious. I hear the nurses move,
 And one is bantering an orderly,
 While from the operating-room beyond
 Come voices of the surgeons manly loud;
 And still I draw the choking ether in,
 Breathe, breathe the unnatural air, per-
 sistent breathe,
 When sudden comes a chasm,—and I sink.

Then instantly I catch my falling soul,
 And snatch a square of light, and subtly feel
 A bed beneath me stretching clean and smooth,
 While, just beyond the thinnest veil of sense,
 I hear dear Nancy talking to the nurse,—
 Sweet homely talk about her sewing work,
 Then about me, and what the surgeons said,
 And how I shall be well, oh, very soon.
 So there I lie, and bug me to myself,
 Hearing the pleasant talk, and comforted
 To know the thing is over, and well done.
 I chuckle inwardly, and at a turn
 Where it fits in, I join the talk myself,
 And say, "Why, I have heard you all along!"

So, if the wise Director shall ordain
 That Nancy go before me to our Home,
 To help prepare the Home, as women do;
 Then I in turn, the Operation o'er,
 Will lie, God grant! upon some heavenly
 couch,

And hear dear Nancy talking to the Nurse
 About some household matter, may it be,
 Some sweet home topic of the other world,

Perhaps of me, and how soon I shall wake.
 Then will I lie and hug me to myself,
 And listen happily a little while,
 Knowing the thing is over once for all,
 And I am well, and well for evermore.
 Then will I watch my chance and join their
 talk

At some fine opening, and, laughing, say,
 "Why, Nancy, I have heard you all along!"

THE CRISP OF THE DAY.

Scarce touching earth, the lively sweep of air
 Lifts me and draws me forth into the fields.
 Why, what a merry wand the morning wields,
 Dimpling the world to laughter everywhere!
 Fresh from her darkling still, a cordial rare
 The generous outpouring ether yields;
 See how the careful woodland softly shields
 From such excess the ferns that nestle there!
 The cool, sweet calm rebukes the noise of men;
 The common happiness, their partial bliss;
 There's not a tree in yonder radiant glen,
 No, not a leaf, that dreams of aught amiss.
 I think in heaven, from dawn till dawn again,
 The sturdy, vital days are all like this.

ON TO BERLIN!

[A popular slogan during the World War.]

On to Berlin! And what's in the way?
 Talkative geysers a-spouting all day,
 Party machines with imperative grind,
 Treacherous wire-pullers working behind,
 Asinine critics conceitedly bold,
 Primitive precedents covered with mold,—
 These we must conquer if we are to win;
 Over them, over them, on to Berlin!

On to Berlin! And what's in the way?
 Dignified pedantry prone to delay,
 Statesmen intent on their own little game,
 Private producers a-doing the same,
 Sinuous hyphens with hate in their hearts,
 Pacifists playing their plausible arts.—
 These we must vanquish and all of their kin;
 Over them, over them, on to Berlin!

On to Berlin! And what's in the way?
 Cowardly slackers that shrink from the fray,
 Misers that cling to their pitiful dross,
 Profiteers plausibly showing a loss,
 Prophets who whine that it cannot be done,
 Newspapers written and owned by the Hun,—
 Down with their dirty, contemptible sin!
 Over them, over them, on to Berlin!

On to Berlin! Sweep them out of the way,
 Millions of freemen whom nothing can stay!
 Make of your money a vigorous throng!

Beat them with banners and flay them with song!
 Fly on the wings of your liberties, fly,
 On through the realm of the jubilant sky,
 Over the traitors and all of their din,
 Over them, over them, on to Berlin!

THE GUEST-TOKEN.

A guest in the East, when you go away
 You may bear, as a sign of your pleasant stay,
 A stick or a pebble broken in two,
 And half is your host's, and half is for you.

Henceforth, in the tangled path of men,
 If fate should bring you together again,
 However changed you may both have grown,
 The halves are joined and the friends are known.

Ah, thus of the men I may chance to meet,
 At home or abroad, in shop or in street:
 They are mine, though daily their forms I see,
 Only when, soul to soul, they can match with me!

THE DEPARTED BOOT-JACK.

Behold, a monument we lack
 In memory of good old Jack!

And let us rear it broad and high,
 In forkèd splendor, to the sky.

How often have my weary feet
 Hastened his firm embrace to meet.

How often has he set them free
 From cramped and burning agony.

Or dust or mud, or rain or snow,
 No haughty scruple did he show.

Or tight or loose, or large or small,
 An equal firmness mastered all.

And whether coarse or fine the heel,
 His cordial grip was true as steel.

No longer now the tortured foot
 Is prisoned in the racking boot.

Light, flexible, to nature true,
 We wear the easy-going shoe.

Emancipated now, shall we
 Forget that harsh captivity?

Forget the friend of our duress
 Who aided us in sore distress?

Come, let us raise a column fine,
 Of some bifurcated design.

And be this blazon widely kenned:
"Hic jacet Jack, a soleful friend."

THE PEOPLE.

"The People"! These demure incompetents,
 These dollar drunkards, this illustrious knave,
 This greasy, indistinguishable horde
 Crept from the slime of Europe and the East!

"The People"! Yonder pure, heroic soul,
 A-tilt with wind-mills! Golden heads of youth,
 And flaming heads of passion; hearts of hope,
 And hopeless hearts that beat the breasts of doom!

"The People"! Common drudges tamely great,
 Leeches that suck the wealth of other men,
 Passers from hand to hand, and spider kings
 Crouched in the centre of a monstrous web!

"The People"! Seers that know but dare not tell,
 Bawlers that tell but do not see or know,
 Careless and brutal, stupid and intent.
 The rogue, the saint, the craven, and the fool!

"The People"! Ah, the swarming multitudes,
 The endless tramp of feet and sway of heads,
 The dizzy, desperate throng, the awful mass
 Pressing and pressing on the heart of God!

The heart of God! Oh, patient heart of God!
 That knows a thousand years are as a day,
 That sees as one a million tossing lives,
 And out of chaos brings a perfect world.

In the beginning, in the formless void,
 He gathered lands and seas, the barren lands
 And fruitful, seas of calm and seas of wrath,
 And stagnant swamps; and saw that it was good.

He drew the land to verdure, leaves of health
 And leaves of deadly poison, ranking weeds,
 Difficult wheat, slow oak, the vampire vine,
 The angry thorn, and saw that it was good.

He molded life: the lizard and the dove,
 The faithful dog and serpents treacherous,
 Blind moles, proud eagles, creatures of the dark
 And of the sun, and saw that it was good.

And He, yes, He made man, incongruous man,
 Man that confronts the stars victoriously,

Man that consorts with tigers and the toad,
Brute-glorious man, and saw that he was
good.

"The People"! So God's people, hopeful so;
For all things work together for the good;
Not all things work the good, but all things,
all,

Working together, bring the final good.

Thy people, just Creator! Through the mesh
Of tangled fates, the snarl of good and ill,
We lift our feebly trusting hands to Thee,
Who seest, Thou alone, that it is good.

A COURSE OF REGULAR READING.

Master Bee, as you wanton among the sweet
flowers,

On your busy, gay loafage speeding,
Is there any 'bee-critic to poison your hours
With advice as to regular feeding?

Master Thrush, now a-sulk with a sniff for a
song,

Now a-tilt in a frenzy ecstatic,
Is there any thrush Solon to tell you how
wrong
Is singing thus wild and erratic?

Master Butterfly, lying along the smooth
breeze,

Or tumbling on meadow-waves surging,
Do butterfly wiseacres trouble your ease,
Some regular exercise urging?

Merry masters, pray tell: what reply shall I
make

To their dull and redoubtable pleading
Who bid me such frolics as yours to forsake
For a course of regular reading?

Can I hope to explain how a nibble of Lamb
Makes Bacon the easier eating?

How a wee sip of Burns, just the tiniest dram,
Clears the mind for a Miltonic meeting?

Can I make them perceive, with my Shake-
speare and Grote,

How the first gains strength from the other,
As that mystic old giant more mightily smote
Each time that he touched his Earth
mother?

Do you think they will see how we verily
know,

In defiance of regular order,
All the nooks of the woods, all the flowers
where they grow,
While they have but crept through the
border?

Cry pooh! on the Solons. No warrant have
we

To be wretched that we may delight them.
Come, Browning, thrush, Dickens, Locke,
Bunyan, and bee;

Let's be foolish and happy to spite them!

A SONG OF THE SILENT SOULS.

Some can talk, sagacious, tender,
Strong discourse and rare;
Others fill the room with splendor
Just by being there.

Some can drive the world to duty
By a brandished knife;
Others by the silent beauty
Of a loving life.

Some are praised to highest heaven
Through a brilliant hour;
Others as a quiet heaven
Wield eternal power.

Fine are speech and valiant action
Where the triumph rolls;
But—the endless satisfaction
Of the silent souls!

A TWO-CENT STAMP.

Most potential traveller!
There you lie with not a stir,
Peacefullest of paper squares,
Quiet, waiting, free from airs!
But a wriggle of my pen
Sends you to the world of men.
Forth you go, equipped to fly
To the far Alaskan sky,
To Samoa's golden strand,
Or to China's mystic land.
Mountains, valleys, rivers, seas,
You will cross with equal ease.
Fair or stormy, hot or cold,
Still a steady way you hold.
Garden, desert, far or near,
On you fare with sturdy cheer.
No refreshment by the way,
Tempted not to turn or stay,
Pausing not to hail or greet
All the myriads you meet,
On one purpose firmly bent,—
Him to find to whom you're sent;
This your only meed and spur,
Faithful little messenger!

Now, Americans, though we
Rather sniff at heraldry,
Here's an emblem fit and fine,
Worthy of a Lincoln's line,
Meet for palace, cot, or camp,—
Just a two-cent postage stamp!

WISH—WISHIN'.

On a lazy summer day
I kin hear the ocean say
Sorter longin' to the beach,

Wish—wish,
In a dreamy-reamy speech,
Wish—wish—wish!

Wonder wot it's wishin' fer!
Ain't a livin' emperor
Got a patchin' to the gold—
(Wish—wish)—
That the sea is s'posed to hold.
(Wish—wish—wish!)

Treasure vessels by the score
Lyn' on the ocean floor,
Rubies, dimun's, gems, an' sich—
(Wish—wish)—
Don't the ocean know it's rich?
(Wish—wish—wish!)

Wonder w'y it's reachin' out.
Ain't no capital about,
Ain't no plunder wuth a pin—
(Wish—wish)—
Fer its waves to gether in.
(Wish—wish—wish!)

Ho! I've got it! Look at those
Summer girls in summer clo'es!
Poor old ocean! 'f I were you—
(Wish—wish)—
I 'ud be a-wishin' too!
(Wish—wish—wish!)

TO GUNTON.

(The London confectioner who invented ice-cream.)

A wreath for you, and ardent praise,
(Or should it be in frigid phrase?)
Great comforter of torrid days,
Unlaurelled Gunton!

What led you to your icy deed,
What theory, what comfort creed,
What heated and perspiring need,
Ingenious Gunton?

What gave you first the sparkling gleam,
The shining and delicious dream
Of cool and comforting ice-cream,
Inventor Gunton?

What vision round your fancy flowed
Of Arctic sea or Alpine road,
Or were you dreaming that it snowed,
Poetic Gunton?

You could not see the counters trim,
The tables round, the waiters prim,
The million cafés cool and dim,
Contriving Gunton.

You could not know the rare device
Of ice-cream soda, college ice;
Well did the simple cream suffice
Discoverer Gunton.

But we, enjoying all of these,
The many modern ways to freeze,
Would hail with universal sneeze
Columbus Gunton!

JUST A NAIL.

Once a captain, homeward bound,
In a startled moment found
He was running on to land,
And the shoals were close at hand:
Sudden sight and sudden shout,
And the ship was turned about.

Steering by the compass, he
Thought himself far out at sea;
But the astonished captain learned
That the needle had been turned
By a nail some carpenter
Heedless drove, and left it there.

So with many a gallant ship
On our life-long ocean trip:
Ah, what fatal wreck has been
Where a single tiny sin
With its steady, sure control
Turned the compass of the soul!

ATHANASIA.

No sunset fades; its palpitating glory
Of blue and crimson never wholly dies.
But, in the joy of some remembered story,
Glow to the welcome of immortal skies.

No blossom perishes; with bloom unfading
Its petals ope in everlasting light,
Its infant amaranthine fragrance lading
The breezes of celestial meadows bright.

No music ceases; mystically holden,
Deep in the heart of ether it abides,
And will return to us the rapture olden
Over the shining of eternal tides.

No feeling dies, no sacred sweet emotion,
No lover's kiss, no children's laugh, no
prayer;

All are a part of time's unending ocean.
And we shall find them, some day, surely,
there.

What though our eyes, our ears, our dullard
passion
Follow them not to their abiding home?
Soon will they glad us in familiar fashion
When to their deathless mansions we have
come.

THE COMFORT OF THE WOODS.

I understand my comrades of the woods,
 And they know me completely. Not an oak
 But is my brother, strong, reserved, sincere.
 Along the happy, peaceful forest ways
 That wind so intimately through the trees
 I hold a calm communion with my friends,
 The pines and gentle birches. Day by day
 Insensibly the bond is closer drawn
 With beckonings of branches, waftures
 Of subtle fragrance, melodies of birds,
 Flickers of sunlight on the level leaves,
 A thousand sweet enchantments pure and
 good.

This air dissolves my fretfulness and fears;
 They fall into the green depths of the dell,
 The cheery brooklet carries them away.
 The bushes brush them off. I enter here
 With furrowed brow and heavy-burdened
 heart;

But little unseen hands are softly pressed
 Upon the frowns, and little unseen hands
 Tug at the burdens till they all are gone.
 Ah, what am I that these my woodland
 friends

Should minister to me so graciously?
 Do they not know my follies and my sin?
 Yet with a mother's blind, forgiving love
 They cleanse the foulnesses they will not see.

Nor do they only wait for me to come,
 Withdrawn, expectant; but amid the din
 Of cities, and upon the crowded streets,
 I feel the brick and mortar fade away,
 And find the woods around me once again,
 Tall, shadowy, protecting. Once again
 I hear the woodland murmurs like a hymn,
 And on my troubled spirit lies once more
 The peaceful benediction of the trees.

TO MY WIFE.

Two clouds that float together all the day
 Along the sunny courses of the sky,
 Will sadly part, as day's enchantments die,
 And perish in the twilight's common gray.
 Two rivulets, that find a wedded way,
 And carol many a shining landscape by,
 Descend at last where nameless waters lie
 Beneath the ocean's all-dissolving sway.
 Not such, dear wife, dear lover, is the goal
 That waits for us upon our final breath,—
 Two bubbles, crushed within a swirl of
 foam;

But like two pilgrims, worn of sense and soul,
 How happy we shall be when kindly Death
 Points out the lights and open doors of
 home!



MINING THE SUNSHINE.

Some day, when the hollow mines
Yield their final, grudging toll,
When from out those drear confines
Comes the last black lump of coal,
Then, in chill and dark despair
We shall learn to look on high,
To the quarry of the air,
To the coal-fields of the sky!

Where the sun in quietness
Bends his ample daily course,
There descends to cheer and bless
A Niagara of force.
Steadily 'tis pouring down,
An incessant, copious yield,
On the house-tops of the town,
On the reaches of the field.

Here no "strike" and no "combine"
Will disturb the course of trade;
Every man will boldly mine
In the sunfield unafraid.
Every man will take his own,
Fuel to his utmost need,
And the sun upon his throne
Will rebuke our human greed.

THEIR CHANCE.

The little men, the dwarfish men,
A special chance have they
To work with hand or tongue or pen
So well that folks may say:
"Why, though he is a tiny one,
In spirit he is tall,
A genuine Napoleon,
A Little Corporal!"

The awkward men of homely face
May cause the world to sing
Their lack of beauty and of grace
As quite distinguishing:
"Behold, a second Lincoln, he
A second serfdom frees!"
Or: "Sage and ugly, lo! we see
A second Socrates!"

There's not a weight that holds men down,
There's not a pain men bear,
There's not an obloquy, a frown,
A hindrance or a care.
But men have lightly tossed the weight,
And lightly borne the woe,
And made a friend of hostile fate,
And won their kingdom so.

Ah, better be the under man
And struggle for the top,
And do the deed no other can,
Begin where others stop,—

Ah, better give the world surprise
At great achieved from small,
Than start so high that nothing lies
Before you but—a fall!

THE BATH OF CROWDS.

I feel the swinging human sea,
I hear the calling human tide,
The hail of mortal mystery
Where all the deeps abide.

The tangled surf and surge of men,
The sweep of men, the rise and fall
Of souls that clash and clash again,
Impetuously they call.

Oh, plunge with me! and feel the waves
Beneath and over and around,
The blended lives of saints and knaves,
The toss of sense and sound.

Lie on the billows, float and rest,
Merge in the universal man,
Or rolling swell or leaping crest,
Without a name or plan.

Oh, bath of human brotherhood!
What salty vigors it applies!
How rubs away the deadened good,
And newly purifies!

IN THE DARK ROOM.

In the angry, fiery gloom
Of my weirdly lighted room,
Where the bottles and the trays
Skulk in those sardonic rays,
And the vague apartment seems
Like a glimpse of nightmare dreams,
Here, in this uncanny cell,
Lo, a lovely miracle!
Square of glass, a milky white,
Vacant to my dullard sight;
Flow of liquid made to pass
Vacant on the vacant glass;
And a waiting reverent
While God takes His instrument;
Then, with hush of solemn awe,
See the mystic Artist draw!
See the plate, as vaguely dark
Slowly growing outlines mark—
Like a shadow from his mind—
What the Artist has designed.
See the pencil delicate
Moving on the expectant plate,
Here a stroke and there a touch,
None too little or too much;
Slow at first, then faster sent,
As the Artist grows intent;
Faster yet and still more fast,

Flashing marvels at the last,
Till upon the living glass
Shines the tree and bends the grass;
Till I see the waters cool
Plash in yonder pleasant pool;
Till upon the background rare
Grows the fairest of the fair,
Grows the picture's central grace,—
Dear Miranda's star-lit face!

Artist Lord of loveliness,
Need I tremble to confess
Here, before this inner shrine
Of Thy workmanship divine,
How that face which Thou hast made
Dims the pride of sun and shade,
How this glimpse of her I love
Draws my thoughts from Thee above?

Hark! a whisper in my ear:
"Lover, lover, do not fear.
I am Artist, none but I,
Of the joys beneath the sky.
Here my lower art you praise,
Seeing not the secret rays
That upon your willing heart
Stamped your lover's counterpart,
Nor the mystic bath that drew
This hid portrait into view,
Nor the hand whose workmanship
Pencilled brow and eye and lip.
Lover, lover, do not fear.
I am Lord of beauty's sphere.
Am I jealous to upbraid
Those that love what I have made?"

"A DOG'S LIFE."

Yours a dog's life, do you moan?
Courage, brother! cease to groan.
Many men, as on they jog,
Live much worse than any dog.

Yours a dog's life? Then, my boy,
It's a life crammed full of joy!—
Merry breezes, meadows fair,
Birds and brooks and sunny air.

Dogs? why, dogs are never sad!
See them capering like mad!
See them frisk their jolly way
Through the livelong laughing day!

Dog's life? Then you'll never rust.
Dog's life? Then you'll hope and trust;
Then you'll say in jaunty glee,
"Bones have been, and bones will be."

Cheery, active, trusting, true,—
There's a canine goal for you!
Live a dog's life, if you can:
You will be the better man!

BEAUTY THAT KNOWS.

What if my Julia's happy eyes
Are filled with ever glad surprise
To see herself so fair?
Must she alone be dull and blind
To what is dear in human kind,
And glorious and rare?

Must she herself alone ignore
The loveliness that all adore
In eye and mouth and face?
Must she alone be witless quite
Of that incomparable sight,
That galaxy of grace?

And why should she not understand
The witchery of snowy hand,
The lure of dainty skin?
Or why should she not brightly know
The powers that with beauty go,
To satisfy and win?

I would not praise the stupid girl
Unconscious of her tiniest curl,
The bending of her arm;
Let these that such delight confer
Be also purest joy to her,
And double every charm!

GOD'S QUIET.

The trees are standing silent in the sun
Like priests of quietness. The river flows
Its gentle way between its bushy banks,
And seems the current of a peaceful dream.
The bird-songs melt upon the placid air,
And find a sweet solution. Hither floats
A whiff of thistledown, as lightly borne
As spirit upon spirit, as my soul,
Afloat upon the brooding thought of God.
How far away, how crudely strange and far,
The very memory of earth's unrest,
The crash of wills, the vehemence of greed,
The blare of pride and groanings of despair!
Here it is still and steady, quiet here
Because so much of God is greatly here,
So little of the littleness of man.
The mind enlarges through the waiting woods,
Expands amid the tree-tops, rises glad
To wander on the galleys of the clouds
Far over oceans of the upper blue
To happy continents of love and light;
Or, whimsically back withdrawn, it finds
Another world low-hidden in the grass,
A world of softest shadows, peopled full
Of busy creatures, silent and serene.
And yesterday I fretted! Yesterday,
Nay, but an hour ago, I tore my heart
With envy, sharp ambition, eating dead.
O Thou Beneficence and Beauty, Thon,
The Prince of Peace that rulest all in all,
Forgive those tumults of Thy foolish child,

And wrap me so about with quietness,
 So wrap around the central soul of me,
 That I may leave this pasture of Thy peace,
 And enter the world's discord bearing still
 The flawless armor of tranquillity.

THE PRAYER MEETING.

We meet—one another, and friendship expands
 As eye catches eye, and as hands welcome hands.

The touch of good fellowship thrills to the soul,
 And each is inspired by the zeal of the whole.

We meet—the dear Saviour, unseen and unheard;
 We leap to the vision, we feed on the word;

His presence, so loving, so wise, and so strong,
 Is felt in each moment of prayer or of song.

We meet—our ideals; exulting we see
 The grace that our living might blessedly be.
 We burn with the joy of that promised delight,

And spring to achieve it in heaven-born might.

So meeting, we practise the life of true men;
 So parting, we part but to gather again;
 Till soon—how the spirit awaits it and yearns!—

We shall meet in the meeting that never adjourns.

HOMES, AFTER THE WAR.

(Written during our year of the World War.)

In the battles, the frenzy, the dread
 Of this ineffable year,
 In this blur of the living and dead,
 One word is unfaillingly clear:
 One word through the anguish of night
 Gleams far in the heavenly dome,
 'Mid the shells in their horrible flight,
 The dear, shining letters of "Home."

"Home! Home!" in the trench and the mud
 How maddening sweet is the sound!

"Home! Home!" where a tempest of blood
 Beats hot on the desolate ground!

What longings, what hope and despair
 From the field or the hospital roam
 To that fairest of all that is fair,
 The dear waiting doorway of home!

And we who incessantly pray
 And out to the battle-fields yearn,
 Ah, let us make ready the day

When our heroes shall proudly return;
 The homes they are fighting to save,
 Let us clean them without and within

From the foulness of traitor and knave,
 The last rotting remnant of sin.

Let the windows be shining and pure,

Let the walls be sturdily strong,
 And all of the mansion secure

From the threat of insidious wrong.
 Let the blossoms of brotherhood spring

From the heart of the jubilant loam,
 And the bells of all heaven shall ring
 As we welcome our heroes home.

HOLD ON A WHILE.

When all the sky is very black
 And all the earth is blue,
 And all the fiends are on your track
 And howling after you;

When courage falls and hope decays
 And fair ambition dies,
 And all your dreamland is ablaze
 Beneath the ebon skies;

When you would fain renounce the goal,
 Nor plod another mile,
 Oh, straighten up your drooping soul,
 And—just—hold on—a while!

Hold on a while! the darkest night
 May bring the fairest day.

Hold on a while! the good, the right,
 Will always find a way.

Hold on! for is Jehovah dead?
 His love an empty song?
 Hold on! have heaven's armies fled
 Before the hosts of wrong?

Hold on! for still some strength remains,
 Nor yield you till you must;
 A newer life may flood your veins,
 Born of a larger trust.

A newer life—hold on for that!
 A hily from the mud!
 The greening peak of Ararat
 Emerging from the flood!

The clouds are shattered by the sun;
 The earth is all aglow;
 Away the howling devils run,
 And back to hell they go!

Hold on for that! Do what you can,
 Nor prove a craven elf;
 For heaven never helped a man
 Until he helped himself.

And when your fondest hopes are dead
 And fate has ceased to smile,
 'Tis then it pays to lift your head
 And—just—hold on—a while.

THIS BEAUTIFUL EARTH.

Oh, the beauty I have seen,
 On the earth and in the sky!
 Oh, the sunshine in between
 As the shadows floated by!
 Oh, the faces sweet and fair,
 And the bird-notes in the air,
 And the grace the blossoms bear
 Dear!y nigh!

Where the sunrise glory gleams,
 Where the twilight hushes fall,
 In the laughter of the streams,
 In the ivy on the wall,
 Where the thoughts of love arise
 In a maiden's happy eyes—
 What a dream of beauty lies
 Over all!

There are terrors of the storm,
 There is winter's chilly woe,
 But the Father-love is warm,
 And His wisdom has it so;
 All the world 's the Father's kiss,
 Just a glimmer of the bliss
 In the region after this
 Where we go!

ADVICE TO THE WOOD PEWEE.

O bird with the mournful throat,
 Singing in sorrowful key,
 What grief does your song denote,
 Your desolate "*De-ary me*"?

Where could you have learned your song,
 When all of the woodlands ring
 With carollings cheery and strong
 That dance and frolic and swing?

Has any one done you harm?
 Do you fear a mysterious woe?
 What breezes have whispered alarm
 And left you sorrowing so?

The woods are full of content,
 There's gladness in blossom and tree,
 And yours is the only lament,
 Your weebegone "*De-ary me*."

Cheer up, you worrying bird!
 Be ashamed that a wingless man
 Should offer this heartening word
 To one of the feathered clan!

Take note of your relative there,
 The phœbe happy and wise,
 Who sings the sprightliest air
 Beneath the gloomiest skies.

And change your disconsolate tune
 As soon as you possibly can,
 For fear, some unfortunate June,
 It might be adopted—by man!

"THE HIGH COST OF LIVING."

We love to read the magic tales of old,
 Where knights courageous rescue ladies fair,
 Or brave a dragon in his horrid lair,
 Or face a giant confidently bold;
 But these, alas! are days of sordid gold.
 And what romance may bills of lading wear?
 What knighthood in the counting-room of
 care?
 What gallantry where things are bought and
 sold?
 Nay, blind and stupid! where the weaklings
 groan,
 The mighty mock, where privilege is
 massed,
 And poverty makes ineffectual moan,
 And chains of giant wrong are grimly fast,
 Are calls for courage man has never known,
 A newer knighthood braver than the past.

TO ONE WHO WOULD BE A POET.

In centre and circumference of all
 A Somewhat lies, mysterious and vast,
 The woven substance of all substances,
 The face and motion of appearances,
 The thought of thought and very soul of souls.
 Men call it Beauty, or men call it God,
 Or dare not name it; all confess it there,
 Though some confess it by denying it.
 There is no place without Thee, Beauty, God!
 Where water breaks to light and loveliness,
 Or festers in the mud; where mountains rise
 Amid the stately sweep of shade and sun;
 Where deep in rumbling burrows men extort
 The girders of their cities; where a child
 Beckons his comrade, or two lovers kiss
 Beneath the benediction of the woods,
 Or sober statesmen write a nation's doom,
 Or hucksters wrangle in the market-place,
 Or some dear mother croons her babe to rest;
 Wherever solids ring or colors glow
 Or foul or fragrant steals upon the air;
 Wherever being breathes, or waits in dust,
 Or never was or will be, in the dread
 And gloomy riddles of unfathomed space,—
 Still there, still here, and binding all in all,
 Yet parting each from each in endless forms,
 Discern the One, in whom it all is one;
 Discern the One, and tremble, and adore!

'Tis Sight; who sees it, first begins to see.
 'Tis Life; who touches it, begins to live.
 'Tis Thought; who knows it, in that hour is
 wise.
 'Tis Love; who feels it, never is alone.

This is to be a poet: to perceive
 The laws of empire in a tavern brawl,
 Areturus as a cottage lamp, the sum
 Of beauty in the shadow of a leaf.

This is to be a poet : well to know
 The subtle symmetry that flows through all,
 Forming a beetle in a lion's mold,
 Painting the sky with colors of the field,
 Attuning to the spheric harmonies
 The whistle of a factory at noon.

Never the poet finds a common thing.
 Never the poet hears a common sound.
 Never the poet meets a common man.

And he who thus attains the Oversoul,
 The Undersoul, the Central Soul of souls,
 Speaks not about it, but becomes its tongue ;
 Travels not to it, but becomes its feet ;
 Yes, prays not to it, but becomes its hands.
 And so the poet's poems are not his ;
 But if they rise in some cathedral dome,
 Or float upon an organ's royal tones,
 Or breathe in eloquent canvases to the eye,
 Or singing lift the covers of a book,
 Or melt insensate marble into man,
 Or fashion happily a perfect home,
 Or send a smile into a darkened day,—
 Howe'er the poet plies his devious art,
 It is not he that works, nor toils by rote,
 With plan and programme conscious of him-
 self ;

But he is one possessed, commanded, bound,
 A blessed serf, a rapturous instrument.

And thus he runs at counter to the world,
 The prim, dull, earthy world, that cannot see,
 Nor hear, nor feel, nor ever understand,—
 Blind men that crawl upon the crust of things,
 Grasping and garnering they know not what ;
 Grasping and hoarding it, they know not why.

Thither to slip again from whence he rose,
 Back to that surface fumbling in the dark.
 This is the poet's hell. Oh, comrade mine,
 Come, hold we fast together, lest we fall.
 What voices call us, bold, imperative !
 What hands lay hold upon us, white and soft !
 What lures are spread before us, golden
 bright !

Why, poetry it seems is courage too,
 And self-control and all heroic arms.
 We serve a jealous deity, praise God !
 Whose constancy would mate our constancy
 As staunch horizons fit the bending skies.

Live to the centre ! Masterfully part
 From glittering shallows and ignoble shows.
 Live to the centre, where the substance is.
 Live to the centre, where endurance is.
 Live to the centre, where are joy and peace.
 Clasp souls with Him, the Poet Oversoul,
 And live with Him a poem evermore.
 Then be it written fair in script or stone
 Or marshalled sounds or hues imperial,
 'Tis well ; or be it never writ at all,

'Tis also well ; or be it praised of men,
 Or tossed into oblivion, 'tis well.
 For poetry is poetry's reward,
 And life is blessed with living, and the crown
 Of noble thinking is the noble thought.

PEACE.

The willows glimmer in the sun,
 The aspens tremble on the breeze,
 The singing ripples gently run
 Within the shadows of the trees.

The quiet, meditative kine,
 The steady granite in the wall—
 What peace, contenting and benign,
 Enfolds and crystallizes all !

Rebuked, ashamed, the faithless fret,
 The childish worry, fall away ;
 My empty fear and vain regret
 Dissolve in God's assuring day.

If peace on earth so fair and sweet
 Is gladly, freely, fully given,
 What joy some day our souls will greet,—
 The unimagined peace of heaven !

THE LOST RIVER.

It flows through Virginia hills
 Beneath the rocks and the ground,
 And the hush of the woodland it fills
 With a strangely mysterious sound.

Unseen, it rushes along,
 Through cavernous passages drear,
 And only its murmur of song
 Comes muffled and faint to the ear.

But that, and one eddying pool,
 Outreached from the reticent stream,
 A goblet all crystalline, cool,
 And sweet as a draught in a dream.

Thus, thus, through the hardness and strife,
 Beneath the weight of our woes,
 Unseen in our valley of life
 The River of Happiness flows.

But it sings to the listening heart,
 And the gloomiest shadow of ill
 With the touch of its song is astart,
 With the beat of its hope is a thrill.

And ever some drift of its brim
 It offers prophetic and free,
 As it speeds through imprisonments grim
 To the open and opulent sea !

A LIVE WIRE.

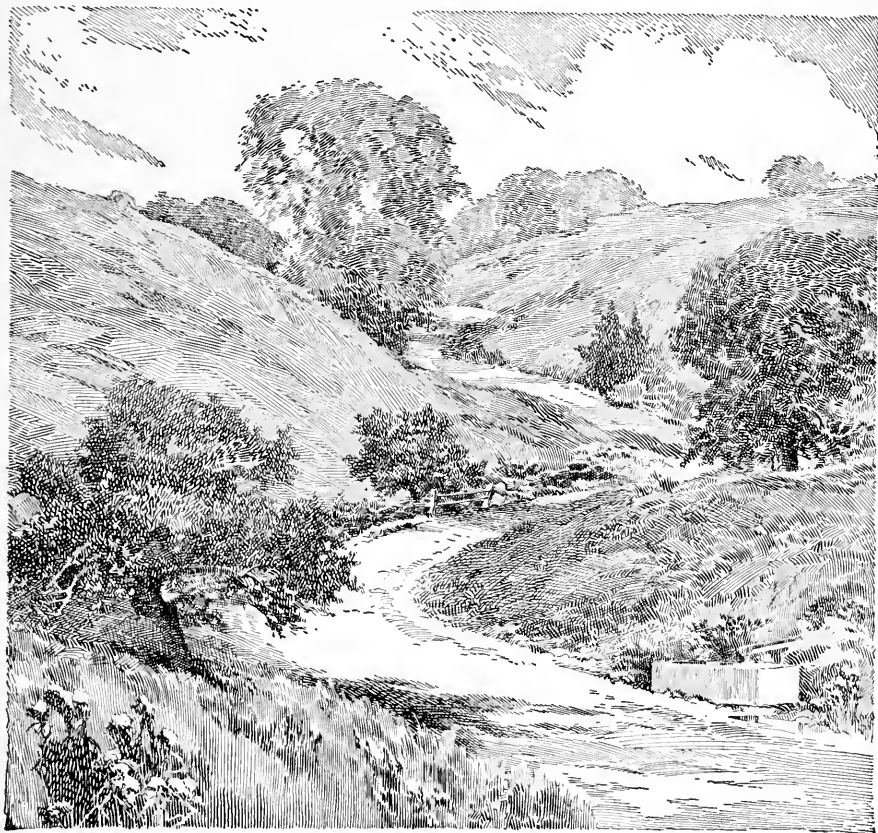
I did not know—so awkward I,
So fumbling in my speech—
That I had touched a quivering nerve
No man might safely reach.

A burst, a flash, a deadly blow,
A friendship numb for aye,
What other end may one expect,
If one with lightnings play?

THE LURE OF ROADS.

Close to my heart, the roads of men!
Straight, or bent to their beautiful will,
Down the valley and over the hill,
Bravely bare to the threat of the seas,
Explorer of forests, friendly of trees,
Sweeping the curves of ample downs,
Cloven and torn in the maze of towns,
Cliff-road, river-road, upland and glen,
Oh, the wonderful roads of men!

Follow, I follow wherever they go!
Cheery their call and their spell is sweet,
Joy to the eye, a charm to the feet,—
Other men, many men, here before,
Other men coming, more and more,
These are the ways that my brothers take,
Choose I them all for my brothers' sake,
All would I enter and loverly know;
Follow, I follow wherever they go!



A SONG OF DAY AND NIGHT.

If all of life were a day, love,
 Thou shouldst be light of it,
 Sparkle and bright of it,
 Fair in thine eyes as the blossoms are spun,
 Sweet in thy voice as the rivulets run;
 Bound in the lure of thee,
 Happily sure of thee,
 Oh, when life is a day, love,
 Thou art my sun!

If all of life were a night, love,
 Thou shouldst be part of it,
 Centre and heart of it,
 Deep in the dark of thine eyes and thy hair,
 Deep in thy mystery, deep the despair
 Failing thee, finding thee.
 Loosing thee, binding thee;
 Oh, if life were a night, love,—
 What should I care?

NEIGHBOR CHICKORY.

Where the stamping horses pass
 And the dust is in the grass,
 By the roadside bare and hot
 Gracing each unlovely spot,
 Lo! before our weary eyes
 Shines the blue of summer skies.

Gleaming like an azure star
 Where the fiercest sunbeams are,
 Neighbor Chickory bestows
 Such a sense of cool repose,
 In the noon-tide's hottest glare
 It is always evening there.

Oh, to learn the conquering grace
 Of that blossom's tender face!
 Thus victoriously may I
 Where the choking dust-clouds fly
 And life's clamors never cease
 Bring the cooling sense of peace.

GARDEN-GLOW.

Eden was a garden:
 Green things growing, lily and rose,
 Violet tenderness, poppy glows,
 Beets and onions and such as those,—
 Eden was a garden.

Adam worked the garden:
 Morning dews in the delicate light,
 Callouses, backache, proper and right,
 Sleep, ah! sleep through the soft, sweet
 night,—
 Adam worked the garden.

Eve, too, in the garden:
 Lilies and poppies the woman out-glowed,
 Tied, and weeded, and carried a load,

Brought the water as Adam hoed,—
 Eve, too, in the garden.

Eden's still a garden:
 Work, untrammelled, with hand and heart,
 Dirt, clean dirt, and a little of art,
 And a glorious woman doing her part,—
 Eden's still a garden.

BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

Day after day, day after day,
 At awkward blindman's buff we play,
 Our silly eyes
 Self-hidden from the longed-for prize.
Death takes the handkerchief away.

THE LINGERING LOCK.

Across the doleful vacancy
 For many months it lay,
 One friendly lock that stayed by me
 When the others fell away.
 It hid the barren waste behind,
 And gave a sense of hair;
 It kept me in a youthful mind
 As long as it was there.
 Sarcastic barbers now and then
 Aspired to cut it off;
 But I withstood those merry men
 And met their fleering scoff.
 No impish breeze in all the sky
 Would leave it lying flat;
 A gallant red-plumed knight was I
 Whene'er I raised my hat.
 It would not keep its proper place;
 With ceaseless enterprise
 It straggled down my dismal face
 And tickled in my eyes.
 It never fooled a single soul
 Except the fool I am.
 For me, Time's waves that onward roll
 It held with hairy dam.
 But one by one the hairs grew less
 Upon my shining crown,
 And aye to fill the emptiness
 I parted further down.
 The merest wisp I learned to spread
 As far as it would go;
 It made upon my barren head
 A last, pathetic show.
 But now, ah, me! I cannot comb
 A single gallant hair;
 Time sits triumphant on the dome,
 My cranium is bare.
 The teeter-board of life has turned
 Upon its downward sweep;
 The hurrying years, so stoutly spurned,
 Now drag me to the deep.
 Perchance upon the other shore—
 Sweet hope of dying men!—
 I'll meet that faithful lock once more,
 And have my hair again!

PETALS.

The shattered rose has fallen to the floor
 In shelly loveliness. The carpet's green
 Forms a new turf, and in that lower scene
 Each petal blossoms as a flower once more.
 How light it lies as having wings to soar,
 A curve of pink! And how its gentle mien,
 The soft, rich fulness of its tender sheen,
 Surpass the clustered rose we knew before!
 Oh, not in labor's summer-bloom of pride
 Does life its crowning loveliness disclose.
 Sweeter the lights in autumn days that hide,
 And tender age a morning beauty shows.
 Scatter life's broken petals far and wide:
 Each is a newer and a lovelier rose.

PATERNAL ADVICE.

Ah, where in the gutters of Naples,
 Or where in the alleys of Rome,
 Or where in the valleys of Scotland
 Are boys like our urchins at home?
 Bright-eyed, clean-souled, merry rascals,
 Their voices a jubilant burst,—
 You may look at the youth of the nations,
 But "see *Young America* first"!

HOWELLS'S HOMES.

[Read at the Howells Commemoration Meeting
 of the Boston Authors Club.]

Hills of Ohio, woods and shining plains,
 Pioneer valleys radiant with the morn,
 Daring and sure in all your gallant veins,
 Of you was Howells born.

Out of the land of drudging pioneers,
 Ponderous forms with only eyes aflame,
 The land of patience grimly conquering
 fears,

Our patient Howells came.

Friendly he saw the bold exploring folk,
 Noted the ways their blundering spirits
 took,
 Into what temples clumsily they broke—
 And wrote it in a book.

Gravely Ohio gave him of her best,
 The steady plough, the axe's rise and fall,
 The eager eye that loves a venturing quest;
 Gravely he took it all.

Then with his Buckeye hold on circum-
 stance,
 He passed to Italy, the land of dreams,
 To Italy, the home of high romance
 And dim poetic gleams.

What stranger meeting through the shifting
 years
 Than this, the stubborn son of modern
 ways,
 Plunged, from the sharp light of the pioneers,
 To old Venetian haze!

Yet Venice also of her best bestowed,
 Her mellowness of kindly tolerant age,
 Her tempered sun that henceforth calmly
 glowed
 Upon his broadening page.

Never henceforth, in clash of western trade,
 In greed's hot frenzy and impetuous cries,
 Could he forget the still cathedral shade,
 The mirrored Bridge of Sighs.

Then came the pioneer to Boston Town,
 Boston, the mother home of pioneers,
 Boston, that never yet has settled down
 Through all her restless years.

And gladly Boston took him to her heart,
 Her gay old heart, alert and ardent still.
 Deeply he loved her, from the Quincy Mart
 To sober Beacon Hill.

He shifted homes: to Cambridge ancient-new,
 Louisburg Square that wears its crown by
 stealth,
 Bright Beacon Street, and then the Avenue
 Of most un-Commonwealth.

He loved his Boston: all her plodding ways
 That twisted out into the universe,
 Her whimsies and stabilities, her gaze
 Quietly sure—or worse.

He wrote his Boston, from the Common fair
 To Albany Station where all contrasts meet,
 From shadowy warehouse to the classic air
 Of stately Beacon Street.

And Boston also gave him of her best,
 Her rattling wagon tethered to a star,
 Her fond ideals heavily possessed
 By all the things that are.

And last he came—where else in all the
 world?—

Led by those lines so sure in every torque,
 To where all currents fiercely met and swirled,
 All people's home, New York.

For he was all men's brother. In his soul
 Lived the warm, pulsing prayer for all
 men's good,
 And through his books uniting currents roll,
 The flood of brotherhood.

Out in the streets of that amazing scene,
 In every where he walked a vital part,
 No one he found or common or unclean
 Or stranger to his heart.

Old world and new, he bound them both in one.

Set in that focus of the human race
He only knew the universal sun,
The groping human face.

And still—and still—through all his gracious years,

He never lost the light of boyhood days,
The eager questing of the pioneers,
The swift Ohio ways.

And still, in whatsoever glowing star

His ardent and unresting feet are set,
I know he dearly loves the things that are,
And seeks for better yet.

ETYMOLOGY.

"He's shaky on his pins," they said,
"A-meanin' little Baby Ted.

"I felt him over, and I swear,
I couldn't find a pin was there.

"Now sister's maltese kitten, Joe,
He has a pin in every toe!"

I.

AN ANALYSIS OF A CERTAIN DOCUMENT.

[These verses are almost a literal transcript of the written defence made by a certain popular speaker and writer on ethical themes when he left his wife for another woman.]

I'm a prophet, and therefore, of course,
I'm a fragile and much-abused man;
I'm a hero of holy, pre-Adamite force;
I pursue the original plan.

I promised to honour and love,
I promised to cherish and keep,
But Truth is my god in the heavens above,
Whoever may flabbily weep.

And therefore I'm happy to state,
In the name of the Truth I adore,
That Another has entered my Being of late
And that I am Hers Evermore.

That is, I should like to explain,
I am hers, she is mine, as it were,
In an ethical, high-philosophical vein,
Till some other Impression occur.

The preachers, and such, I defy;
They act without logic or ruth;
And they utterly fail to have noticed that I
Am a Loyal Disciple of Truth.

I refuse to discuss the details,
The bondage of father to child;
In points such as this Christianity fails,
And I am for Truth undefiled.

Those trivial family cares
To the ex-wife most properly fall;
These domestic arrangements are private affairs
And none of your business at all.

For has she not money galore?
And what further could Womanhood ask?
And now I am free to exult and to soar
In the realms of an Ethical Task.

THE FOUR BILLS.

Written when William H. Taft was President.

There's Bill the First, the Presidential Bill,
Whose large proportions all the country fill,
Whose thought molds history in many ways,
Whose word a nation—more or less—obeys.

The second Bill, the sage Congressional Bill,
Has larger sway and yields a stouter will.
How many times, in many a well-fought field,
Must Bill the First to Bill the Second yield!

But Bill the Third, the mighty Dollar Bill,
Has greater force and influence vaster still.
Upon his beck and call the millions wait,
In market-places and the halls of state.

But Bill the Fourth, the little Dunning Bill,—
Ah, his the final power, the reigning skill!
When all the laws are writ, the deeds are done.

This Bill the Fourth rules every mother's son!

COUNTRY—AND COUNTRY.

O Country, my Country, whose pride is on high.

Subduer of ocean, of earth, and of sky,
Strong builder of cities, wise ruler of men,
Undaunted of sword and courageous of pen,—
Look not, O my country, look not to the town
For the food of thy peace and the seed of renown.

There, there, is thy problem, thy weakness and shame.

The one gloomy blot on thy glorious name;
But the strength of the pure, and the joy of the fair.

And the grace of the wise, are not there, are not there.

Turn, turn from the city, its sin and disgrace,
And look on the country's beatified face.

Go, wash in the brooklet the care from thy brow;
 As gayly it flowed in thy childhood, so now.
 Press deep in the woodland, and fall on thy knees
 For the great benediction of quiet and trees.
 From the crest of a hill look amazed and afar
 Where only serenity and fruitfulness are.
 Find yonder a garden, where quaintly arow
 Alyssum, Sweet William, and Candytuft grow.
 Afild with the flock in the morning's delight,
 And back with the cows on the coming of night,
 And soundly asleep in the old attic bed,
 God's peace on the earth and His stars overhead!
 Ah, this, proud Republic of Providence, this
 Is the source of thy might and the home of thy bliss.
 Wherever ambition and conquest allure,
 Forget not that here it is happy and pure.
 Wherever thy masterful cavalcades go,
 Whatever far land is thy friend or thy foe,
 Whatever the perils that threatening lower,
 Remember that here is renewal of power.
 Exult in thy triumphs, O Ruler of Men!
 Advance thy bright banner again and again!
 Tread firmly the pathway our forefathers trod,
 The child of Dame Nature, the daughter of God!

WOONG TIME.

"Wizard, wizard, tell me clear
 When is the best day to court my dear,
 My dear who does not like me?"
 The wizard put on his glasses wise,
 He looked at the ground and he looked at the skies,
 And thus spake he:
 "When the moon is hot and the sun is cold,
 And the shepherd houses the wolves in his fold,
 When the robin flies high and the hawk flies low
 And the rivers up to the mountains go,
 When the black bat sleeps in the bobolink's nest,
 And Castor and Pollux rise out of the west,
 Then is the likeliest day of the lot
 To woo the maiden that likes you not."

"Wizard, wizard, tell me clear
 When is the best day to court my dear,
 My dear who truly loves me?"
 The wizard wrinkled his forehead wise,
 He gazed at the ground and he gazed at the skies,
 And thus spake he:
 "When the sunbeams laugh and the gray clouds scowl,
 When you hear the lark or the wren or the owl,

When the brooks run blithely down to the sea,
 When two can sit on the same settee,
 When Saturday comes at the end of the week,
 And a bashful lad finds it hard to speak,
 That is the very best day for you
 To woo the maiden that loves you true."

"LOTS FOR SALE."

"Lots for sale." Lots—of what?
 Lots of trouble, like as not.
 Lots of fuss with "equities,"
 Titles, deeds, and lawyers' fees.
 Lots of talk with architects,—
 Every man the job expects.
 Lots of tiffs with carpenters,
 Masons, plumbers, plasterers.
 Lots of unexpected bills,
 'Little extras,'—bitter pills.
 Lots of city taxes due,—
 Gas and water, sewer too.
 Lots of advertising then,
 Try, and try, and try again.
 Lots of folks with half a mind,
 And a dozen faults to find.
 Lots of worry, pains untold,
 Till the pesky thing is sold.
 Lots of fine experience,
 But of profit—not five cents.
 "Lots for sale"—and who will buy?
 Lots of people; no more I!

LETTERS.

What is a letter? A bridge in the night
 From my soul to your soul; and over it go
 Envoys of darkness or envoys of light,
 Ladings of blessing or burdens of woe.

What is a letter? A signal, a flash
 Darting directly from your soul to mine,
 Meaningless, meaningful, prudent or rash,
 Always a boding or jubilant sign.

What is a letter? A flip of the pen?
 Paper and mucilage? That and no more?
 Nay: 'tis the fatefulest action of men,
 Reaching eternity's ultimate shore!

Burn the old letters? Alas, if you could!
 Burn up indifference, malice, or hate?
 Once they might burn, or be altered to good,—
 Ere they were written! but now is too late.

Burn the old letters? the missives of cheer,
 Glowing with merriment, pulsing with love?
 Nay! though the paper disintegrates here,
 They are preserved in the mansions above!

CHRIST'S WORDS.

The words of Christ are fruitful seeds,
Springing up in loving deeds.

The words of Christ are lamps aglow,
Showing travellers where to go.

The words of Christ are shining goals,
Beckoning courageous souls.

The words of Jesus mountains are,
From whose top we see afar.

The words of Jesus are a fleet,
Loaded with the finest wheat.

The words of Jesus are a host,
Conquering foes that loudly boast.

The Saviour's words are skilful guides,
Leading up the mountain-sides.

The Saviour's words are lashing cords,
And flying darts and piercing swords.

The Saviour's words are gentle rain,
Freshening the arid plain.

The words of Christ our life shall be,
Here and through eternity.

HAVE YOU FOUND THE BIBLE?

Have you found the Bible
That Josiah found?
Have you delved for treasure
In that holy ground?
Have you proved its pledges
Gloriously true?
Have you found the Bible?
Has the Book found *you*?

Have you found the Bible
Reaching to your heart?
Has it touched the fountain
Where the teardrops start?
Has it bathed your spirit
In its cleansing dew?
Have you found the Bible?
Has the Book found *you*?

Have you found the Bible
Helping in your work?
Does it give you courage
Not to faint or shirk?
Is it strength for all things
You are set to do?
Have you found the Bible?
Has the Book found *you*?

Have you found the Bible
Ever giving light?
Does it cheer the darkness
Of the gloomy night?

When the troubles thicken
Does it pull you through?
Have you found the Bible?
Has the Book found *you*?

OUR CHARIOTS.

Not as the Hebrew prophet rose
In flaming chariot to the sky,
Do we, as our life journeys close,
Magnificently die.

No wind in rising currents whirled,
No flying steeds of splendid fire,
Lift us from out this jangling world
Up to the heavenly choir.

And yet the humblest sons of men
May pass away from mortal view
In chariots as grand to ken
As that Elijah knew.

For thoughts of loving tenderness,
And helpful deeds that never tire,
And words that soothe and cheer and bless,
Are chariots of fire.

To such a soul, as up it flies,
With beams of heavenly glory lit.
Elijah hastens down the skies
To meet and welcome it.

"THE PRICE OF A DRINK."

Poor, empty-eyed beggar! It's little *you*
think
What you ask when you ask for "the price of
a drink."
No paltry five cents and no dime will suffice,
For the price of a drink is a terrible price.

Go, ask that poor vagabond there in the ditch,
Who once was a merchant, respected and rich;
Inquire of the creature who just staggered by,
Despair in his spirit and death in his eye;

Ask yonder sad woman, whose desolate life
Has drunk of all woes—the inebriate's wife;
And question, O question that quivering child,
Just fled from a father drink-angry and wild.

The price of a drink, as they all will agree,
Is the pride of the upright, the joy of the
free.

It's employment and confidence, comfort and
wealth,
The honor of friends and the treasure of
health.

The price of a drink, as they sadly will tell,
Is a sorrowful earth and a horrible hell,

For the soul of the drunkard is foul as his
breath,
And he dies at the last to an infinite death.

The price of a drink? Though I gave you to
buy,
It is you pay the price of the liquor, not I.
O brother, turn, turn from the perilous brink,
And never more proffer the price of a drink!

FOSSILS.

The time was Carboniferous,
The place was by the shore.
Some molecules vociferous
Of Fe SO_4
Induced a little conifer
To take them in her stem,
Letting go the blood and bone of her,
And making room for them;
Until the plant ridiculous
Was a fossil,—nothing more,—
All because of that iniquitous
Shrewd Fe SO_4 .

'Twas the time of *Homo Sapiens*,
The place,—a library.
Some dusty tomes of weight immense
By subtle sorcery
Induced a great philosopher
To take them in his brain,
Rejecting, you of course infer,
Its former contents vain,
Until the sage rapacious
Became, one summer day,
A leather-backed veracious,
Encyclope-di-a!

WHEN THE FIRST TEETH GO.

It is infancy's old age
When the first teeth go;
It's the turning of the page
When the first teeth go;
It's farewell to merry youth
With its innocence and truth,
With its tenderness and ruth,
When the first teeth go.

There are novelties of pain
When the first teeth go;
Quick to lose and slow to gain,
When the first teeth go;
Ugly vacancies appear,
New and lisping tones we hear,
'Tis a most erratic year
When the first teeth go.

Ah, the sober thoughts we think
When their first teeth go.
And the rising tears we wink
When their first teeth go!

For the coming teeth must chew
Many meals of bitter rue,
And their sorrows come in view
As their first teeth go.

Yes, but grand teeth come instead,
When the first teeth go,
Strong for meat and white for bread,
When the first teeth go;
Though the crust is hard and dry,
Health and power in it lie,
And there's better by and by;
Let the first teeth go!

EXTRAS.

The Moan of Many a Man.

I don't mind the work,
The regular job,
The things I can do,
And know how to do,
And get used to it.

It's not this that frets,
And hinders and pulls,
And puts out of joint.

It's extras I mind,
It's this and it's that
I don't know about,
And cannot plan for,
And do not expect.

It's speeches to make,
And nothing to say;
It's calls to return,
And presents to give,
And letters to write,
Committees to meet,
And bores I must hear,
And quarrels adjust,
And jealousies calm,
And meetings for this,
And meetings for that,
And things I must do
That no one wants done,
That have to be done
Because they're the thing.

It's little things here,
And little things there,
That busy men do
"Because, as you know,
If you want a thing done,
You go to a man
Who has all he can do."

I don't mind my work,
My regular job,
If that were just all.
It's extras I mind,
That take up my time,

And eat up my strength,
And never say "thanks."

And heaven, I think,
Will just be a place
Where each man will do
His job—and no more.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE ANGELS?

Have you seen the angels
Flashing from the skies?
Have you seen the glimmer
As they fall and rise?
Where the sick and anguished
Pray for swift release,
Have you seen the angels
Bringing joy and peace?

Have you seen the angels
Float in pity down
Where the pallid workers
Drudge in field and town?
Where the worn and weary
Faint at Toil's commands,
Have you seen the angels
Strengthening their hands?

Have you seen the angels
Speed in eager flight
Where the fiends of evil
Battle with the right?
Have you seen the angels
Stretch protecting arms,
Fortressing God's children
From those threatening harms?

Oh, with eyes of seeing
Note the angels near!
It will stay your worries,
It will end your fear.
It will show you heaven
Never far away,
God's bright angels treading
Every common way.

A CIVIC CATECHISM.

"Here is the City; and what shall it be?"
Wealthy, and righteous, and goodly to see.

"How shall the City be shining and fair?"
Wealth is to find its security there.

"What is the safety and sunshine of wealth?"
Spirit in righteousness, body in health.

"Poverty, Ugliness, Evil accursed,
All to be banished, but which of them first?"

All of them first; they're a unit, those three:
Wealthy, and righteous, and goodly to see.

DEATH AND LIFE.

Still the heart and stay the breath—
There's a deeper death than death!
This is death, when living soul
Yields to deadly sin's control;
When, beneath the devil's arts,
Love, the light of life, departs;
When the body, moving still,
Bears about a lifeless will,
And the spirit, formed to rise
Ever-growing in the skies,
Is a dead and empty seed:
This, ah, this is death indeed!

Rich the years, with fruitage rife—
There's a higher life than life!
This is life, when spirits press
Into every nobleness;
When on failure and defeat
Power sets his lordly seat;
When, although the body fail,
Spirit energies prevail,
And the world beholds a man
After the Creator's plan,
Soul from all its bondage freed;
This, ah, this is life indeed!

Hear the resurrection cry:
Dying, yet you shall not die!
Christ is He that conquereth
All this deeper death than death;
Christ, from out of mortal strife,
Won this higher life than life—
Wins it through eternity,
Just for you and just for me.

THE CUP.

He had passed the cup of the wine of love
In the feast of the Upper Room;
He had gone, with the paschal moon above,
To the depths of the Garden gloom.

And there on the solemn shaded ground
Where the ancient olives grow,
Another goblet the Saviour found,
The cup of the deepest woe.

The wine of that goblet was black as death,
And bitter with ancient sin,
And horribly foul was the fed breath
Of the liquor that fumed within.

And they who had drunk in the city of light
As the cup of love He poured,
Stupidly slept in the Garden's night,
Nor thought of their anguished Lord.

O Saviour, who givest our human race
The cup of Thy love so rare,
In Gethsemane's shadow be ours the grace
The cup of Thy woe to share!

A NATURAL INQUIRY.

"Mamma," said Catharine sadly,
 "Which way do you want me to go?
 For to-day you called me a *backward* child,
 And to-day you called me a *forward* child,
 And how can they both be so?"

GOD'S ENEMIES.

Do I not hate them, O Lord, that hate
 thee?—*Ps. 139: 21.*

Hate is divine if hate is bent
 Only on Hatred's hateful face;
 Curses are good when they are sent
 On maledictions base.

Is he a friend of God, forsooth,
 Who weakly numbers with his friends
 The vile antagonist of truth
 All hot for evil ends?

He is against that is not for
 Our jealous God, our regnant Christ,
 And as an act of open war
 Indifference has sufficed.

God's lights are we, required to beat
 The hosts of darkness back;
 Shall we lie grovelling at their feet
 And melt into the black?

THE ALTERNATIVE.

"The autumn leaves are falling down!"
 The long-faced poet cries;
 But would he have them falling *up*,
 And clattering the skies?

TURNING BACK.

When the blossom from the sun
 Turns its head away,
 Not for it do sunbeams run
 Through the shining day.

When the blossom turns again
 To the sun's bright face,
 The forgoing sunlight then
 Pours its golden grace.

When the round earth turns aside
 Into winter's cold,
 How the merry blossoms hide,
 How the world grows old!

When the earth again in spring
 To the sun returns,
 How all heaven's pardoning
 Leaps and laughs and yearns!

So when hearts of human kind
 Turn from God away,

Gloom and misery they find
 Darkening the day.

But if they will turn again
 And their God adore,
 As in nature, so in men,
 All is well once more.

PURPOSE.

Deeply and long the sap must flow
 Ere the merest layer of elm can grow.

Many a wave's recurrent shock
 Is needed to smooth the tiniest rock.

Thousands of leaves must fade and fall
 To make the mold by the garden wall.

Thus, as the patient seasons roll,
 Slowly is fashioned a human soul.

Purpose and failure and purpose still,
 Steadily moved by a quiet will,—

Layer on layer in sturdy way,
 Hardly seen the growth of a day,—

Times of failure and fear and fall,
 But one strong tendency through it all,—

God and purpose and sun by sun
 Reach the stars before they are done!

OLD MEN'S COUNSEL.

Young men's counsel breathes desire,
 Ardent passion, raging fire.

Old men's counsel utters truth,
 Governing the fires of youth.

Young men's counsel leaps on high,
 Like a rocket in the sky.

Old men's counsel will be found
 Firmly fixed upon the ground.

Young men's counsel bravely dares,
 And a lordly front it wears.

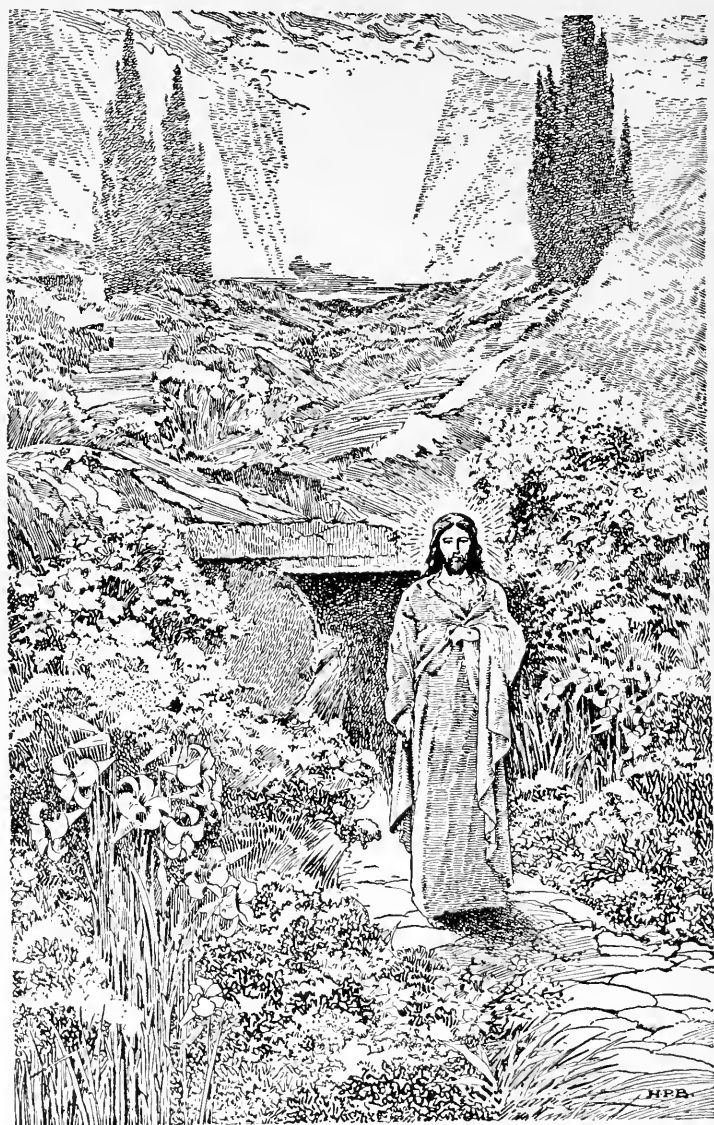
Old men's counsel, brave yet wise,
 Tests its wings before it flies.

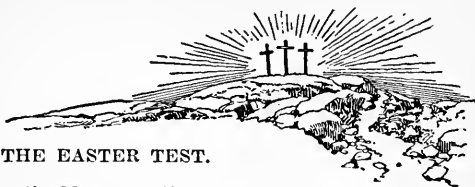
Young men's counsel looks afar
 Where the shining mountains are.

Old men's counsel seeks to know
 Safest ways and best to go.

Young men's counsel, over-bold,
 Grasps a prize, but does not hold.

Old men's counsel, rich in deeds,
 Plans, persists, and then succeeds.





THE EASTER TEST.

If I had seen the Master on that morning
 All glorious with resurrection light,
 Beyond the might of men and evil scorning,
 How would my soul have met the splendid
 sight?

Would I have hastened eager to adore Him,
 My spirit caught in rapture strangely
 sweet?
 Would I have run to lay my heart before
 Him?
 Would I have fallen trembling at his feet?

Or would a sudden fear have held me rigid,
 And would my sins have been a barrier
 high,
 And would my doubts have bound me stiff
 and frigid
 In sullen coldness while the Lord passed by?

I need not ask, for still my Lord comes near
 me,
 Life evermore victorious from the grave;
 And still he calls, "O brother, do not fear
 me!"
 And still his eager hands are stretched to
 save.

All days are Easter days, and bring the test-
 ing
 Of lower calls and summons from above.
 O haste, my soul, unhurried
 and unresting,
 To meet the Lord of life
 and claim His love.



WHERE FAME IS SURE.

The hollow-sounding trump of fame
 May never magnify your name,
 Nor even in the small renown
 Of any close-encircled town
 May men exalt your praises high
 To fill a little, local sky.

But evermore and evermore,
 To Time's remotest, firmest shore,
 Though ail the storms of life may beat,
 Your fame will find a safe retreat,
 A haven sure and undefiled,
 Within the memory of your child.

Ah, let it be your constant care
 That this your fame may all be fair,
 That only what is kind and wise
 Your child may thus immortalize,
 And carry through eternity
 The parent you would like to be!

MAY I HOLD THE BABY?

A Humble Request of the Modern Mamma.

Dear Modern Mamma, if you please,
 I'd like to take the baby.
 I'll hold my breath, nor cough, nor sneeze,
 If I may hold the baby.
 As one who fully understands
 The law of germs and its commands
 I've disinfected both my hands—
 And may I hold the baby?

I will not kiss the precious thing,
 If I may hold the baby;
 And only Tennyson I'll sing,
 If I may hold the baby.
 I will not rock it, cradlewise,
 I will not toss it if it cries,
 I will not twist my mouth or eyes,
 If I may hold the baby.

By Pestalozzi I will walk,
 If I may hold the baby.
 I'll not indulge in baby talk,
 If I may hold the baby.
 With placid brow and soul serene
 I'll talk of Greek, and Pliocene,
 And it will gather all I mean.
 Please, may I hold the baby?

I'll give it nothing good to eat,
 If I may hold the baby;
 Especially, no horrid sweet,—
 And may I hold the baby?
 I loathe, abhor, the ancient use
 Of Mrs. Winslow's soothing juice.
 I'll banish her, with Mother Goose,
 If I may hold the baby.

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE.

When the winds of trouble blow,
 When the tempests roar,
 When the angry waves of woe
 Break upon the shore,
 Let me know that God is near,
 Let me still rejoice,
 Let me in the tempest hear
 The still, small voice.

When the earthquake rends the rock,
 When the world is torn,
 When in sudden, awful shock
 Men and nations mourn,
 Let me know that God abides,
 Even then rejoice,
 Since in every earthquake hides
 The still, small voice.

When the world is all aflame
 With a sweeping fire,
 When God's wrath and human shame
 Burn with dreadful ire,
 Let me know God's love to men,
 Let me still rejoice,
 Gladly hearing, even then,
 The still, small voice.

A HYMN OF TURNING.

God of law, whose mighty form
 Rears the mountain, sways the storm,
 Bowed beneath Thy just decree,
 Whither shall I turn from Thee?

I will turn, O Crucified,
 To the refuge of Thy side.
 From my sins that bleed and burn,
 To Thy bleeding cross I turn.

I have tested human skill,
 Human love and human will,
 All devices of the brain,
 Reason, honor—all are vain.

From my self with all its woes,
 Shameful prey of shameful foes,
 Lo, I turn—how eagerly!—
 Christ, my better self, to Thee.

Field and forest, sea and air,—
 All the earth is very fair.
 Keen ambition's crafty art
 Binds the world upon my heart.

But in Thee, O Christ! I find
 All ennoblings of the mind;
 Fount of all for which I yearn,
 Christ, O Christ, to Thee I turn.

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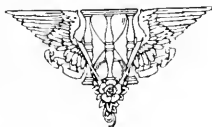
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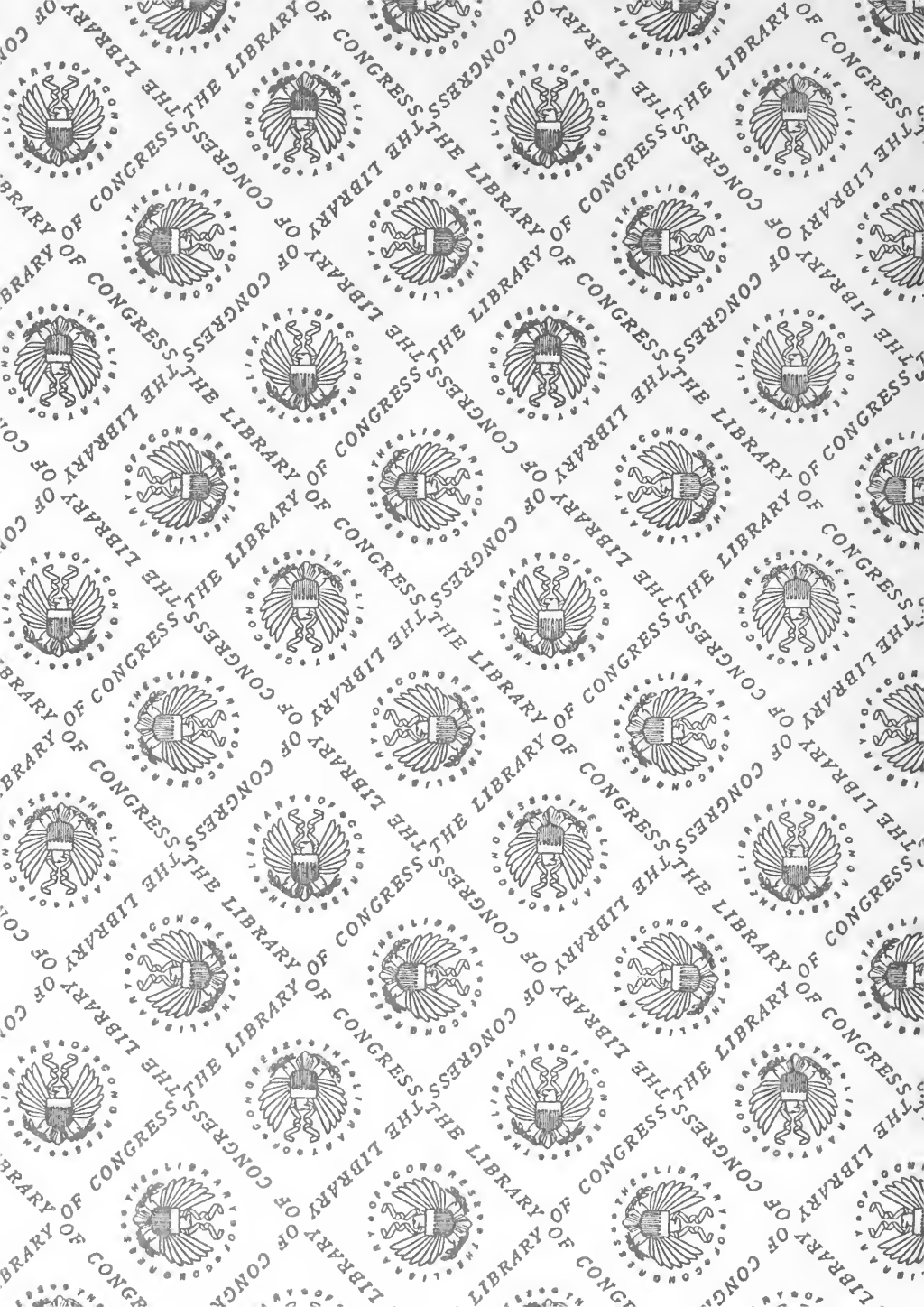
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